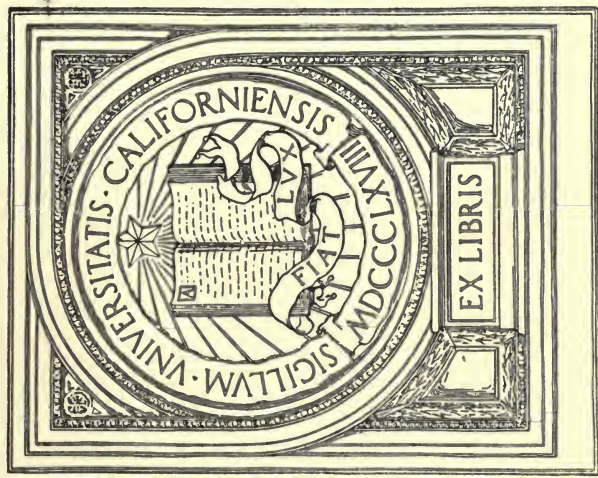


THE QUEST OF THE WESTERN WORLD FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

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Romance-History of America: II

THE QUEST OF THE
WESTERN WORLD

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

By FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Round the World with The Boy Journalists

PLOTTING IN PIRATE SEAS

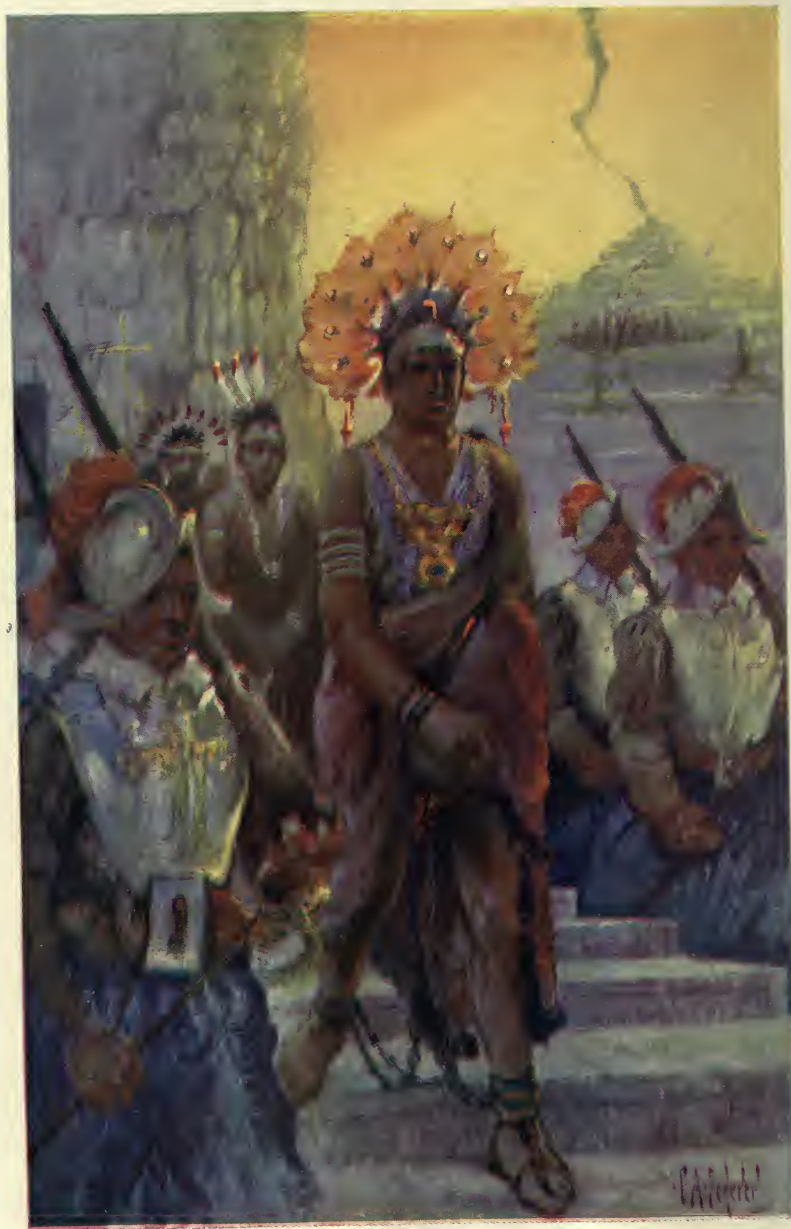
HUNTING HIDDEN TREASURE IN THE ANDES

Romance-History of America

IN THE DAYS BEFORE COLUMBUS

THE QUEST OF THE WESTERN WORLD

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



A PRISONER OF THE COQUISTADORS

The Great Montezuma last Emperor of the Aztecs was seized by Cortes and held as a hostage in an endeavor to maintain the Spaniards in power over the Aztec Nation.

THE QUEST OF THE WESTERN WORLD

BY

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Author of "In the Days Before Columbus," "Plotting in
Pirate Seas," "Hunting Hidden Treasure in the
Andes," "The Boy with the U. S. Cen-
sus," "The Aztec-Hunters," etc.

With a Frontispiece by
C. A. FEDERER
And Many Illustrations
and Maps

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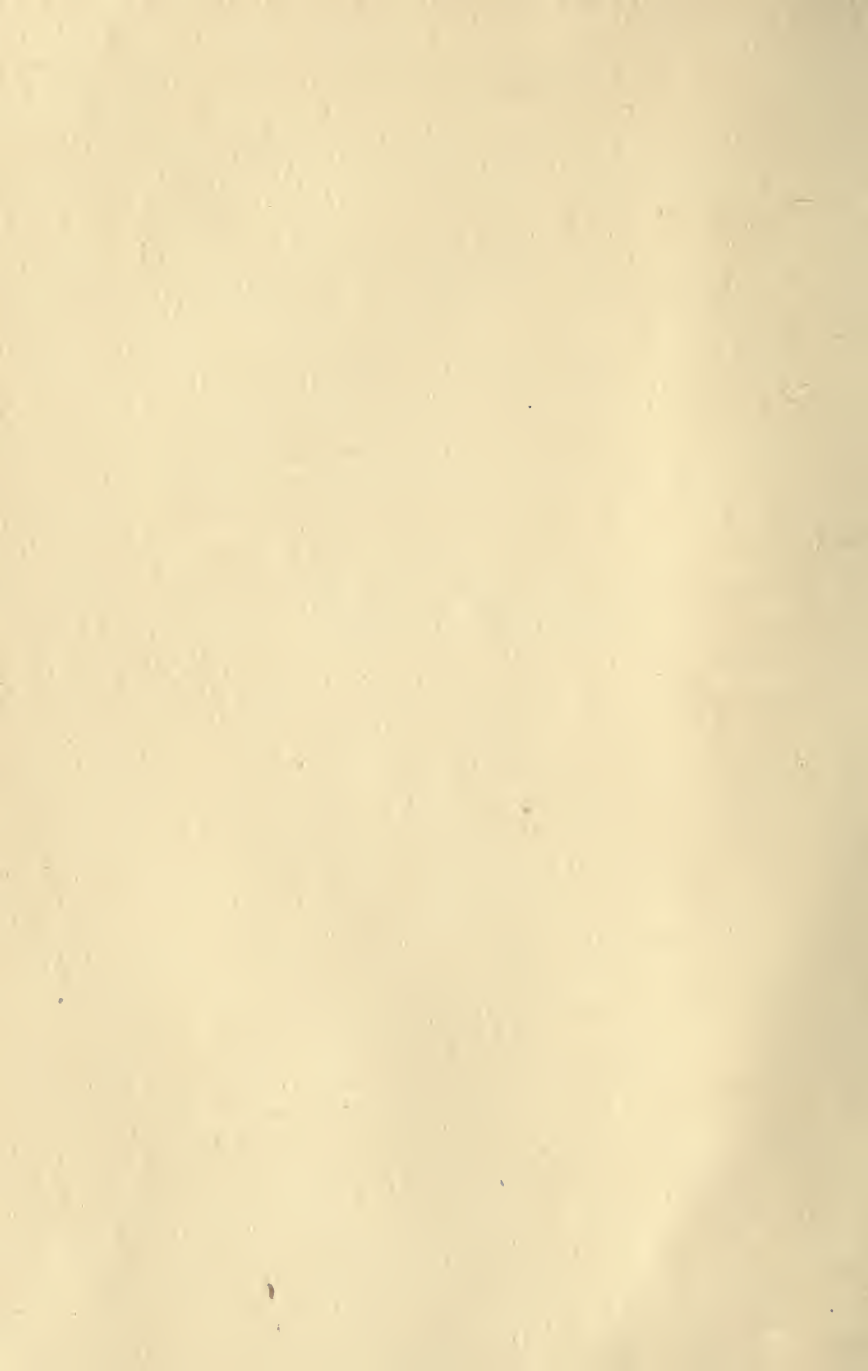
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**THE QUEST OF THE
WESTERN WORLD**



THE QUEST OF THE WESTERN WORLD

CHAPTER I

BEYOND THE SEA OF DARKNESS

FAITH and fairy-tale, glory and gold. Such were the lures which led adventurers to seek that strange land across the sea, about which so many tales were told.

There were holy-hearted men, who sought to preach the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth; there were men of imagination who sought the Land of Faërie, where happiness is undying; there were ambitious men, who strove to carve for themselves or for their countries a new empire in an unknown world; and there were avaricious men, whose desire was lowest of all—Money.

The history of the discovery, settlement and colonization of America is less a mere record of facts than a great Romance of Adventure. One of the glories of America is that the continent was settled by men with a vision, and, to this very day, the character of the United States—and other American nations—is determined by the ideals of the men who founded it.

Long, long before Columbus set sail, the Quest of a Western World had begun. The great Genoese did not fare forth to the Setting Sun without fore-runners. He was not adventuring upon an uncrossed sea. It was no creation of his brain that land lay to the westward.

Far from it! For centuries, fable, myth and legend had buzzed of the Dark Land of the Phœnicians, of the Atlantis of the Greeks, of the Islands of the Blest, of Greater Ireland, and of Vinland. True, Columbus went adventuring, but rather to prove or disprove these myths than to seek an unknown land.

Consider a moment how widely spread all along the coast of Europe was this belief in a western world. In Scandinavia, in Iceland and the Hebrides, men spoke and sang the sagas which told of Norse colonies in Greenland, in Newfoundland, and, possibly, in Massachusetts. In Ireland, the bards chanted of a "Greater Ireland" to the west beyond the sea, and sang of the Voyage of Mael-dune, of St. Brendan, and of those who had visited the Blessed Islands. In Wales, the bards and historians told of the two voyages of Prince Madoc, the second with ten ships and three hundred men. In Brittany, the fisher-folk recounted the tale of Jean Cousin, who had been blown in a storm to a great land across the sea.

Nor, in the two lands which Columbus knew best—Italy, his birthplace, and Spain, the land of his adoption—was there any lack of legend. Long

before, the Carthaginians and Phœnicians had quarreled as to which should settle a great oceanic land, already occupied by a semi-barbaric civilization, and which had been discovered by wrecked Phœnician mariners. Horace wrote of the "golden isles beyond the circumambient ocean." St. Jago of Aragon declared that the great ship *Pape Luzerne*, the mythical giant ship of the Popes, had touched on the shores of a land "where the gold of the sunset had impregnated with gold the earth beneath." And Pulci, whose great epics were written when Columbus was still a boy, declared that the sun hurried westward "to glad expectant nations with his light."

To these definite traditions must be added a cluster of myths and fables which ever hung over the Western Sea. It would not be difficult to name a hundred such. The deeds of Columbus and the navigators of his time are more easily understood when the existence of these myths is remembered.

Did Columbus know these legends? Some, at least, he knew. It is more than probable that he knew many of them. He and his family were cartographers by profession. As map-makers, it was their business and their duty to search for every possible scrap of information that dealt with islands, shoals or shores. Their work brought them in close contact with mariners from many lands. They had access to all the maps which had been made at that time.

There is a strong presumption that, if anyone should have known these legends, Columbus would have been that one. Were that the case, it does not diminish his glory. At the same time, there is no reason why his fame should be allowed to dim the luster of earlier adventurers or to rob them of the honor which to them truly belongs.

Perhaps it may not be just to ask—Who were these first Adventurers? Historically, it were more true to ask—What tales are told of these first Adventurers? Thus regarded, myth and legend are given their just due, and no more. If, thereafter, the severer genius of History can show therein a clear series of links back to the distant past, so much the better, but, whether or no, the interest and the glamor of the legends remain.

The earliest of these traditions is undoubtedly that of the voyage of the ships of Hiram, King of Tyre, in search of silver, which he had promised to furnish King Solomon of Israel for the building of the Temple. Such discovery of America—if, indeed, the Phœnician sailors achieved it—was not a westerly, but an easterly adventure. The legend has often been misrepresented, in such wise as to suggest that the men of Tyre and of Jerusalem sailed from their Mediterranean ports, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and across the Atlantic Ocean. The tradition itself states, on the contrary, that the Phœnicians sailed from a port on the Red Sea and traveled by way of the Indian Ocean and the South Pacific.

In the Old Testament are two references to this voyage: "Then went Solomon to Ezion-geber, and to Eloth, at the seaside in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent him, by the hands of his servants, ships and servants that had knowledge of the sea; and they went with the servants of Solomon to Ophir, and took thence four hundred and fifty talents of gold, and brought them to King Solomon." (II Chronicles viii, 17-18.) And again: "For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." (I Kings x, 22.)

Ezion-geber and Eloth are ports at the head of the Gulf of Akabah, which is the eastern arm of the Red Sea, and, therefore, the nearest ports to Palestine leading into the Indian Ocean. Since Solomon himself, with all his court, voyaged thither to witness the embarkation, the occasion must have been a momentous one. The voyage contemplated was regarded as of such length and difficulty that seven large ships were built especially for the purpose. The voyage occupied three years and, of the cargo which was brought back, the legend which amplifies the Scriptural account declares that ivory and apes were taken aboard at India, peacocks at Java, and silver on the South American coast.

There is a curious confirmation of the legend in the South American Indian tradition of Votan. Both in Mexico and Peru there are legends told

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of this Votan, who claimed to be descended from Igh and Imox, who came from a country known as the Land of Chivim where, at the time, a great temple was in process of being built. Votan's date—a somewhat hazy one—is usually placed at 1050 B. C. Solomon's reign is usually placed between 1000 B. C. and 1050 B. C. There is, thus, an apparent correspondence of dates.

Moreover, "The Land of Chivim," a word utterly unlike any other in American Indian tongues, closely resembles "The Land of Chittim," which was the Phœnician name for their land, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries before Christ. Furthermore, all along the line of travel from Arabia to South America there are similarities to ancient Phœnician customs and words. For example, the Areiois Grove worship of the Society Islands resembles the old Astarte Grove worship of the Phœnicians. Samoa may have been named after Samos, the naval base of the Phœnicians. The Polynesian alphabet has but sixteen letters, as had the Phœnician alphabet prior to its adoption by Greece, many centuries later. The symbols of the zodiac in the South Seas are mainly Phœnician. The famous Calendar Stone found in Mexico is strikingly Phœnician in resemblance.

The Votan tradition speaks of Igh and Imox "crossing an island-strewn lake at the end of the world," a phrase which seems to suggest the South Seas. The people found on the furthest shore were barbarous. "The stars moved to show



THE KNOWN WORLD IN HOMERIC TIMES.

The earliest accounts of voyages of travel and discovery are lost in a maze of myth and legend. The first traditions from which any degree of geographical direction and information may be obtained are those of early Phoenician traders and sailors. About the fifth century B. C. a Greek geographer and historian named Hecataeus of Miletus travelled extensively throughout the classical world gathering information for his book, the first systematic description of the world, for which the above map was compiled, which shows the world as known to the ancients before the fifth century B. C.

the ships where to go," declares the Votan legend, and it is known that the Phœnicians steered by the stars. It is worthy of remark that purple dyes were made from shell-fish in Peru in the same manner as the famous "Tyrian purple" was made by the men of Tyre. The use of counting by knots on colored strings, known as "quipu" and which was peculiar to the Pacific Islanders and to Peru, was known by Herodotus.

The tremendous maritime power of the Phœnicians is not always recognized. Avowedly a nation of merchants, not seeking territory and refraining from conquest, they were allowed to trade freely. They circumnavigated Africa in 611 B. C. The Flag of Tyre waved on vessels simultaneously in Britain and Ceylon. Phœnician ships were not small. Many of them carried 300 men.

It is to be remembered, also, that the Phœnicians were the first to use the magnet at sea. In the Phœnician fragment of Sanchoniathon, preserved in a fragment translated into Greek by Philo Herennius of Byblus, occurs the first reference to a magnet as "a god-dwelling stone, which moves." The Chinese knowledge of the load-stone may have been earlier, but they did not use it at sea until several hundred years later.

A further support is given to the Phœnician passage of the South Seas by the large number of Scythian names in Polynesian, Micronesian and Melanesian tongues. It is well known that the Phœnician navies contained many Scythian sail-

ors. Thus Tahiti may be derived from Tabiti, the Scythian queen of heaven, and Papeete from Papeus, the Scythian king of heaven. It is difficult to explain such marvellous stone-built wharves and quays as exist in Ponaoo, with stones weighing several tons brought from a distant island, unless some civilized race had dwelt or visited there. Such traces by no means prove that Hiram's sailors visited the South Seas and crossed to the American coast, but they add interest to the legend.

The next historical reference to a land beyond the sea speaks of it as westerly. Homer, who may have lived about 850 B. C., says in the *Odyssey*: "But he (Neptune) had gone to the Ethiopians who dwell afar off. The Ethiopians, who are divided into two parts, are the most distant of men, some living at the setting of the sun, some at its rising."

Crates, the commentator of Homer, declared that the epic bard spoke of: "Oceanus, which separated the two great divisions of the Ethiopians, the eastern in Africa and the western in the Hesperides." Pliny also located the Western Ethiopians as beyond the western sea.

This is followed by the famous tradition of "The Lost Atlantis." The report dates back to 605 B. C., when certain Egyptian priests recounted to Solon, the great Athenian legislator, the history of a land beyond the sea. Plato, writing in 398

B. C., in his "Timaeus," puts into the mouth of Critias the following statement:

"A strange tale, but certainly true, as Solon declared, which had come down in his family from his ancestor Dropidas, a near relative of Solon. When Solon was in Egypt, he fell into talk with an aged priest of Sais, who said to him:

" 'Solon, Solon, you Greeks are all children, there is not one old (wise) man in Greece. You have no traditions and know of but one deluge, whereas there have been many destructions of mankind, both by flood and by fire. . . .

" 'More, you are ignorant of your own past. For, long before Deucalion (the Greek Noah), nine thousand years (?) ago, there was an Athens, founded, like Sais, by Athena, a city rich in power and wisdom, famed for mighty deeds. Of these the greatest was this:

" 'At that time there lay an island fronting the mouth which you, in your tongue, call "The Pillars of Hercules" (Straits of Gibraltar). This island was larger than Libya and Asia put together, and there was passage thence for the traveler of that day to the rest of the islands, as well as from those islands to the continent beyond. The sea in front of the Pillars (straits) was indeed but a small harbor; that which lay beyond the islands, however, was worthy of the name of ocean, and the land which surrounded that greater sea might truly be called a continent.

" 'In this Island of Atlantis had grown up a

mighty power, whose kings were descended from Poseidon (god of the sea) and had extended their sway over many islands and over a portion of the great continent. Even Libya (North Africa) up to the gates of Egypt and Europe as far as Tyrhenia (Etruria=Italy) submitted to their sway.

“ ‘Then, O Solon! did the strength of your republic become clear to all men, by reason of her courage and force. Foremost in the arts of war, she met the invader at the head of Greece. Abandoned by her allies, she triumphed alone over the western foe, delivering from the yoke all the nations within the Pillars (straits). But, afterwards, came a day and a night of great floods and earthquakes. The earth engulfed all the Athenians capable of bearing arms, and Atlantis disappeared, swallowed up by the waves. Hence it is that this sea (Atlantic Ocean) is no longer navigable by reason of the vast mud-shoals left by this vanished island.’ ”

Whether the Egyptian priest's tale referred to the continent of America or no, it must be left for the reader to judge. Geologists are agreed that the bed of the Atlantic Ocean shows no signs of any such submerged island. A narrow knife-like ridge, known as “Dolphin Ridge,” breaks the Atlantic into two “deeps” and Dolphin Ridge is far below the level where any land elevation is likely to have brought it above the surface of the sea.

The tale of the war between Atlantis and a for-

gotten Greece is evidently fabulous, but the statement of a continent with a ring of islands protruding, opposite the Straits of Gibraltar, is too similar to the configuration of the continent of America and the circle of the West Indies to pass without heedful notice.

In a fragment of Anaxagoras, preserved by Simplicius, a century later than Solon, there is a reference to a great division of the world beyond the ocean.

One hundred and fifty years later, Aelian quotes from the historian Theopompus, the statement that the Meropians (a mythical people of divine origin) inhabited a large continent beyond the ocean, compared to which the whole then-known world was no larger than an island.

Aristotle carried on the tradition. In his "Treatise on the World," in 335 B. C., he says:

"The whole habitable world consists of an island surrounded by an ocean (called by him the 'Atlantic'). It is probable, however, that many other lands exist opposite to this, across the ocean, some less, some greater than this, but, all except this, invisible to us."

In a work often attributed to Aristotle, but not proved to be from his pen, though undoubtedly by a contemporary, occurs another passage dealing with this subject:

"Beyond the Pillars of Hercules, they say that an uninhabited island was discovered by the Carthaginians, which abounds in forests and navi-

gable rivers and fruits of all kinds, distant from this continent many days' sail; and while the Carthaginians were engaged in making voyages to this land, and some had even settled there on account of the fertility of the soil, the Senate decreed that no one thereafter, under penalty of death, should voyage thither, and they caused to be put to death all of the settlers lest they should reveal its existence to other nations."

In much greater detail, and with considerable variation in the story, Diodorus Siculus, in 21 B. C., gives a lengthy account of this island of the Carthaginians. He describes it as: "that great island in the vast ocean, many days' sail from Libya, westward, where the climate was that of perpetual spring, and where the land was a fit habitation for gods rather than men."

The discovery, according to Diodorus Siculus, was made by mariners from one of the Phœnician trading colonies in Spain, and was due to an unseasonable east gale of many days' duration. Then he continues:

"Being the first who were acquainted with its beauty and its fertility, they published them to other nations. The Tuscans, when they were masters of the sea, designed to send a colony thither, but the Carthaginians prevented them. On the one hand they were afraid lest their own citizens, tempted by the charms of that island, should pass over thither in great numbers and desert their own country; on the other hand, they looked on it

as a sure refuge for themselves if ever a disaster should befall their republic."

"The soil is very fruitful," wrote Diodorus, "a great part whereof is very mountainous, but with much pasture. . . . It is watered with several navigable rivers, beautiful with many gardens of pleasure, planted with divers sorts of trees and abundance of orchards interlaced with currents of sweet water. The towns are adorned with stately buildings, and there are many banqueting houses pleasantly situated in their gardens and orchards."

As a historian, Diodorus was inclined to be garrulous and inexact. There is every reason to believe that these orchards and banqueting houses are a flight of fancy. It is possible, but improbable, that this refers to the irrigationists of Central America, in the pre-Maya period.

A much more historical reference, which bears upon it a most unexpected stamp of accuracy and knowledge, is made by Statius Sebosus and quoted by Pliny. In this it is said that the "two Hesperides" are forty-two days' sail to the west from the coast of Africa. The two Hesperides are "guarded by lesser islands," a fair description of Cuba and Haiti, ringed by the Bahama and Antilles groups of the West Indies. It is a remarkable coincidence that it took Columbus exactly forty-two days' sailing to the West Indies from the port of Palos, Spain.

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The great geographer Strabo, about the beginning of the Christian era, declared:

“It is quite possible that, in the temperate zone, there may be two or even more habitable earths, especially on the circle drawn through Athens and the Atlantic Ocean.” (Washington is on nearly the same latitude as Athens.)

Of this possible land he says, elsewhere:

“It belongs to another science to give an exact description of the whole earth and of the entire vertebra of either zone, and as to whether the vertebra in the opposite quarter of the earth is inhabited by the same race of men as dwell with us. Yet it must be regarded as another habitable earth.”

But what shall one say of a North American Indian visiting Europe before the Christian Era! Does this seem extravagant? Hear the witness of Q. Metellus Celer, as quoted by Cornelius Nepos, an eminent Roman historian, and cited by Pomponius Mela, a geographer of the first century after Christ. He says:

“When he, Metellus, was pro-consul in Gaul, 63 B. C., certain Indians (Asiatics) were sent to him as a gift from the King of the Batavi (a tribe inhabiting northern Flanders). Upon enquiring from whence they had come, they answered that they had been driven by storms from the coast over the intervening oceans until they had landed on the east of Belgica (Belgium).”

With such evidence, it is not strange that Seneca

the Younger should refer to a western land. Like his equally famous father, Seneca was a native of Spain, and one of the great Roman orators and men of letters. Writing, in 50 A. D., in his tragedy "Medea," he prophesies of the discovery of America.

In the chorus which closes the second act of his tragedy, he begins by celebrating the daring of the earliest voyagers who sailed into unknown seas even before mariners had learned to steer their courses by the stars. He tells how, when the Argonauts of Greek mythology had returned in triumph, the ocean lost its terrors and men had no need to ask Minerva (Athena) to build them another Argo, since they could then build their own ships and sail them whithersoever they would. Then comes the famous phrase:

"In later years an age shall come, when the ocean shall relax its bonds, a great continent shall be laid open and new lands revealed. Then Thule (the furthest known land, possibly the Shetland or Orkney Islands) shall not be the remotest land known on the earth."

The version of western exploration given by Plutarch, in 100 A. D., is lengthy, confused and full of fabulous references and heady imaginings. Yet there is one feature of his trans-oceanic description which is worthy of the most careful consideration.

In brief, Plutarch declares that there is an island five days' sail westward from Britain. Be-

yond that, to the west, lie three other islands, with about the same distance between them. Beyond these, at a distance of five thousand stadia (over 575 miles), there lies a great continent bordering all the ocean. Furthermore, visitors to that region observed that, for thirty days, the nocturnal disappearance of the sun below the horizon had lasted only one hour.

There are several points of importance in this record. First of all, it is to be remembered that the Romans did not possess the compass, and that the "west" meant the place of the setting sun. In summer, the sun sets several points to the north of west. If the ships of which Plutarch wrote went to the northwestward from "Thule" they might pass the Faroe Islands, beyond them Iceland, and, further on, Greenland. Yet further, comes the continental coast of Labrador, and there, in summertime, the nights are but one hour long.

It is, indeed, the latter point which gives credence to the tale. A night of one hour in length is scarcely the sort of story to be invented at random, and, when modern knowledge proves it to be true, Plutarch's description can scarcely be classed as anything other than a true, but distorted, traveler's account.

Toward the end of that century the power of Rome fell, after the murder of Commodus. Then came the century of the "barrack emperors," followed by the division of the Roman Empire into

twin powers of east and west, with capitals both at Rome and Constantinople. Internal troubles weakened Rome and she fell a prey to the Barbarians. This was no time either for the scholarly geographer or the adventurous mariner.

Many, many centuries passed before Europe again turned her eyes to the westward, and then, as will be shown hereinafter, it was the glory of the Celtic Race to lead.

There is but one reference prior to that time, wherein an unknown writer, in Arabic, tells of: "a crew of Arabian sailors, who sailed out from Lisbon into the Sea of Darkness. This was a desperate venture, for the watery waste was a vast and boundless ocean on which ships dare not venture out of sight of land, for, even if they knew the direction of the winds, they knew not whither the wind would carry them. Strange sights they saw and strange monsters they met, and they told of a great land beyond, on which they dared not set foot, for if the sea were so fearful, what must the land be!"

Yet, though neither Phœnician galley or Roman trireme ploughed the western sea, legend goes on to tell of other discoveries of America on its Pacific shore. There are several of these. In the main, many of them may be true, but they are so nebulous in statement and so lacking in definiteness of date as to be of value only when considering the Asian immigration which, probably, first peopled the shores of this continent.

Very different from these vague legends—such as the Quiche, Manabi, Cara and Chimu traditions—is the circumstantial tale of the discovery of the Land of Fu-Sang by the Buddhist monks in the fifth century after Christ. It differs from all other traditions in the two important facts that the supposed voyager returned to his own country with the news, and in that it was entered upon the official annals of his country.

The report is found in the Liang-shu (Records of the Liang Dynasty) and was written therein by Li Yen-shau, who lived at the beginning of the seventh century. It forms a part of the Great Annals of China, and these, as is well known, are pedantically accurate, when it was possible for them to be. Eight official translations, all differing in some degree, have been made of the text. One of the latest is by E. P. Vining, and (with some additions from the other translators) is as follows:

“In the first year of the Ta’i Dynasty (499 A. D.) which year is known by the designation Yung-Yuen (Everlasting Foundation) a Buddhist priest, named Hwui-Shan, came to King-cheu from a certain country, and narrated the following account regarding that country of Fu-Sang.

“Fu-Sang is situated twice ten thousand li (nearly 6,000 miles) or more to the east of the Great Han country. That land is also situated at the end of the Middle Kingdom (China). That region has many fu-sang trees and it is from these

trees that the country derives its name. The leaves of the fu-sang resemble . . . (translators differ as to the meaning). The first sprouts are like those of the bamboo. The fruit (probably of the same tree, but the Chinese text does not definitely say so) is like a pear, but of a reddish color. They (the inhabitants) spin thread from its bark, of which they make clothing. They also manufacture a finer silk-like fabric from it.

“They make houses of planks. They have writing characters and make paper from the bark of the fu-sang. They have no military weapons or armor and they do not wage war in that kingdom.”

Then follows a long account of the nature of government and on the punishment of criminals in the Land of Fu-Sang, none of which has the slightest reference to any customs known to have existed in America. The account continues:

“The king of the country, when he walks abroad, is preceded and followed with drums and horns. The color of his garments is changed according to the mutations of the years. The first and second years of a cycle they are blue; the third and fourth, they are red; the fifth and sixth years, yellow; the seventh and eighth years, white; and the ninth and tenth years, black.

“They have burdened cattle horns which are very long. (This sentence is obscure. Translators differ as to whether this refers to long-horned cattle, or to cattle which carry burdens, or to horns used as containers for grain, etc.) They

have carts drawn by horses, cattle and deer. The people of the country raise deer as cattle are raised in the Middle Kingdom (China). From milk they make koumiss (or butter).

“The pears keep unspoiled throughout the year, and they have . . . (translators differ, possibly either grapes, apples, peaches or tomatoes). The ground is destitute of iron, but they have copper. Gold and silver (are so common that they) are not valued. In their markets are no taxes nor fixed prices.”

Then follows a discussion on marriage and mourning ceremonies, which are described as being of a character greatly resembling those of the Chinese. The account continues:

“Formerly they were ignorant and knew nothing of the Buddhist religion, but, during the reign of the Sung Dynasty, in the second year (458 A. D.) of the period called Ta-ming (Great Brightness) from the country of Ki-pin (location unknown) five mendicant Buddhist monks went by a sea voyage to that country and made Buddha's rules and his books and images known there. They taught the people to leave their families (to take up a monastic life) and finally reformed the rudeness of the customs of the people.”

It would be difficult to find an account more puzzling and confusing than this one. The statements which discredit it are almost equal to those which give it a right to be considered seriously. The principal features which tell against it are

the ten-year cycle, the use of horses and cattle, the knowledge of wheeled carts, and the milking of deer. None of these belonged in any part of America at that time.

On the other hand, there is no continent but America which lies to the east of China. The distance, nearly 6,000 miles, is not very far wrong. To no other part of the world would it be necessary for the Buddhist monks to make a sea voyage. The prickly pear does have a reddish fruit, from it fibers are taken off two or three grades of fineness and both paper and clothing were made from it. In the north, the Haida lived in houses made of planks, and they worked copper, though they knew no iron. In Mexico, written characters were used. In South America, gold and silver were common.

A curious development lies in another part of the account by the same writer, where he speaks of a country of women warriors, east of the land of the Fu-Sang. East of the western shores of South America is the land of the Amazon River, and it is well known that the Spaniards gave this name to the stream because they believed that the women warriors, the Amazons, lived there.

This Fu-Sang story is neither so strange nor so improbable as it appears at first sight. It is known that the Chinese traveled to various islands, far from the Asian mainland. It is more than probable that many boatloads of Asiatics became immigrants and settlers on American shores. It is

possible that some Buddhist monks may have crossed the ocean.

It is more likely, however, that Buddhist monks crossed from the Asiatic mainland to the islands. They must have done so, for these islands are Buddhistic. There they may have met islanders who had, in some way, received news from earlier immigrants. Such a situation would, indeed, give the belief that there was a land across the sea, a land already inhabited, but settled prior to the spread of Buddhism. This was actually the case. If the monks had not gone there themselves, nothing would be more natural than for them to string together all the information they had received from various sources and to present it as a connected tale.

Legendary, indeed, this voyage of the Buddhist monks across the Pacific Ocean may be, but fabulous, it is not. It affirms definitely a Chinese knowledge of a continent beyond the sea, east of China, at a distance of nearly 6,000 miles, where the people were not Buddhists, but where they had attained a certain rude civilization. This statement, moreover, was inscribed in the official annals of China eight centuries before Columbus. Whether legend or tradition, the truths it contains and the formality of its recording, demand a respectful notice.

In the ancient and classic ages of the world's history, therefore, Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Tuscans, Romans, Arabi-

ans and Chinese possessed traditions more or less definite of a great continent across the seas, not only populated, but semi-civilized. Yet these traditions were evidently very vague, so vague that there is no positive assurance as to the origin of them.

They give no certain clue. They show, only, that in those long-ago days, which seem themselves so mythical and remote, men's eyes were already turned to the westward, and seers were prophesying of the time when, in the words of Seneca: "the ocean shall relax its bonds, a great continent shall be laid open, new lands revealed, and Thule shall not then be the remotest land on earth."

CHAPTER II

THE ISLES OF THE BLEST

CELTIC imagination and poesy color all the legends and traditions of the pre-Columbian discovery of America which are recounted by the peoples of the Orkneys and Shetlands, by the Highland Scotch, by the Irish, by the British and Cornish, and by the Breton. Moreover, since these were Christian countries, and the people who dwelt in them of great piety, almost all the legends thrill with religious fervor and with a belief in miracle. They differ, utterly, from the character of classic myth and there is no reason to suppose that the Celts knew of the writings and writers of Pagan Rome.

In some form or another, all Celtic peoples speak of a land beyond the Western Sea as an abode of happiness and all delights. This is found even in pre-Christian days. Perhaps the earliest forms of this legend, are those of "Tir na n'Og," the Land of Youth, or "Tir na m-Beo," the Land of the Living. Angus Og, who corresponds to Pan in Greek mythology, offers "to those who live clean" a home "in the land where the sun goes daily to renew his strength."

Most of the references to this Land of Promise, speak of it as an island or a group of islands. Thus, in the Scotch Hebrides, the legends tell of "Mag Mon" the Plain of Sports, and "Mag Mell" the Happy Plain. In Ireland, the tales run of "Tir Taingiri" the Promised Land, of "Im Chiuin" the Very Mild Land, and many more. The Cornishman and the Breton look with longing eyes to "Hy Breasail" the Fortunate Isles, and this latter name (as Hy Brasil) became so thoroughly recognized as a definite place, that, as late as the seventeenth century, it appears on all the charts of the Atlantic Ocean, far to the west of the Azores.

These earliest myths of the Celtic peoples read like fairy tales. They could do nothing else. In those early childhood times, the world itself was most strange, and, immediately outside the region of familiar experience, was but a shifting cloud-land of fancy. Here, indeed, might dwell monsters or mermaids; devils or angels. Myth merged into fable, and legend took toll of both. Almost all men believed that, toward the west and north, sea, land and sky merged into a congealed mass which was the realm of darkness, and beyond this, gaped the immeasurable mouth of the abyss or empty space. To the west and south lay the Golden Isles, or the Isles of the Blest.

The first of these legendary tales which deals with an actual voyage to a land across the Atlantic is that of "The Pursuit of Gilla Dacker and

His Horse.” It is one of the few pre-Christian sagas, and therefore of enormous interest by reason of its antiquity.

The earliest race known in Ireland were the Goidels, a Neolithic race, and the Formorians, a race apparently kin to the Lapps, low-browed, stunted and dark-skinned. Both these races seem to have lived in earth-burrows, to have been utterly savage hunters and fishermen, ignorant of metal or pottery—possibly, even of the use of fire—and to have used weapons and tools of stone. The Nemedians were the next occupants, but of them little is known. These were conquered by the Firbolgs, a Belgic race. The latter, in turn—at the famous prehistoric battle of Moytura—were defeated by the tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed Tuatha-na-Danaan, who were in turn conquered by the Milesians, who set up the High Kingdom at Tara.

The tale of “The Pursuit of Gilla Dacker and His Horse” tells how, on the Celtic Feast of the Sun-god, while Finn McCool (a legendary hero) and his men were feasting after the hunt, they saw a Formorian of repulsive ugliness coming towards them, leading by his halter a giant horse even uglier than himself. The Formorian gave his name as Gilla Dacker and promised to serve Finn McCool, providing that proper care be taken of his horse.

The king accepted and the giant horse was let loose in the pasture. At once it attacked the other

horses, kicking and biting until every animal was killed. One of Finn's men seized the horse by the halter, but it stood like a rock. The warrior mounted the beast, and thirteen others also found room on its back. They all flogged the giant horse, but it did not stir.

Then Gilla Dacker rose up angrily to depart, because of the maltreatment of his steed, and the horse followed him. "Then," says the tale, "all at once changing his pace, he set out with long strides, and if you know what the speed of a swallow is, or the fairy wind of a March day, then you can understand Gilla Dacker as he ran down the hillside toward the southwest and into the sea. Neither was the horse behindhand in the race, for, though the fourteen warriors on his back formed a heavy load, he galloped like the wind after his master."

Finn and his men were compelled to follow, in order to rescue their companions. On the way to the sea they met two youths in royal robes, one of whom declared he had the magic art to construct a ship by a charm, while the other claimed to have the gift of tracking a ship over the sea. Finn accepted them as of his company, and, in the magic-made ship, they sailed westward after Gilla Dacker and his horse, on which the warriors had disappeared.

After many days of sailing over unknown seas, seeing many strange sights, the magic ship stopped in front of an island with steep rocky

cliffs. There Dermot of the Bright Face, learned in Druidical lore, climbed the cliff by enchantment, and found the summit flat and covered with grass. On the meadow he found a well with a tall pillar beside it, and, near by a drinking-horn chased with gold. Dermot dipped some water from the well and drank. An armed warrior sprang from the well and fought with Dermot. They fought all day, and at night the warrior leaped into the well again. So the second day, also. On the third day, at nightfall, Dermot clasped the strange warrior by the waist and leaped into the well. There he found himself in "Tir-fa-ton," the Land Below the Sea, and there he rescued the fourteen heroes who had been carried off by the horse.

Meanwhile, for a year and a day, Finn McCool and his men explored the island "and the great land beyond, and found it fair, with fruit giving a red juice, the drink of which made men sleep. There were trees there also, big enough for pirates to make into ships."

When it is remembered that, a thousand years later, the Norsemen found "Vineland" to be notable for its grapes and its trees, it seems not beyond the bounds of possibility that some knowledge of a distant land had reached Ireland, even in those early days. It is conjectured that some of the Formorians may have fled over-seas from their oppressors, and that this legend refers to such a tradition.

The next great tale of a trans-Atlantic voyage, which, in some ways, contains even more fabulous material than that of Gilla Dacker, is the "Voyage of Maeldune." This hero was the son of Ailill Molt, or Ailill of the battles, who was High King of Ireland, 463-483 A. D. The voyage was first a coasting journey, but, because Maeldune's foster-brothers insisted on joining the crew, thus giving more men than a druid had bidden them take, they were driven out to sea.

They passed, in turn, an island with ants as big as foals; an island covered with birds, but in no wise harmful; an island with a monstrous beast like a horse, with long sharp nails, with which he picked up stones and threw at the boat; an island with demon horsemen; an island with a house of plenty where no one lived, but where the voyagers found tables set with food and drink; an island with a whirling beast; an island with cannibalistic horses; an island with fiery pigs; an island with a magic cat; an island with huge calves; an island with a large mill on it, in which everything that is begrudged is ground; an island with four fences, of gold, silver, brass and crystal; an island with a beautiful woman who vanished; an island which was made of a small sod of Irish soil which a pilgrim had taken in his boat and which grew larger every year; an island with a well which gave water on weekdays, milk on Sundays, and beer or mead on Saints' days; an island with giant blacksmiths; and thence Maeldune and his comrades came to

a clear sea, and afterward to a cold and cloudy sea, and after that to a thin sea, in which the water was hardly dense enough to float the boat. These three seas took them many days' rowing to cross.

At this point the narrative changes somewhat in character, and becomes distinctly less fabulous and more material. On the further side of these three seas they found a large island, and on the water around it were floating great nuts, with insides white as snow (coco-nuts?). Thence they passed to another island (or part of the land) where there was a great bow of water (waterfall) and very large salmon were falling from the stream above to the ground of the island. Next they passed through a silver-meshed net and so on to a great land having a plain in it.

In this place they found seventeen young girls preparing a feast for the seventeen men of Maeldune's company. Maeldune took the queen of that country to wife and they stayed there all the winter. In the spring they tried to leave, but were held by enchantment, for each time they rowed from that shore the queen threw a ball of thread, which one of the men could not resist catching and by which she pulled the boat back to land. But, at last, when this was repeated, many times, one of the crew cut off the hand of the comrade which held the thread and so they went free. Then they came to an island with trees on it that gave berries containing a red juice. The drink of this made Maeldune drunk,

but when he woke from stupor, he bade his men mix water with the juice and drink it freely "for great is the good in it."

Then comes a strange account of an island forested with yew-trees and great oaks and, in the midst, a little lake. There they found a church and "an old gray priest in it, and he clothed entirely in his own hair." And on that island they saw a great wonder, an aged eagle, as big as a cloud, who dipped himself once in each of three successive days in the water of the lake, and flew away, his youth and strength renewed. Diuran, one of the crew, decided to go into the lake to try its virtues, and it is recorded that "it is young and strong his eyes were after that, so long as he was living, and he never lost tooth nor hair from his head and he was never sick nor sorry from that out." This is the Celtic version of the Fountain of Youth which Ponce de Leon sought, more than a thousand years after.

And thence, it seems, they turned the prows of their little curracks or skin-boats for home. They passed a fire-walled island, and an island whereon had lived for many years a cook who was doing penance for his covetousness, and an island on which were birds like the birds of Ireland, and, the day following, they came back to their own land.

It is evident, at once, that the greater part of this legend belongs to the domain of fable and enchantment. Yet the number of days of the jour-

ney is about the same that would be required to cross the Atlantic, rowing in small skin boats; the reference to coco-nuts and grapes is, to say the least, extraordinary; and waterfalls and salmon are common enough on the Newfoundland coast.

Even so, the Voyage of Maeldune could be relegated to the realm of fairy tale, if it were not for the Voyage of St. Brendan, which, according to tradition, took place not fifty years after. Yet the Voyage of Maeldune was deemed sufficiently worthy of record to be told to the Chief Bard of All Ireland, Aedh Finn, for his inclusion in the official oral archives of Ireland.

St. Brendan or Brandon, son of Finnlogha, of the race of Ciar, was born at Tralee, County Kerry, in 484. When he was still a child, he carved a tiny boat of wood, and his old nurse, a "wise woman," said to him, oracularly, that he "would one day build a boat of wood to find the Land of Promise." This prophecy remained with the lad.

As soon as he grew old enough, he was sent to the monastery of Kerry, for study. At that time, and for several centuries after, Ireland was the center of learning for all Europe. It was while Brendan was at the monastery that, one day, standing on a hill by the sea, he saw "in a vision a beautiful island with angels serving upon it. And an angel of God came to him in his sleep and said, 'I will be with you from this out through the

length of your lifetime, and it is I will teach you to find that island you have seen and have a mind to come to.' ”

From the monastery, Brendan went to study in St. Jarlath's College and he was ordained priest while there. During this period, another Irish monk, named Mermoke, set out in a small ship to find some lonely island where he might set up a solitary abode, for, ever since the days of the voyage of Maeldune “it was known that the western sea was covered with fair and lovely islands as well as places of great marvel, even to a great land beyond.” Mermoke returned after a voyage of eight months reporting that he had been “in the first dwelling place of Adam and Eve and that there never came darkness there, and that the name of it was the Earthly Paradise.”

Hearing of this, Brendan came down and talked with Mermoke and determined forthwith to go in search of that land. He chose twelve of his brother monks to accompany him but two others came uninvited, though Brendan warned them that one of the two would be sorry that he asked to come.

“Then,” says the saga, “he made a very large ship having strong hides nailed over it, and pitch over the hides so that water should not come in. And he took his own twelve with him, and the two others, and took leave of his brother monks and bade them goodby. . . . Then they rowed out into the great sea of the ocean in the name of Our

Lord and were not daunted at all. And the wind and the sea drove the ship at will, so that on the morning of the morrow they were out of sight of land. And so they went on through forty days, and the wind driving them from the eastward.

“And at the last they saw to the north a very large island, having hard rocks on every side, and they sailed around it for three days before they could come near any place of landing, but, at the last, they found a little harbor, and landed every one.”

Whereupon the saga plunges at once into marvels. A hound came to lead them to a great hall where there was a feast and beds ready for them. The next day, they went back to their ship and again sailed many days before seeing land, but at last came to an island with large white sheep. There they met an old man who told them to continue their journey till they came to the Paradise of Birds, and there they should keep Easter. But, on the way thither, they stopped at a little island, and started to light a fire on it, when it began to move and they found it was “the biggest of the fishes of the world, Jasconye his name is, and he is laboring night and day to put his tail into his mouth, and cannot do it because of his great bulk.

“They went on then to the westward through the length of three days, and very downhearted they were at seeing no land. But not long after, by the will of God, they saw a beautiful island full

of flowers and herbs and trees, and they were glad enough to see it and they went on land and gave thanks to God.

“And they went a long way through that lovely country, till they came to a very good well and a tree beside it full of branches and on every branch were beautiful white birds, so many of them there were that not a leaf could hardly be seen. . . . and the happy singing of the birds was like the noise of Heaven.”

Then one of the birds told that they were of the lesser orders of angels who had fallen with Lucifer, but since they understood so little of the rebellion against God, their sin was a small one and they were punished only in being absent from Heaven. “Then all the birds began to sing the Vespers and there could be no merrier music if God Himself were among them. And, after supper, St. Brendan and his comrades went to bed, and they rose up on the morning of the morrow, and the birds sang the matins and said the verses of the Psalms and sang all the Hours as is the habit with Christian men.” Brendan stayed there eight weeks and then went back to the Island of the Sheep.

“Then,” the tale continues, “St. Brendan and his people went out again into the ocean in the name of God, and the winds hurled them up and down, that they were in great danger and tired of their lives. And they were tossed about through the length of four months and they had

nothing to be looking at but the sky and the waves."

At last they came to an island on which stood a monastery with twenty-four monks, whose food came to them by miracle, and in whose chapel burned tapers that had never been lighted and that never went out. There St. Brendan spent Christmas. He returned for Easter to the Island of the Sheep and kept the Feast of the Resurrection on the back of the great fish Jasconye.

The tale once more drops into monsters and marvels, including "a great fish following their ship and that was casting up such great spouts of water out of his mouth that they had like to be drowned," but which was blinded by one of the little white birds. St. Brendan and his company came, like Maeldune, to the island with red berries, which gave strength, and to the clear water and the thin water. They passed an island where the ghost of Judas Iscariot was allowed to cool himself on the side of the sea on Sundays and holy-days, and several islands on which were hermits and various holy men. Thence they returned to spend the festival season on the Island of Sheep, on the back of the great fish Jasconye, and in the great Land of the Paradise of Birds, as before.

"And, after that," goes on the tale, "they took their ship and sailed through forty days from the eastward. And at the end of the forty days there came a great shower of hail and then a dark

mist came about them, and they were in it for a long time. Then their Helper (from the Island of Sheep) appeared to them and said:

“ ‘Let you be glad, now, and hearten yourselves, for you are come to the Land of Promise!’

“Then they came out of the dark mist and they saw the loveliest country that anyone could see. Clear it was and lightsome, and there was enough in it of joy, and the trees were full of fruit on every bough, and the apples were as ripe as at harvest time. And though they were going about in that country through forty days, and could see no end to it, it was always day there and never night, and the air neither hot nor cold but always in the one way, and the delight that they found there could never be told.

“Then they came to a river that they could not cross, but they could see beyond it the country that had no bounds to its beauty. Then there came to them a young man, the comeliest that could be, and he gave them all a welcome, and to St. Brendan he showed great honor and took him by the hand and said to him:

“ ‘Here is the country you have been in search of, but it is Our Lord’s will you should go back again and make no delay, and he will show you more of his hidden things when you will come again into the great sea. . . . And this river you see here is the mering (boundary) that divides the worlds, for no man may come the other side of it while he has life.’

“Then St. Brendan and his comrades did not fast from the fruit of the country, but brought away what they could of it, and precious stones, and put them in their ship and went away homewards and sorry enough they were to go. And they sailed home in their ship to Ireland, and it is glad the brothers they had left behind them were to see them come home out of such great dangers.”

To modern ideas, this Voyage of St. Brendan seems to lack foundation, yet it exerted an enormous influence on the world. St. Brendan's Island appears on all the early maps of the Atlantic. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was usually marked as near Madeira, in the sixteenth century it was placed some hundred miles west of Ireland, and in the eighteenth century, between Bermudas and the West Indies. Official voyages for the rediscovery of St. Brendan's Island were sent forth in 1526, 1570, 1604, 1721, and 1759. It is not to be confused with Hy Brasil, which also was marked upon early maps, further to the north.

Columbus possessed a copy of a Latin manuscript containing a part of the saga of St. Brendan, and of it he wrote in one of his notebooks:

“The Land of St. Brendan is the Land of the Blessed, towards the West, which no one can reach except by the power of God.”

Yet, keen cartographer as he was, the Genoese

navigator was by no means sure that the island was visionary, for, in his diary, under the date of August 9, 1492, he soberly states that the inhabitants of Hierro (Ferro, in Canary Islands) Gomera (in Canary Islands) and Madeira, had frequently seen the Island of St. Brendan in the west.

This is not all of the St. Brendan tale. In other variations of the saga it is told how, after resting at home a year, St. Brendan bethought him of the promise of the comely young man in the Land of Promise that he would be shown more of the hidden marvels of God's world when he went again into the great sea.

Accordingly, in 545, with sixty Irish monks, he sailed from Kerry. He came again to the Isle of the Sheep and the Paradise of Birds, but there is no reference to the great fish Jasconye. Passing over the many marvels of this voyage, which are largely repetitions of his former traverse of the seas, or which seem reminiscent of the Voyage of Maeldune, one of these sagas tells:

"Then came Blessed Brendan to a large island with great shore of sand, and behind it bog, not good to tread upon. Thence turned he the prow of his ship away from the land, by reason of the great waves that rushed upon the sand. Then went he to the south, some days his brothers did not work, nor did they use the sail, but the water carried them. Then the water became warm and they worked their oars towards the land

again and entered a great harbor up which they worked their way for many days.

“It was a fair land, where they set foot, and on the shore they built a church and gave God praise. Then, passing ever from the eastward, they went afoot through a mighty forest where dwelt naked men with parti-colored skins. From them they had no harm, this due, no doubt, to the blessing of God in the psalms and canticles that the brothers sang antiphonally (turn and turn about) to lighten the wearisomeness of the way.

“Seven Sundays thus they marched, refusing to be faint-hearted when the Evil One set mighty mountains in their way, and thus they came at last to a mighty river, flowing in the way their feet would go. But there a noble personage, robed all in white, awaited them and said:

“ ‘Blessed Brendan, thou art well come. Yet not well come at this time. Your Lord and mine has willed that the Gospel of His Son be given to this land at a later time. Return to the Isle of Saints, for there it is the will of God that you shall die.’ ”

The return journey must have been even more difficult, for the saga-man tells that it took eleven Sundays before the travelers came back to the ship and set sail again for Ireland. Whether all the voyagers returned is a point on which the various versions of the saga differ, some saying that St. Brendan returned with his full comple-

ment of monks, other declaring that certain of the brothers were left behind.

In 553, after his return, St. Brendan established the great monastery of Clonfert. It is worthy of note that, at this time, when the greater part of Europe was little given to learning, Clonfert Monastery, one of many such, accommodated 3,000 students. These were taught without fee. Such food as was needed, over and beyond that raised by the labor of the monks, was willingly donated by outsiders. These thousands of students, and many after them, spread all over Europe the story of the voyages of their beloved master. The St. Brendan saga manuscripts are numerous, written both in Latin and Gaelic, and the voyage to the Land of Promise was as well known in the Middle Ages as was the Odyssey in the time of the Greeks.

On this second voyage of St. Brendan, extended commentary has been made. It is suggested that "a sandy shore with a bog (or marsh) beyond" is descriptive of any part of the American coast from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras, but the larger number of commentators assign the spot sighted to be the shore of Long Island or New Jersey. The current which led St. Brendan southwards is held to have been the Labrador Current. The warm water which was encountered further south is suggestive of the Gulf Stream. The harbor that St. Brendan and his monks are reputed to have entered may have been Chesapeake Bay, and

the river across the mountains, flowing westward, suggests the Ohio River.

The "naked men with parti-colored skins" (a dubious phrase, not appearing in early versions) seems to describe Indians in war-paint. That St. Brendan and his followers should not have been molested would not be surprising, for unarmed monks, marching in long brown robes and singing continually as they went, might have seemed so harmless and so strange to the watching Indians that they let them pass unscathed.

If the saga, indeed, possess any measure of truth, then would St. Brendan be the first Christian missionary to set foot on American shores. But the whole tale is so colored with fable, so distorted by naïve report of miracle, and so reminiscent of an earlier Saga of Bran, the Son of Febal, who was guided over-seas by a mermaid, that it must be regarded, not as a historical account, but as a legend devoutly believed by all Christendom up to and after Columbus' day.

Two centuries later, appears a dubious account from the Orkneys that: "so numerous had the people of Greater Ireland, across the seas, become, that the Bishop of the Orkneys prayed that a bishop be sent to them, and one was sent."

More circumstantial and more official is a statement found in an old manuscript of undoubted genuineness, which says: "There are, it is said, south from Greenland which is inhabited, deserts, uninhabited places, and icebergs, then the

Skrellings, then Mark-land, then Wine-land the Good. Next, and farther behind, lies Albania, which is White-men's-land. Thither was sailing formerly from Ireland. There Irishmen and Icelanders recognized Ari, the son of Mar and Katla of Rejkaness, of whom nothing had been heard for a long time and who had been made a chief by the inhabitants. He was driven out of his course at sea to White-men's-land, which is called by some persons Ireland the Great. It lies westward in the sea, near Wine-land the Good. It is said to be six half-days' sail west of Ireland. Ari could not depart thence and was baptized there."

The next important historical account, accepted by many students as showing a Celtic settlement of America, prior to the coming of the Norsemen, is found in the saga of Eric the Red. Of this saga, much will be said in the next chapter. The passage referring to earlier settlers than the Vikings, is as follows:

"When they sailed away from Wine-land (1008 A. D.), they had a southerly wind, and so came upon Mark-land, where they found five Skrellings (either Beothuks, Indians or Eskimos) of whom one was bearded, two were women and two were children. Karlsefni and his people took the boys, but the others escaped and these Skrellings sank down into the earth. They (the Norsemen) bore the lads away with them and taught them to speak, and they were baptized.

"They (the boys) said that their mother's name

was Vaetilldi and their father's Uvaegi. They said that kings governed the Skrellings, one of whom was called Avalldamon, and the other Vall-didida. (The etymology of these names is uncertain, nor can their spelling be depended upon, but authorities are loath to trace them either to Indian or Eskimo origin.) They stated that there were no houses there, and that the people lived in caves or holes.

"They said that there was a land on the other side over against their country, which was inhabited by people who wore white garments, and yelled loudly, and carried poles before them to which rags were attached (processions of Christian priests, in white vestments, with banners, and chanting?), and people believe that this must have been Hvitrmanna Land (White-men's-land) or Ireland the Great."

Since the Saga of Eric the Red is an undisputed historical document, there seems no special reason to deny the authenticity of these paragraphs, while admitting the rest of the saga. True, "Ireland the Great" is quoted only on the hearsay of a "Skrelling," but it is an historic quotation none the less. Authorities dispute as to whether the extinct race "Beothuk" on the Newfoundland coast, was North American Indian, or no.

However vague the actual geographical evidence may be, it is not denied that during a period of five centuries the Celts believed that there was

a "Greater Ireland" across the sea, with a Christianized people dwelling there, and that in the year 1008, Thorfinn Karsefni found an inhabitant of the American mainland who spoke of a White Man's Land where dwelt men garbed in white, who carried banners and sang.

Passing from Ireland to Great Britain, documents record that Geoffrey of Monmouth, writing in London about 1150, in his History of the Britons, puts into the mouth of Diana the following prophecy:

"Brutus! Far to the west, in the ocean wide, beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies. Seagirt it lies, where giants dwelt of old. Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend thy course. There shalt thou find a lasting seat. There to thy sons another Troy shall rise and kings be born of thee whose dreadful might shall awe the world and conquer nations bold."

Yet it is from Wales, rather than from England, as facing the western sea, that the earliest British traditions come. The first of these is found in Triad 10 in the Third Series of Myvyrian (Welsh) Archeology, and a translation of it reads as follows:

"The Three Vanished Losses of the Isle of Britain—First, Gavran, son of Aeddan, and his men, who went to sea in search of the Green Isles of Floods and never were heard of more; Second, Merddin, the Bard of Aurelian Ambrosius, and his Nine Bards of Knowledge, who went to sea in

the House of Glass and there has been no account whither they went; Third, Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedd, who went to sea with his three hundred men in ten ships, and it is not known to what place they went."

There is some dispute among archeologists as to the date of this Triad, but it is certainly between the thirteenth and the fifteenth centuries. Of Gavran, and of Merddin, little is known, and that exceedingly obscure, but the Madoc tradition—whether it be accurate or no—is exceedingly circumstantial.

The misty history of Madoc—for it comes nearer to history than to legend—has suffered because of the over-eagerness of Welshmen to prove more than the story carries. Irishmen have sinned equally in claiming historical certitude for "Greater Ireland."

Yet it would be unhistorical in the last degree to ignore the reported voyage of Prince Madoc to America, in 1170. The fact that romance and legend enhalo the hero's person should not blind the reader to the unquestioned fact of his existence as a character in Welsh history.

The universality of the Madoc tradition is not denied. In the poems recited by the bards of Wales—an official and dignified order—there are numerous references to the departure of Madoc, to his disappearance over-seas, and there is, at least, one reference to his having taken possession of a realm beyond the sea. These bardic

poems date back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a hundred years and more before Columbus was born.

Aside from bardic references, the first careful statement of the Madoc story was made by Humphrey Llwyd, a painstaking Welsh historian of the sixteenth century. He states:

“Madoc, another of Owen Gwneth’s sons, left the land in contention between his brethren, and prepared certain ships with men and munition, and sought adventure by seas, sailing West and leaving the coast of Ireland so far north that he came to a Land Unknown, where he saw many strange things.

“This land,” says Llwyd, “must needs be some part of that country of which the Spaniards affirm themselves the first finders since Hanno’s time. (This reference shows that, in the sixteenth century, the Spaniards believed America to be the island at one time settled by the Carthaginians.) For, by reason and order of Geography, this land, to the which Madoc came, must needs be some part of New Spain or Florida. Whereupon it is manifest that this country was by Britain discovered, long afore either Columbus or Americus Vesputius led any Spaniards thither.

“Of the voyage and return of this Madoc, there be many fables told, as the common people do tend in distance of place and length of time rather

to augment than to diminish, but, sure it is, that there he was.

“And, after he had returned home and declared the pleasant and fruitful places that he had seen without inhabitants, and, upon the contrary part, for what barren and wild ground his brethren and nephews did murder one another, he prepared a number of ships, and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietness, and, taking leave of his friends, took his journey thitherward again.

“Therefore it is to be presupposed that he and his people inhabited part of those countries (New Spain) for it appeareth by Francis Loues (Lopez de Gomera, an early Spanish historian), that in Acusanus (Yucatan) and other places, the people honored the Cross, whereby it may be gathered that Christians had been there, before the coming of the Spaniards. But, because this people (the Welsh) were not many, they followed the manners of the land they came unto and used the language they found there.”

There are many other references to Madoc in later Welsh literature, some of them exceedingly detailed. However, as the riches of Mexico and Peru were by that time well known, and as there was a marked anxiety on the part of England to claim prior right to so rich a country, these later statements may be regarded with a moderate amount of suspicion.

In itself, the Madoc story does little more than

state that the Welsh prince found a fertile land across the western ocean on his first voyage, and took a colony of settlers there, on his second. But the whole story is thrown into vivid light—whether a true or a false one, the reader must judge—by a statement made less than a century after the first English settlement of North America to the effect that “Welsh Indians,” who still spoke Welsh, had been discovered in the Carolinas.

The statement was made in all form in 1685, and came from a man of no less importance than the Revd. Morgan Jones, chaplain of an expedition sent by Governor Berkeley of Virginia to South Carolina, in 1660. The Revd. Mr. Jones’ statement was made on oath, exists in the official archives of Virginia, and was as follows:

“These presents may certify all persons whatever, that, in the year 1660, being an inhabitant of Virginia, and chaplain to Major-General Bennet of Mansoman (Nansemond?) County, the said Major Bennet and Sir William Berkeley sent two ships to Port Royal, now called South Carolina, which is sixty leagues to the southward of Cape Fair (Fear?) and I was sent therewith to be their minister.

“Upon the 8th of April, we set out from Virginia and arrived at the harbor’s mouth, the 19th of the same month, where we waited for the rest of the fleet that was to sail from Barbardoes (Bar-

badoes) and Bermuda, with one Mr. West, who was to be Deputy Governor of the same place.

“As soon as the Fleet came in, the smallest vessels that were with us sailed up the river to a place called the Oyster Point. There I continued for about 8 months, all which time being most starved for want of provisions.

“I, and five more, then, travelled through the Wilderness, till we came to the Tuscarora Country. There the Tuscarora Indians took us prisoners because we told them we were bound for Roanoke. That night they carried us to their town and shut us up close, to our no small dread.

“The next day they held a consultation about us, after which it was over, their interpreter told us that we must prepare to die the next morning. Thereupon, being very much dejected, I spoke to this effect in the British (Welsh) tongue:

“ ‘Have I escaped so many dangers, and now must I be knocked on the head like a Dog!’

“Then presently came an Indian to me, which afterwards appeared to be a War Captain of the Doegs, whose original I find must needs be from the Old Britons (Madocs) and took me by the middle and told me in the British (Welsh) tongue that I should not die, and thereupon went to the Emperor of the Tuscarora and agreed for my ransom and the men that were with me.

“They then made us welcome to their town and entertained us very civilly and cordially four months, during which time I had the opportunity

of conversing with them familiarly in the British (Welsh) language, and did preach to them three times a week in the same language, and they would confer with me about anything that was difficult therein, and, at our departure, they abundantly supplied us with whatever was necessary to our support and well-being. They were settled upon the Pontiago (Pamlico?) River, not far from Cape Atros (Hatteras?) This is a brief recital of my travels among the Doeg (Madoc) Indians."

MORGAN JONES, the son of John Jones of Bassaleg, near Newport in the County of Monmouth.

P. S. "I am ready to conduct any Welshman, or others, to the country."

During the century and a half following, there were put on record sixteen different statements of Welsh-speaking travelers who either had conversed with Welsh-speaking Indians, or who declared that they had heard others affirm that they had done so. Lord Baltimore, writing in 1650, ten years before the Berkeley expedition, speaks of the Doages Indians, and there are several other official references to the Doegs. This tribe has been identified as the Nanticoke Indians, who lived on the Pamlico River.

This identification of the name, however, must not be taken as full confirmation of the Revd. Mr. Jones' sworn statement. There are other apparently confirmatory points to be considered. Thus the Nanticoke or Doeg were regarded by the

neighboring tribes as differing greatly from them, as being possessed of superior skill, and especially of knowledge in witchcraft. They were known also as the Otoyachgo, or bridge-people, because of their skill in building bridges; also as the Trapper-people, because no other Indian tribe showed such ability in the making and setting of mechanical traps. More striking still, in several treaties with the whites, the name of the Nanticoke appears as the Scanehaderadeygroones, or the Seganiateratickrohnes, both of which words mean the "beyond-the-sea-people."

Where all is so vague, later statements which appear over-exact must be regarded with caution. Thus, when the Madoc tale is further amplified by a statement that neighboring Indian tribes formed a coalition against the "Madocs" because of their infusion of over-seas blood, one may well pause. And when, further, this modern addition goes on to say that the "Madoc tribe" was entirely wiped out in a battle at the Falls of the Ohio, there is ample room for the suspicion that this addition has been built up to support a theory.

In any case, if indeed the "Madoc band" made a permanent settlement on the shores of America, it did not leave any physical trace on the Indian races as known in settled times. Furthermore, linguistic and archeological evidence is directly against the belief in the "Welsh Indians."

These Celtic legends—Scotch, Irish, British, Cornish and Welsh—all halt on the further side

of definite history. It cannot be said that they establish a fair claim to the priority of the Celts as the first European settlers of America, but it can justly be affirmed that these beliefs stimulated the spirit of adventure in Europe, and that later voyagers did not regard themselves as plunging forth upon an uncrossed sea.

The Land of the Fountain of Youth, Hy Brasil, the vine-clad islands of Maeldune, the Blessed Isles of St. Brendan, Greater Ireland and Madoc's Land beckoned from beyond the sea. Shadowy urgings these may have been, but the navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries believed in them, and followed their beckoning across the Western Ocean, to find, at last, the Land of Promise.

CHAPTER III

THE MEN OF THE DRAGON SHIPS

SKAAL to the Norsemen! Hail to the Sea-kings and the vessels of Dragon-prows! Whatever historic truth may lie behind classic myth and Celtic legend, it looms shadowy and uncertain, but the Norse occupation of America is a well-attested historic truth. Not only did the Norsemen land on the shores of America but, for over four hundred years they maintained a prosperous colony on an American island, and explored the mainland certainly as far south as Massachusetts Bay, and probably farther south still.

If it be objected that the center of Norse colonization was in Greenland, it must be replied that Greenland is as unquestionably America as was that outermost island of the West Indies where Columbus first saw land. Not only that, but there was a continuous three-year occupation of the American mainland by the Norsemen, and, on the soil of what is now the United States, Gudrid the Fair, the first white American mother, gave birth to Snorri Thorfinnsson, the first white American child, from whom descended a mighty line of bishops and noblemen.

The Greenland colony during its four hundred years' life was well known to Europe. For centuries, vessels traded regularly between Greenland and Iceland, and Iceland was a regular point of call for ships from Norway, Denmark, Limerick in Ireland and Bristol in England.

In Italy and in Spain, the countries most closely associated with Columbus, merchants were well aware of Iceland and Greenland, and navigators were familiar with the expeditions to Mark-land and Wine-land. These regions were marked on maps of that time. Adam of Bremen described them. Gudrid the Fair, after the death of Thorfinn Karlsefni, made a pilgrimage to Rome and told to many her tale of Wine-land. Greenland and Iceland sent tribute for the Crusades, and many Icelandic pilgrims and soldiers of fortune traveled through Europe. The Church was kept well informed of her faithful of the Far North. A regular succession of bishops was sent thither, one, indeed, being expressly appointed because his predecessor had been lost in an episcopal expedition to Mark-land.

Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, of Venice, the first in 1390 and the second in 1400, visited Greenland. There is much confusion in their narrative, and more in the manner in which it has been handed down, but the bare fact is not denied. Nor is it disputed that Antonio Zeno started on a voyage from the Faroe Islands to "a land a thousand

miles to the west," of which he had been informed by deep-sea fishermen.

What is even more to the point is a recorded letter of Columbus, preserved by his son and by Las Casas, in which the great navigator says:

"In the month of February, 1477, I sailed a hundred leagues beyond the island of Thule (Iceland) to an island of which the south part is in latitude 73° , not 63° as some say. . . . And to this island, which is as big as England (it is so, very nearly), the English go with their wares, especially from Bristol. When I was there, the sea was not frozen. . . ."

Why was Columbus in Iceland? Since, as will be shown later, he had received in 1474 a letter and sailing chart from Toscanelli, a Florentine astronomer, telling him just how to sail on his westward voyage, it seems clear that his visit to Iceland in 1477 was for the purpose of gathering further information about lands which the Icelanders had found on the further side of the western ocean.

Amerigo Vespucci and Cabot, as well as many others, knew of the Norse voyages. Cabot, who was the first of the later navigators to touch the shores of North America, deliberately sailed northwestward to reach the lands of Norse description. It is clear, then, that the colonization of Iceland and of Greenland were the first two steps towards American discovery.

Iceland was first colonized by the Irish. The

date is not known. By the eighth century, however, at least two communities of Cêle Dê or Cul-dees (God's Allies, monks of the Gallie Rule of Chrodegang), were settled in Iceland. In the year 850 A. D., Iceland was rediscovered by the Scandinavians.

This discovery was followed by three waves of immigration. Between 870-890, four great noblemen from Norway, with their men, settled in the south-west. In 890-900, Queen Aud, widow of Olaf the White, King of Dublin, followed by many of her kinsmen, settled in the west and north. In 900-930, a Norway and Orkney group of earls settled the south and south-east. By the year 1100, Iceland had a population of 50,000 souls, of whom one-half were of Irish or Celtic blood. Gudrid the Fair, for example, was half-Irish both on her mother's and father's side.

In the year 876, two years after the Commonwealth of Iceland was founded, one of the settlers, Gunnbjorn, son of Ulf the Crow, was driven westward across the sea in foul and foggy weather. He passed some volcanic rocky islets and was driven to some desolate point on the coast of Greenland. Here he and his crew contrived to pass the winter, though hard pressed for food and fuel, their ship being nipped in the ice. When the spring thaw set the vessel free, Gunnbjorn returned to Iceland. His description of that barren land tempted no one thither.

This misadventure had a potent effect on later

discovery. Ninety years later, it was to be the inspiration of that gallant old hero, Eric the Red, a true rover, a true fighter, a true adventurer, and—on the supreme authority of Nansen—one of the finest explorers of all time.

Dashing and romantic was the career of Eric the Red. The saga of his deeds rings with the clash of weapons on land and the shrieking of cordage at sea. Let those who seek Adventure and Romance read the Saga of Eric of Red! It is the first epic of America.

The story opens with a duel. Eric the Red, son of Thorvald, was exiled from Jaederen, in Norway, as the result of a feud. Father and son settled in Iceland, where Eric married Thorhold, daughter of one of the most powerful families in the place. He took up a large stretch of land, but soon came to blows with his neighbors. A landslide on the farm of his neighbor Valthiof was blamed on his thralls or slaves, and Eyiolf the Foul slew the thralls. Eric promptly slew Eyiolf. The Norsemen were an acutely law-abiding people and Eric was banished from the region.

Twice exiled, Eric settled at Eyxney (Ox-Island) near Breidafirth. Swords were soon out again. This time the dispute arose concerning some carved dais-boards which Eric had lent to Thorgest, a neighbor. When Thorgest did not return them as promptly as requested, Eric stormed the place and took back his possessions.

Thorgest's household rallied and pursued. Weapons were drawn and Eric cut down a man or two. The quarrel developed first into a feud and then into a small local civil war. Again came a formidable Norse lawsuit. The Thorsness "thing," or parliament, found Eric guilty of starting the broil, and, as he had twice been banished, this time they condemned him to outlawry.

Friends of Eric concealed him from Thorgest, and to these friends the outlawed man stated: "that it was his intention to go in search of that land which Gunnbjorn, son of Ulf the Crow, saw when he was driven out of his course, westward across the main, and discovered Gunnbjorn's-skerries." These islets disappeared in a violent eruption in 1456.

Then, recounting the first colonizing of Greenland, the Saga of Eric the Red continues:

"Eric sailed out to sea from Snaefells-jokul and arrived at that point which is called Blacksark (in Greenland). Thence he sailed to the southward, that he might ascertain whether there was habitable country in that direction. He passed the first winter at Ericsey. . . . In the following spring he proceeded to Ericsfirth (Gardar) and selected a site there for his homestead. That summer he explored the western uninhabited region. . . . The second winter he spent at Erics-holms, beyond Hvarfsgnipa. The third summer he sailed northward to Snaefell (on the western coast of Greenland) and into Hrafnsfirth (Davis

Straits). . . . He turned back, then, and remained the third winter at Ericsey."

These few words summarize three years of careful and systematic exploration of the Coasts of Desolation, on which Eric the Red found the only two fertile belts of shore, green with grass and ablaze with flowers watered by streams from the distant glaciers. Subsequent centuries have proved the thoroughness of Eric's exploration and the judiciousness of his choice. It must be remembered that for those three years he was cut off from everyone, and in that land of frost, his food, his home, his fuel, his clothing, his ship-repairs, everything! must come from that desolate shore.

The saga then continues:

"The following summer he sailed to Iceland, and landed in Breidafirth. . . . In the spring he and Thorgest fought together and Eric was defeated; after this there was a reconciliation between them.

"That summer, Eric set out to colonize the land which he had discovered and which he called Greenland (the name applying to the settlement, not the whole island) because, he said, men would be more readily persuaded thither if the land had a good name."

The Saga of the Story of Wine-land Voyages, also known as the Flatey Book, and which is of lesser authority than the Saga of Eric the Red, tells the same story and adds:

“Eric settled at Brattahild (Igalico Inlet) in Ericsfirth and learned men say that, in this same summer, in which Eric set out to settle Greenland, thirty-five ships sailed out of Breidafirth and Borgarfirth (in Iceland). Fourteen of these arrived safely, some were driven back and some were lost.”

As Eric the Red was the explorer and first settler of Greenland, so he became the chief man and judge. A daring sea-king, a just judge, a quick fighter, jovial and hospitable, his latter years were full of dignity and honor, saddened only when his newly converted Christian wife turned against him for remaining pagan.

It is to him that must be assigned the credit for making the American island of Greenland a Norse colony. He gave to the world that Leif the Lucky who is the first of definite record as discovering the mainland of America. He sent forth the expedition which bore Thorfinn Karlsefni and Gudrid the Fair to American shores, gave Gudrid in marriage from his home, and saw his son Thorvald sail off to death in their company.

He died, as he had lived, faithful to his pagan gods, feared and respected. He stands as a mighty and inspiring figure on the threshold of American history.

Hardy sea-rovers though the Norsemen were, yet, as has been shown, the restless Irish were everywhere before them. Iceland was discovered

by the Irish, and colonized by the Irish and the Norsemen. Greenland was settled by Icelanders of that stock. Gudrid the Fair, the heroine of early American exploration, was half-Irish, and there are several references in Norse literature to Ari Marsson and others of "Greater Ireland."

The Romance of American Discovery, however,—so far as present knowledge goes—is not Irish but Norse. The story proceeds from the islands of America to the American mainland, and the first of the two great heroes who figure in it was Leif, son of Eric the Red, generally known as Leif the Lucky.

In the Saga of Eric the Red, as supported by collateral evidence, Leif was the first among the Norsemen to sight the American mainland. According to the less authoritative Saga of Wineland, Leif's expedition was the result of a misadventure which happened to one Bjarni, son of that Herjulf who had accompanied Eric the Red in the first settlement of Greenland. Since the voyage, if authentic, was the first, it must be briefly stated.

Bjarni was captain of a vessel trading between Norway and Iceland. On his return to Iceland from such a voyage, late one summer, he found that his father Herjulf had sailed to Greenland with Eric the Red that very spring. It was Bjarni's custom always to spend Christmas with his father and he successfully appealed to the spirit of adventure in his crew that they should try and find Greenland, though none among them



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LIEF ERICSSON MAKES THE FIRST TRANS-ATLANTIC PASSAGE

In the Saga of Eric the Red we read:—"Leif put to sea when his ship was ready for the voyage. For a long time he was tossed upon the ocean and came upon lands of which he had previously no knowledge." From a painting by Ezra Winter in the Cunard Building, New York City.



LIEF ERICSSON DISCOVERS THE COAST OF AMERICA.



THE LANDING OF THE VIKINGS.

had ever entered the Greenland Sea. Says the saga:

“They sailed (from Eyrar, Iceland) for three days until the land was hidden by water, and then the fair wind died out, and north winds arose and fogs, and they knew not whither they were drifting and thus it lasted for many *doegr* (half-days). When they saw the sun again, and were able to determine the quarters of the heavens, they hoisted sail and sailed through that *doegr* before they saw land.”

The saga then goes on to describe their coasting adventures. The first land: “was level and covered with woods and there were small hillocks on it.” This did not appear like the descriptions which had been given to Bjarni of Greenland, and he would not go ashore. Running north for a day or more they came to another land: “and saw that it was a flat and wooded country.” As the fair wind failed and winter was coming on, the crew wanted to land, but Bjarni was bent on his Christmas festivities and would not delay.

With south-west gales they sailed for two days more and came to a third land: “this land was high and mountainous, with ice mountains upon it.” Here again Bjarni would not land, for, though it resembled the reports of Greenland in some ways, he saw “no attraction” in its barren shores.

Continuing, they saw that this land seemed to be an island, and, having a fair wind, they sailed

for two days more and saw a fourth land. Said Bjarni: "This is likest Greenland, according to what has been reported to me concerning it, and here we will steer to the land." They did so and (very suspiciously) found that the very point which they had struck was the cape on which dwelt Herjulf, Bjarni's father. It is to be presumed that the Yuletide was a merry one.

The Saga of Wine-land goes on to say that Bjarni, on his next visit to Norway, saw Earl Eric of Norway (1000-1015) and told of his travels. It states, also, that some time after, when Bjarni had returned to Greenland, Leif Ericsson went to see him, learned the details of his voyages and bought a ship from him. So Bjarni drops out of the story. In any case, even in the sole saga in which Bjarni appears, it is specifically stated that he did not land at any of the points he sighted, and therefore, whether the tale of his voyage be true or no, the priority of landing and of settlement belongs to Leif.

Eric the Red had married Thorhild and had three sons, Thorstein, Leif and Thorvald, and one daughter, Freydis, who, according to the Wine-land Saga, turned out to be an evil-minded woman. All four of these played a part in the Mark-land and Wine-land voyages.

Leif seems to have inherited his father's daring. When still a young man, he made the bold attempt of sailing from Greenland to Norway direct, without stopping at Iceland, apparently

the first voyage so made. It ended in his being driven on the Hebrides, where he had a rather unhappy love affair, which, however, plays no part in the story of the discovery. Thence he sailed to Norway, arriving there in the autumn of the year 999. He went at once to the court of King Olaf Tryggvason, the famous warrior-monarch who forced Norway into Christianity. It proved an easy matter for King Olaf to convert Leif, and he and all his shipmates were baptized. Leif stayed with King Olaf that winter, and, the summer following, the king sent him back to Greenland to proclaim Christianity there.

Now let the Saga of Eric the Red tell first of his discoveries:

“Leif put to sea when his ship was ready for the voyage. For a long time he was tossed about upon the ocean, and came upon lands of which he had previously no knowledge. There were self-sown wheat-fields and vines growing there. There were also those trees which are called ‘mausur’ (maple) and of all these they took specimens. Some of the timbers were so large that they were used in building.

“Leif found men upon a wreck and took them home with him, and procured quarters for them all during the winter. In this wise he showed his nobleness and goodness, since he introduced Christianity into the country and saved the men from the wreck, and he was called Leif the Lucky ever after. Leif landed in Ericsfirth and then

went home to Brattahild; he was well received by everyone. He soon proclaimed Christianity through the land and the Catholic faith, and announced King Olaf Tryggvason's messages to the people, telling them how much excellence and how great glory accompanied the faith."

The account of Leif's voyage in the Saga of Wine-land differs radically from this brief statement. The Wine-land Saga permits Leif to go home to Greenland first, to consult Bjarni, and to buy a ship from him. It tells that Eric the Red, after some persuasion from Leif, accepted the leadership of the expedition, but that, owing to the stumbling of his horse, which he regarded as an unfavorable omen, he stayed at home, and Leif took the command.

The Wine-land Saga continues:

"Leif pursued his way to the ship with his companions, thirty-five men; one of the company was a German named Tyrker. . . . They found first that land which Bjarni and his shipmates found last. . . . They launched a boat and went ashore, and saw no grass there; great ice mountains lay inland back from the sea, flat rock all the way from the sea to the ice-mountains. Then said Leif: 'It has not come to pass with us in regard to this land as with Bjarni, that we have not gone upon it. To this country I will now give a name, and call it Hellu-land (flat-stone-land).'

"They returned to the ship, put out to sea and found a second land. . . . They went ashore.

This was a level wooded land, and there were broad stretches of white sand, where they went, and the land was level by the sea. Then said Leif: 'This land shall have a name after its nature, and we will call it Mark-land (wood-land).'

"They returned to the ship and sailed away upon the main with north-east winds, two doegr before they sighted land, and came to an island which lay to the northward of this land." After landing there, they "went aboard their ship again and sailed into a certain sound which lay between an island and a cape, which jutted out from the land on the north. . . . At ebb-tide there were broad reaches of shallow water there, and they ran their ship aground there. . . . As soon as the tide rose beneath their ship, however, they took their boat and rowed to the ship, which they conveyed up a river and so into a lake. There they cast anchor and carried their hammocks ashore from the ship and built booths (huts) there. They afterwards determined to establish themselves for the winter and they accordingly built a large house.

"There was no lack of salmon there, either in the river or in the lake, and larger salmon than they had ever seen before. The country thereabouts seemed to be possessed of such good qualities that cattle would need no fodder there during the winters. . . . The days and nights there were of more nearly equal length than in Greenland or Iceland. On the shortest day of winter,

the sun was up between 'eyktarstad' and 'dag-malastad,' a period of approximately nine hours."

This passage is famous! Authorities have disputed loud and long over this length of day. But much of such dispute is fruitless. The Norsemen did not possess chronometers, and a few minutes more or less represents considerable difference in latitude. All that can definitely be said is that this must have been south of Newfoundland and may have been as far south as Cape Cod.

The saga tells how Leif organized exploration parties, and how, one evening, late, Tyrker came home alone.

" 'I did not go much further than you,' he said, 'and yet I have something of novelty to relate. I have found vines and grapes. . . . Of a certainty this is true, for I was born where there is no lack of either grapes or vines.' "

Whereupon they gathered grapes—to such an extent that their afterboat was full of them—and cut vine-roots and timber. "A cargo sufficient for the ship was cut, and, when the spring came . . . they sailed away, and from its products Leif gave the land a name and called it Wine-land."

In many other places there is evidence that Leif called the southernmost of his discoveries "Wine-land" and "Wine-land the Good." He called it so because grapes grew there, from which wine might be made. And—be it well observed—this does not mean any berry flavoring or temperance

drink. The temptation is irresistible to quote from W. H. Babcock, in "Early Norse Visits to North America," one of the most eminent authorities on the subject, the book being issued by the Smithsonian Institution. On this point of Wine-land and wine, after attacking the people who try to suggest that the Norsemen were content with cranberry-juice, or the like, Babcock says:

"Every such name, for example, gooseberry wine, testifies to the preëxistence of real wine as a standard, and to the fact of feeble imitation. Are these the fruits from which the stout Danish king declared 'the best of wine' could be made? Can we imagine these Icelandic broadswordsmen in armor growing ecstatic over the prospect of berry decoctions?"

No! This will not do! One cannot picture a Norse warrior quaffing fruit syrup, nor a Viking drinking pop.

The news of this land, rich in timber and in grapes, with mild winters and ample pasture, attracted enormous interest. In both sagas there is evidence that the Norsemen felt more exploration needed to be done. There seems reason to believe that the next attempt was made by Thorstein Ericsson. The authoritative Saga of Eric the Red says of this voyage that Thorstein was far from eager, "but did not say 'nay' when his friends besought him to go." The notice of the voyage is brief:

"They were long tossed about upon the ocean,

and could not lay the course they wished. They came in sight of Iceland and likewise saw (land) birds from the Irish coast. Their ship was, in sooth, driven hither and thither over the sea. In the autumn they turned back, worn out by toil and exposure to the elements, and exhausted by their labors, and arrived at Ericsfirth at the very beginning of winter." Whereupon Eric the Red, gallant, courteous and hospitable, an explorer who knew the hardships of faring forth on unknown seas, made them all welcome and held Thorstein's crew as his guests the winter through.

The story then turns to Gudrid the Fair. She was the daughter of Thorbjorn, son of Vifil, and her mother was Hallveig, of royal Irish descent from Ketil Thistil. Thorbjorn, who had once been rich and powerful, had been offended, while living in Iceland, because a wealthy merchant who was not of noble birth, had offered to marry Gudrid. Feeling that he would do better in a new land, Thorbjorn had sold all his possessions in Iceland and had come to live in Greenland. The autumn after Thorstein's unsuccessful voyage (the Wine-land Saga says the autumn before), Thorstein Ericsson married Gudrid the Fair. But he was to enjoy his happiness only a few weeks. An epidemic struck the settlement and Thorstein was among the victims, though Gudrid nursed him devotedly.

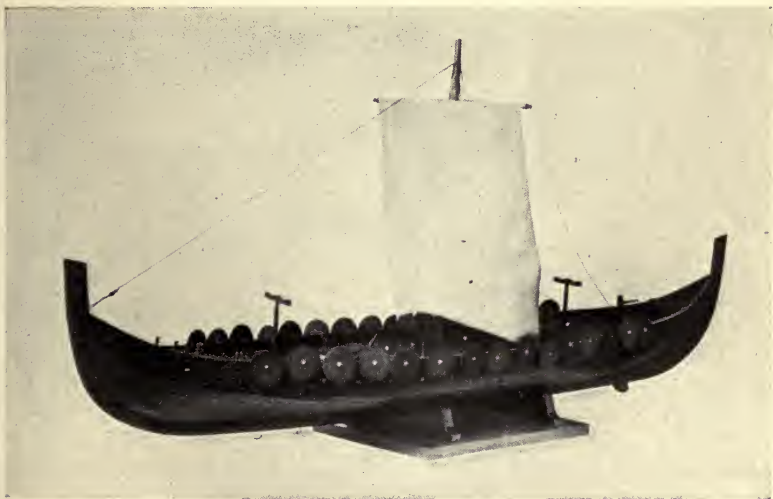
When, after many days of illness, he died, and the worn-out young bride-widow went at last to



Courtesy of The Smithsonian Institute.

THE GOKSTAD SHIP, STERN VIEW.

This Viking ship was built in the period from 700 to 1050 A. D. It was used as a burial place for a Viking and was unearthed in 1880 in very good condition, enabling the correct and exact model, as below, to be made.



A MODEL OF A VIKING SHIP.



Courtesy of The Smithsonian Institute.

lie down, she was suddenly awakened with the gruesome message that her dead husband had risen in his bed and summoned her. Though an Icelandic woman and fearing the "soulless living corpse" superstition, Gudrid was a Christian and went bravely into the death chamber. The dead man told her that the plague would be stopped if the people would burn the body of Gard, a pagan, who had died during the epidemic, and promised for his widow a new husband and a noble progeny, warning her that she should not marry a Greenlander.

The next Wine-land voyage is recorded in the Saga of Wine-land Voyages, and tells of the adventures of Thorvald Ericsson, the third son of Eric the Red. It differs from the account in the Saga of Eric the Red, in which Thorvald is described as the helmsman of a later expedition. But there is internal evidence which supports it as partly authentic, at least. The tale runs:

"Thorvald, with the advice of his brother Leif, prepared to make the voyage with thirty men. . . . There is no account of their voyage before their arrival at Leif's-booths in Wine-land. They laid up their ships there, and remained there quietly during the winter, supplying themselves with food by fishing.

"They explored thereabouts during the summer. They found it a fair, well-wooded country, but a short distance from the woods to the sea, and there were white sands as well as great num-

bers of islands and shallows. They found neither dwelling of man nor lair of beast, but, in one of the westerly islands, they found a wooden building for the shelter of grain. They found no other trace of human handiwork, and arrived at Leif's booths in the autumn."

The following summer they explored to the eastward. At a cape, which they called Keelness, they damaged the keel of their ship and were detained while they repaired the vessel. Further to the east they found a headland, projecting into the sea and entirely covered with woods. "'It is a fair region here,' said Thorvald, 'and here I should like to make my home.'

"They then returned to the ship and, on the sands beyond the headland, they discovered three mounds; they went up to these, and saw that they were three skin canoes with three men under each. . . . They killed eight men, but one escaped with his canoe. . . . Later, while they were asleep, a countless number of skin-canoes advanced upon them from the inner part of the first firth, where-upon Thorvald exclaimed,

"'We must put out the war-boards on both sides of the ship, and defend ourselves to the best of our ability, but offer little attack.'

"This they did, and the Skrellings, after they had shot at them for a time, fled precipitately, each as best he could.

"Then said Thorvald,

"'I have been wounded in my armpit, an arrow

flew in between the gunwale and the shield, below my arm. Here is the shaft and it will bring me to my end. I counsel you, now, to retrace your way with the utmost speed, but me, ye shall convey to that head-land which seemed to me to offer so pleasant a dwelling-place. Thus it may be fulfilled that the truth sprang to my lips, when I expressed the wish to abide there for a time. Ye shall bury me there, and place a cross at my head and another at my feet, and call it Crossness for ever after.'

"Thorvald died, and when they had carried out his injunction, they took their departure and rejoined their companions and told each other of the experience which had befallen them. They remained there during the winter and gathered grapes and wood with which to freight the ship, and, the following spring, they returned to Greenland and arrived with their ship in Ericsfirth, where they were able to recount great tidings to Leif."

Now, soon after the death of Thorstein Ericson, his father-in-law, Thorbjorn, died also. This left Gudrid the Fair alone, heiress of her father's and her husband's possessions. Eric the Red took his daughter-in-law Gudrid into his house and administered her affairs with that justice for which he was famous.

There follows, then, a gap of two or three years. Then came to Greenland, probably in 1003, a successful trader named Thorfinn Karlsefni, of noble

lineage. He was a descendant of Earl Thord, and Fridgerd, daughter of Kiarval the King of the Irish. He was accompanied by another ship, commanded by Bjarni Grimolfsson, each ship having a crew of forty men.

Generosity and hospitality was shown on both sides. Thorfinn and his fellow-traders offered to Gudrid the Fair her free choice of whatever she pleased from their cargoes. Eric the Red returned this munificence by a generous offer of hospitality for the entire winter to the princely traders and their crews.

Gudrid was the fairest as well as the wisest woman in Greenland, of noble birth and rich. Thorfinn Karlsefni was a wise and valiant leader of men, also of high lineage and wealthy. Great was the feasting and wassail when Thorfinn was betrothed to Gudrid, whose first marriage had lasted but for a few weeks! This second marriage seems to have been a most happy one.

Its first effect, and its most important one, was that Gudrid the Fair persuaded her husband to go in search and exploration of Wine-land the Good. Three ships started out: one under Thorfinn Karlsefni; one under Bjarni Grimolfsson Thorfinn's fellow-trader; and one under Thorvard the Wealthy, husband of Freydis, daughter of Eric the Red. On this latter ship, so the Saga of Eric the Red declares, sailed Thorvald Ericsson and Thorhall the Huntsman. This ship belonged to Gudrid the Fair, and in it she had come to

Greenland with her father Thorbjorn, some years before. The Saga of Eric the Red tells the tale:

“They sailed to the Western Settlement and thence to Bear Island. Thence they bore away to the southward two doegr. They saw land . . . and explored it, and found there large flat stones. There were many Arctic foxes there. They called this country Hellu-land (flat-stone-land).

“Then they sailed with north winds two doegr, and land lay before them and upon it was a great wood and many wild beasts. An island lay off the land to the south-east. There they found a bear and they called this Bjarney Island (Bear Island) while the land where the wood was they called Mark-land (wood-land).

“Thence they sailed southward along the land for a long time and came to a cape; the land lay upon the starboard, there were long strands and sandy banks there. They rowed to the land and found upon the cape there the keel of a ship, so they called it Kialarness (Keelness). They also called the strands Furdustrandis (Wonder-strands), because they were so long to sail by. Then the country became indented with bays and they steered their ships into a bay. . . .”

Then follows a less authentic passage telling of an exploration of the inland made by two Gaels (Irish) who were swift runners. After a day and a half these returned, and one bore a bunch of grapes and the other “an ear of new sown wheat.” The saga continues:

“They stood into a bay with their ships. There was an island out at the mouth of the bay, about which were strong currents, wherefore they called it Straumey (Stream Isle). There were so many birds (eider-ducks) there, that it was scarcely possible to step between the eggs.

“They sailed through the firth, and called it Straumfjord (Streamfirth) and carried their cargoes ashore from the ships and established themselves there. They had brought with them all kinds of live-stock. It was a fine country there. There were mountains thereabouts. They occupied themselves exclusively with the exploration of the country.

“They remained there during the winter, and they had taken no thought for this during the summer. The fishing began to fail and they fell short of food. . . . The weather, then, improved and they could row out to fish; thenceforward they had no lack of provisions, for they could hunt game on the land, gather eggs on the island and catch fish from the sea.”

During the winter a controversy had sprung up between Karlsefni, who was a Christian, and Thorhall the Huntsman, who was a pagan. Thorhall claimed that a whale which had been cast up on the shore—and which had made them all ill—had been food sent in answer to his pagan prayers. The Christians blamed their illness on this heathendom. So, in the spring, the two leaders separated, and Thorhall with nine men left on a

new voyage, blaming Karlsefni for not having led them to the land where wine could be found. But, so the saga tells, he encountered violent west gales and was driven ashore in Ireland, where he and his men were thrown into slavery and where he, Thorhall the Huntsman, died. This left the expedition with but two ships. The saga takes up the tale:

“It is now to be told of Karlsefni, that he and Bjarni Grimolfsson cruised southward off the coast. They sailed for a long time and until they came at last to a river, which flowed down from the land into a lake and so into the sea. There were great bars at the mouth of the river, so that it could be entered only at the height of flood-tide. Karlsefni and his men sailed into the mouth of the river and called it there Hôp (a small land-locked bay).

“They found self-sown wheat-fields on the land there, wherever there were hollows, and wherever there was hilly ground there were vines. Every brook there was full of fish. They dug pits on the shore where the tide rose highest, and, when the tide fell, there were halibut in the pits. There were great numbers of wild animals of all kinds in the woods. They remained there half a month, and enjoyed themselves, and kept no watch. They had their live-stock with them.

“Now, one morning early, when they looked about them, they saw a great number of skin-canoes. (Some authorities claim that these may

have been birch-bark canoes.) Staves were brandished from the boats, with a noise like flails, and they were waved in the direction of the course of the sun." The Norsemen made a signal of peace. "Whereupon the strangers rowed towards them, and went upon the land, marveling at those whom they saw before them. They were swarthy men (another version says 'small men') and ill-looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes and were broad of cheek."

Karlsefni stayed there that winter and traded with the Skrellings, exchanging red cloth for skins. The Norsemen refused to sell weapons.

"No snow came there," says the record, "and all of their live-stock lived by grazing."

Then comes a famous passage:

"It so happened, that a bull, which belonged to Karlsefni and his people, ran out from the woods, bellowing loudly. This so terrified the Skrellings that they sped out to their canoes, and then rowed away to the southward along the coast. For three entire weeks nothing was seen of them.

"At the end of this time, however, a great multitude of Skrelling boats was discovered approaching from the south, as if a stream were pouring down, and all their staves were waved in a direction contrary to the course of the sun, and the Skrellings were all uttering loud cries.

"Thereupon Karlsefni and his men took red shields and displayed them. The Skrellings sprang

from their boats, and they met them, and fought together. There was a fierce shower of missiles, for the Skrellings had war-slings.

“Karlsefni observed that the Skrellings raised up on a pole a great ball-shaped body, almost the size of a sheep’s belly, and nearly black in color, and this they hurled from the pole up on the land above Karlsefni’s followers and it made a frightful noise, where it fell. Whereat a great fear (of witchcraft) seized upon Karlsefni and all his men, so that they could think of nought but flight, . . . for it seemed to them that the troop of Skrellings was rushing towards them from every side, and they did not pause, until they came to certain jutting crags, where they offered a stout resistance.

“Freydis (daughter of Eric the Red) came out, and seeing that Karlsefni and his men were fleeing, she cried:

“ ‘Why do ye flee from these wretches, such worthy men as ye, when, meseems, ye might slaughter them like cattle! Had I but a weapon, methinks, I would fight better than any one of you!’

“They gave no heed to her words. Freydis sought to join them, but lagged behind for she was ‘not hale’ (heavy with child). She followed them, however, into the forest, while the Skrellings pursued her. She found a dead Norseman in front of her, his skull cleft by a flat stone; his naked sword lay beside him. Freydis took it up

and prepared to defend herself with it. The Skrellings then approached her, whereupon she loosed her gown and slapped her breast with the naked sword. At this the Skrellings were terrified (fearing madness or withcraft) and ran down to their boats and rowed away."

During this winter, Gudrid the Fair gave birth to her son, Snorri Thorfinnsson, the first white child born in America, and descended on both his father's and his mother's side from Norse earls and Irish kings.

Yet, despite this domestic tie, the strength of their defensive position and the good houses they had built: "it now seemed clear to Karlsefni and his people, that although the country thereabouts was attractive, their life would be one of constant dread and turmoil by reason of the hostility of the inhabitants of the country, so they forthwith determined to return to their own country. . . They sailed northward, passing a cape upon which there was a great number of animals. . . . arrived again at Streamfirth, . . . and stayed there that summer.

"Karlsefni set out with one ship, in search of Thorhall the Huntsman, but the greater part of the company remained behind. They sailed to the northward around Keelness, and then bore to the westward, having land to the larboard. The country there was a wooded wilderness. . . ."

Then follows a strange tale in which an "Ein-faetingr" (a One-footer or Uniped) killed Thor-

vald Ericsson with an arrow. The Saga of Wine-land voyages also tells of this death, but in slightly different circumstances and as though it happened on another voyage. This "one-footer" has given rise to many curious conjectures, especially as, many years afterwards, Cartier, in his Canadian explorations, brought back reports of a one-legged folk to the north.

After the death of Thorvald, Karlsefni returned to Streamfirth and they stayed there the third winter. In the spring they started again for home, and, passing Mark-land, found some Skrellings, of whom they captured two boys. These they baptized and taught the Norse tongue, and it was from these Skrelling boys that Karlsefni learned of White-man's-land and Greater Ireland, as told in a preceding chapter. The ship under command of Bjarni Grimolfsson sank, as it had become spongy from the teredo-worm, and the tales vary as to how many and whom among Bjarni's party reached Ireland. Karlsefni with Gudrid the Fair, his little son, and the rest of his party arrived in Greenland in safety, and spent the winter with Eric the Red.

An enormous amount of research has been done in connection with this circumstantial account of the three years spent by Thorfinn Karlsefni and Gudrid in the three great lands of Hellu-land, Mark-land and Wine-land. Hundreds of books have been written and dozens of theories conceived, fanciful or otherwise. None of the sup-

posed Norse remains on the American mainland can be regarded as proved. The facts which seem well substantiated are not many. They may be summarized as follows:

Hellu-land is Labrador, and the point first seen by the Norsemen was part of the coast between Hopedale and Nain. Mark-land is Newfoundland, and was first touched probably either at Cape Freels or Cape Bonavista. The "island" to the south-east, where the bear was found, is the Avalon Peninsula, which is almost an island and would certainly appear so, unless an effort were made to circumnavigate it. Keelness is the north cape of Cape Breton Island. The Wonder-strands are the long series of beaches which run the whole length of Nova-Scotia. Streamfirth with its strong currents is the Bay of Fundy, which possesses the strongest tide of any place in the world. Straumey (Stream Isle), is Grand Manan Island off the coast of Maine. Where the Norsemen settled for the winter is Passamaquoddy Bay, one shore of which is in Canada and one in the United States. Here Gudrid the Fair lived, and here Snorri Thorfinnsson was born.

But Karlsefni went further south still on the expedition to Hôp. The cape with many wild animals (possibly seals) was one of the promontories north of Casco Bay. The island and two capes mentioned in corroborative accounts are probably Mount Desert, Cape Ann and Cape Cod, the sailing distances agreeing well with these. The

word Hôp means a small and sheltered bay. In Thorfinn's Hôp there were two entrances, one by which he came, and another, also to the south, by which the "Skrellings" came, rounding a cape as they did so. Mount Hope Bay is the sole inlet which corresponds with the requirements. The configuration of the capes at the entrance agrees with Thorfinn's description, and the crags he mentions are there. There are hills near by, and wild rice (self-sown wheat) grows in the flats.

At least a dozen sites have been mentioned as Thorfinn's Hôp, but the evidence brought forward by W. H. Babcock (Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Vol. 59, No. 19, pub. 1913) seems conclusive that Mount Hope Bay, Rhode Island, is the place where Thorfinn had his battle with the Skrellings and where he decided to abandon the country. Rhode Island was, therefore, the southernmost point reached by the Norsemen in their explorations of the coast-line of America.

There remains only to be told the somewhat apocryphal story—from the Wine-land Saga—of a further voyage taken by Freydis, daughter of Eric the Red. She is said to have persuaded two Icelanders, Helgi and Finnbogi, who were spending the winter at Greenland, to accompany her and her husband, Thorvard the Wealthy, in a trip to Wine-land for cargoes of timber and grapes. They sailed, accordingly, and spent the winter at Leif's-booths. By lying statements, Freydis prevailed upon her husband to kill Helgi and Finnbogi while

they slept, and she herself brained the five women of Helgi's party with an ax. Then they seized Helgi's ship and returned, claiming both cargoes. Leif heard of the crime, in spite of the hush-money paid by Freydis, and the woman and all the members of her company were punished by ostracism, almost equivalent to outlawry, in an isolated community.

This is the last reference to Wine-land until 1121, when the official annals state that Bishop Eric Gnupsson "went in search of Vinland." The last reference to Mark-land was in 1347, when a vessel, anchor-less and much battered by storms, reached Iceland. "There were seventeen men on board," says the Annals, "and they had sailed to Mark-land, but had afterwards been driven hither by storms at sea."

Of the Greenland colony there is little more to be said. In 1448, Pope Nicholas V addressed a letter to the Bishop of Skalholt and the Bishop of Holar, in Iceland, bidding them enquire as to the truth of a report that, in 1418, "a barbarous and pagan fleet from neighboring shores invaded the island (of Greenland) laying waste the land with fire and sword, and destroying the sacred temples. Just nine parish churches were left standing."

In 1493 or 1494, Pope Alexander VI stated that his predecessor, Pope Innocent VIII, had ordered the consecration of Matthias, a Benedictine monk, to be "Bishop of the Diocese of Gardar (Eric's-firth) in Greenland, situated at the confines of the

known world." There is no record that Matthias ever reached his see, or, if he did so, he was never able to send word, nor to return.

In 1579, King Frederick II of Denmark and Norway, sent Mogens Heinesen to investigate the Greenland colony, but the explorer failed to reach the island.

In 1575, the English navigator, John Davis, visited the site of the Western Settlement, but found no Europeans living. Thus the colonies of Wine-land, Mark-land and Greenland passed out of existence.

These accounts of the several voyages, especially those of Leif the Lucky and of Thorfinn Karlsefni and Gudrid the Fair may be summed up. Their inherent truth appears at every point. The descriptions of the lands seen are accurate. The sailing directions agree with the distances. Maples, wild grapes and a cereal known as "self-sown wheat" (probably wild rice, a staple food of the Indians) grow in the latitudes and in the parts described. The wild life seen—Arctic foxes, bears, and eider-ducks—are correctly placed. Here is no fanciful tale of the imagination, but a clean-cut record of voyages, made by professional navigators, famous for their trustworthiness.

Chiefest of all, the observations about the Skrellings are noteworthy. "Swarthy" and "small" are two of the descriptive adjectives used, and compared with the Norsemen, American Indians are both. Their love of bright colors,

improvidence in bargaining, and fear of Freydis' apparent insanity are all Indian characteristics. Their ignorance of a steel ax and terror at the bellowing of a bull, smack of truth. The weapons of the Skrellings were bows and arrows, slings and stone hatchets (which latter, John Fiske declares to be tomahawks).

The "skin" canoes is more of a difficulty, but the Norsemen had never thought of bark as a canoe-covering, black birch-bark closely resembles skin, and there is no reference to Eskimo kayaks. The big ball on the end of a pole has been correlated with a somewhat similar device of the Algonquins known as "demon's head." There seems little reason to doubt, from these, and other sagas, that the Norsemen used the word "Skrelling" to describe both the Eskimos and the Indians, in the sense of "savages", but the battles at Hôp and in Wine-land were undoubtedly with Indians.

The sagas, written in soberness and accuracy, are confirmed by historical documents. The tales of the voyages bear their own proof. There is not the slightest room for a denial that the Norsemen landed on the mainland of the continent of America, and that at least one company of men spent three years continuously in residence here and in an exploration of its shores.

Whosoever may have been the eyes that first saw America, the Norsemen were unquestionably the first Europeans to build houses on the continent, to explore its coasts from a fixed base, and to

establish trading voyages for grapes and timber. Long, long before the caravels of Columbus had their bows turned toward the "Indies", the beaks of dragon-ships had been anchored in American harbors.

One will need to search far to find more thrilling American Romance than is told in the sagatales of Gunnbjorn, of Eric the Red, of Leif the Lucky and of Thorfinn Karlsefni and Gudrid the Fair.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN WEST WAS EAST

Not Wine-land nor Mark-land, but mysterious China, the balmy Isles of Spice and gem-laden India were the direct stepping-stones to America. Very different men and very different motives marked the next great movement westward.

Instead of the sturdy sea-rovers, seeking places where virile men could hew homes out of the wilderness, there had come crafty merchants, seeking to please rich clients by dainties from far-off lands. Luxury had become as driving a force as Necessity had been.

Columbus did not sail in search of the Irish "Blessed Isles of St. Brendan," nor of the Arabian "Seven Cities of Antilia," nor of the Welsh "Madoc's Land," nor of the Norse "Wine-land." He sailed in search of China, the Spice Islands and India. Medieval Europe could secure crude food and manufacture rough clothing for herself, but for every luxury, every refinement and every delicacy, she looked to the East.

Little did the great Genoese navigator care about fertile and timbered lands for colonization! Less was he possessed of the spirit of adventure! The discovery of America was far from being a

triumph to the navigators of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. On the contrary, it was a bitter disappointment, for it revealed to them that a great barrier lay between Europe and their desired goal.

The prize which Columbus sought was an enormous one, and America was but an obstacle in the path. Much of the ingratitude shown by Spain in the mal-treatment of Columbus during his later years was due to the fact that the explorer insisted that Cuba was Japan, and that Haiti was China, even after the Portuguese had discovered Brazil and Cabot had rediscovered North America.

From the medieval point of view, Columbus failed in 1492, because he did not reopen a trade route to the Orient, while, in 1496-1499, Vasco de Gama succeeded, because he sailed from Lisbon to India around the Cape of Good Hope. Europe, at that time, did not want lands—she wanted gold, gems and spices, and nothing else would do.

The importance of these spices, which play so large a part in medieval history, is rarely realized. The monotonous diet and common food of medieval Europe needed to be highly flavored in order to be palatable to the luxurious and epicurean noble. Wines usually were spiced.

Pepper was almost as valuable as gold, and came only from Malabar, in India. Nutmegs and mace, cloves and all-spice, grew naturally only in one spot in the world—the Molucca or Spice Islands. Cinnamon came only from Ceylon. Sugar

was grown in the East and refined in Bagdad. Spices were so highly esteemed as to be used as gifts between kings and to be listed as royal dowries.

In the Middle Ages, also, there was a far greater demand for precious stones than now, not only for personal adornment but for the enrichment of shrines and the purposes of the Church. Diamonds came only from Golconda, in India. Rubies and sapphires were found in Ceylon, Further India, Khorassan and Persia. Pearls came from Ceylon and the Persian Gulf.

Drugs, perfumes—most necessary in days when there was little sanitation—dyes and fragrant woods were equally desired, and came from the same lands. Camphor was found only in Sumatra and Borneo. Musk must be brought from China and Thibet. Indigo was prepared in India. Brazil-wood came from Siam. Sandal-wood grew in Burmah.

The dress of the women—and of the men—of the richer classes in the Middle Ages was far more gorgeous than now; none of it was factory-made. Yet every yard of cotton and silk goods came from the Far East by caravan journeys which consumed a year's time, or more. Without the fabrics of the Orient, a woman of the noble class would have had nothing but rough woollen homespun or coarse linen in which to dress.

Household luxuries were likewise products of the East. Fine glass came from Damascus and

Samarcand, and fine china from China. Oriental rugs, most necessary on the cold stone floors of little-heated medieval castles, were then, as now, superior to any European product.

All such goods, and many more—forming the richest lines of commerce—reached Europe from the East by one of three routes, each of these routes, of course, branching in different directions and interlocking one with the other.

The southernmost was the sea route. Chinese and Japanese junks and Malay proas brought spices to Malacca; Indian and Arabian traders brought the goods as far as Calicut on the Malabar coast, the next great distributing point; thence some Arabian vessels went up the Persian Gulf to Bozra, and by caravan through Bagdad and Damascus to the Mediterranean, while other vessels went up the Red Sea, and so either by caravan across Suez or down the Nile.

The Central route tapped the interior of India, and may be said to have had Delhi as its first distributing point. Thence it followed the plains south of the Himalaya Mountains through the Afghanistan and Beluchistan passes to Teheran and Tabriz, the northern capital of Persia, which was the central distributing point for most of the goods going to Europe via Trebizond or Asia Minor from the Persian Gulf. The ports were Smyrna, Adayah, Antioch, Laodicea and Jaffa.

The Overland route began at Quinsay (Hangchow), a Chinese port on the Pacific Ocean, passed

north to Peking, thence west, following the north slopes of the Himalayas to Turkestan and Bokhara, and so, either north or south of the Caspian Sea, into the Black Sea, with a final distributing point at Constantinople.

There were thus three outlets from the East to Europe: Constantinople, Asia Minor, and the Nile. The Discovery of America was primarily due to the fact that, owing to wild and dramatic political revolutions in the East, within a century prior to Columbus, not only one, but all three of these routes were closed.

Strange though it may seem, the prosperity of the American cities of the Atlantic seaboard from New York to Buenos Aires is largely due to forgotten battles by barbaric hordes capturing great cities—whose very names are unfamiliar—many centuries ago. The Romance of American History possesses many wild and fantastic chapters in the heart of Asia, without which the Voyages of Columbus would never have come to pass.

Seven great factors contributed to the world-knowledge of Columbus' time and of which he was able to make use. These were the Classic Myths, the Irish Legends, the Norse Voyages, the knowledge that the Earth is a sphere, the discovery of the eastern shore of China, the sudden stoppage of all overland trade routes to the East, and the Portuguese voyages of the fifteenth century.

The Classic Myths had envisioned land across the Western Ocean, and Columbus, in his Jour-

nals, quotes the Bible, Herodotus, Aristotle, and Strabo as competent authorities. He believed both in "Hy Brasil" and the "Blessed Isles of St. Brendan" and charted them on his maps. He visited Iceland, presumably with the intent of learning all he could about the Wine-land voyages. Yet Marco Polo was his principal inspiration.

Marco Polo had learned that China was bounded on the east by a great ocean. Thorfinn Karlsefni had learned that the ocean was bounded on the west by a great land. Toscanelli, a skilled Florentine astronomer, suggested to Columbus that the eastern shore of China was the western shore of the Sea of Darkness. It was not difficult, therefore, for Columbus, as a skilled cartographer, to connect the statements of Marco Polo and Karlsefni, with the suggestions of Toscanelli. Karlsefni's Wine-land was not the coast of Japan, as Columbus may have thought, yet it was the belief that China was where the United States is, that brought about the rediscovery of America.

It is often wrongly assumed that people in the Middle Ages did not know that the world was round. On the contrary, the cartographers were fully aware of it. Columbus not only carried Toscanelli's spherical map and sailing directions with him on his first voyage, but, in that very year, Martin Behaim, a friend of Columbus, completed the making of a globe, based on knowledge which he gained while on a trans-equatorial voyage with Diego Cam in 1484. Since Columbus had already

made many voyages with Portuguese captains, and had made charts for the Portuguese, it is not to be supposed that Behaim's information was unknown to him.

The sphericity of the earth was well understood in Columbus' time. As early as the Fourth Century before Christ, Aristotle suggested that the way from Greece to India lay between the Pillars of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar). In the next century, Eratosthenes declared the world to be round, and gave its circumference with approximate accuracy. Strabo, the great Latin geographer, who spoke of a land beyond the Atlantic, also declared the rotundity of the Earth.

The Arabian scholars handed on the tradition. Because of their researches, at the time of the triumph of the Moors in Spain, in 714 A. D., a Spanish archbishop and six bishops sailed westward into the ocean and were reported to have discovered Antilia, the largest of the "Islands of the Seven Cities." This island was marked on Toscanelli's map. It is worthy of note that Ferdinand Columbus, son of the great navigator, wrote that his father was influenced by the works of Arabian astronomers and by the writings of Ptolemy and the ancients. In 1070, Adam of Bremen, who seems to assume the Earth as partly spherical, at least, referred to the discoveries of the Norsemen.

During the two or three centuries prior to Columbus' famous voyage, this belief in the sphe-

ricity of the Earth became more and more generally recognized. In 1267, Roger Bacon, the great English philosopher and genius, affirmed Aristotle's belief that the distance by sea from Spain to Africa could not be very great. In 1410, Bacon's arguments were quoted in the "Imago Mundi" by Pierre d'Ailly, Bishop of Cambrai, a copy of which book, with marginal notes in Columbus' handwriting, is still extant, in the Columbus Library, in Seville.

For a century and more, the Portuguese had voyaged widely. They had explored all the coast of Africa, and in many cases, had ventured far into both the North Atlantic and South Atlantic Oceans. They had found them to be free from the supposed "mud-shoals" left by the mythical "Lost Atlantis." They had not encountered the "hand of Satan," the "Kraken" nor any of the fearsome sea-monsters of fable. The Portuguese had caused the "Sea of Darkness" to be regarded as a navigable ocean, half-a-century before Columbus. Moreover, in 1476, Skolno the Pole was reported to have cruised along the coast of Labrador. In 1488, Jean Cousin, a Breton fisherman, had drifted to the coast of South America. The Portuguese navigators were fully aware that the Earth was a sphere.

Nor is it to be thought that this knowledge was confined only to the learned. The poets—who were the story-tellers and teachers of the medieval unlettered classes—had made the idea familiar. In

the year 1300, Dante, in his immortal poem, had written of the world as round. In 1350, Petrarch wrote of the sun hastening on its westward journey: "with winged steps, perchance to gladden the expectant eyes of far-off nations, in a world remote."

It is Luigi Pulci, however, who, in his "*Morgante Maggiore*," published in 1481, reveals what was the general knowledge of his time. He puts into the mouth of the Devil the following information:

"Know that this theory (that the Pillars of Hercules were the boundaries of the world) is false. The daring mariner shall urge his bark far over the western wave, which is a smooth and level plain, albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel (sphere). Man was, in ancient days, of giant mould, and Hercules might blush to learn how far the slowest vessel soon may wend her way beyond the limits he had vainly set, when men shall see another hemisphere. Since to one common centre all things tend, so Earth, by curious mystery divine, well balanced hangs amid the starry spheres. At our antipodes are cities, states, and thronged empires, never known of yore. And see, the sun speeds on his western path to glad expectant nations with his light."

In no sense, then, is Columbus to be portrayed as a visionary who was the first to conceive the noble idea of crossing the western ocean, and who persuaded kings and princes of the sphericity of

the earth and of the consequent possibility of his dream. He is to be regarded, rather, as a student of classic and fabulous geography and a learned cartographer, who was the first to grasp the commercial significance of all the discoveries which had been made prior to his time, the first who possessed sufficient knowledge and sufficient weight to convince royalty of the soundness and reasonableness of his plan, and the first to put the great venture to the test.

Four centuries elapsed between Leif Ericsson's discovery of Wine-land and Columbus' Discovery of the West Indies. During this time, the whole face of Europe had changed, and civilization had swung into new channels. Portugal looked eastward, while the Norsemen had looked westward. To understand Columbus' venture, therefore, it is necessary to see what these changes were, and why they occurred.

In the year 1000, when Greenland was first colonized, Europe was in a distressful condition. Anglo-Saxon England was in its death-throes. The new Kingdom of France, a tiny realm, was battling for its life against the great duchies which surrounded it. Germany meant nothing. The papacy exerted little temporal power. In Spain, the Christians were under the heel of the Moors.

In the year 1100, a mighty change had come over the scene. England had become Norman, and was in firm hands. Hildebrand or Pope Gregory VII had become the strongest ruler in Europe. The

French King had become a real king. Christianity was marshalled under the banner of the First Crusade. The Crusades, in turn, brought Western Europe in touch with the two great civilizations of those times—the Byzantine civilization at Constantinople and the Saracenic civilization at Bagdad.

In the year 1200, Europe was transformed. The Century of Crusades had freed the nations of the west from the plague of robber barons by the summary process of killing them off. The Holy Wars had deepened religious fervor and strengthened the Church. The soldiery, by travel and experience, had learned to think for themselves. The women, left at home to manage estates during the absence of Crusader husbands, had become vigorous-minded and competent. The peasants, or yeomen, learned their rights and used them. Magna Charta was signed in 1215, and Magna Charta is, today, as much a part of the basis of American liberties as it is of English constitutional freedom.

In the year 1250, new forces had come into action. The defeat of Constantinople by Venice, and the alliance of Genoa with the Byzantine power, brought Venice and Genoa to the fore as the commercial centers of the civilized world. There is no city in the world today which can compare in luxury and learning with what Venice was in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. This development had been brought about by the as-

tounding development of Oriental trade. This, in its turn, had resulted from the break-down of the Saracenic empire by the sweeping conquest of the Mongols under Genghis Khan. Says a well-known authority, "Scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol permission, from Poland to the Yellow Sea."

Ere the date of 1260, moreover, one geographical fact of the highest importance had become known. In 1245, Friar John of Plano Carpini was sent by Pope Innocent IV on a missionary errand to the Great Khan of the Mongols in his camp at Karakorum, in Mongolia. In 1253, St. Louis, King of France, sent Friar Willem de Rubruquis on a similar errand. Both men returned with the information that Cathay (Khitai=China) bordered upon an eastern ocean.

In 1260, only seven years after de Rubruquis' journey, two brothers, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo, started on a trading voyage to the Crimea. They were members of one of the wealthiest Venetian houses, and had a commercial branch in Constantinople. From the Crimea, trading ventures led the Polo brothers to the Volga, thence into Bokhara, and finally to the court of the Great Khan. Kublai Khan, grandson of the all-conquering Genghis Khan, made them welcome, and they returned to Europe with the Khan's request that Christian missionaries should be sent to him to give instruction in Christianity and civilization.

In 1271, the Polo brothers voyaged again to the

court of the Great Khan, this time taking with them Nicolo's son, Marco, then a boy but seventeen years old. They went by way of Acre, Bagdad, Hormuz, thence through Khorassan, Kashgar, Khotan, and across the desert of Gobi into northwestern China, where, after four years of continuous travel, they found the Great Khan at Kaiping-fu.

Marco Polo, who had been studying Asiatic languages, during his four years' journey, at once became a member of the Khan's court. In 1277 he became a commissioner of the privy council, and rose in official rank until, in 1292, he was practically the personal and commercial adviser of the Great Khan.

His father and uncle continued their trading. In 1292, the daughter of the Great Khan was sent to be a bride of the Khan of Persia, and the three Polos were appointed to command the escort of the princess. They arrived in Persia in 1294, and, a year later, returned to Venice, where, once recognized, they were received in triumph.

While fighting for Venice against the Genoese, in 1298, Marco Polo was taken prisoner, and, during his year's seclusion, he dictated to a fellow-prisoner an account of his adventures in the country of the Great Khan.

Owing to his marked linguistic and commercial talents, Marco Polo had been engaged on important missions for the Great Khan all over the empire. His book conveyed more accurate geograph-

ical information than any book ever written before or since. He described China, Thibet, Burmah, Siam, Cochin China, and gave accurate information about Java, Sumatra and the East Indies. He told of the failure of the Mongols to conquer Japan in 1281. Siberia, as far north as the Arctic Circle, was familiar to him, and he told of dog-sledges and polar bears. Persia was well-known, but it was to Marco Polo that Europe was indebted for knowledge of Northern Russia and the Golden Horde. Moreover, from seamen he had learned much of the trade and ports of the Indian Ocean and told about Zanzibar, Madagascar and the semi-Christian kingdom of Abyssinia.

Twenty years or so after Marco Polo's return, and while the great explorer was still living, Friar Odoric spent the years 1316-1330 in Hindustani, East Indies, China and Thibet. Other missionaries visited various parts of the Mongol empire. In 1340, Pegolotti, a Florentine merchant, issued a guide-book for commercial travelers to China. Giovanni Marignolli spent the years between 1338 and 1353 as papal legate from Pope Benedict XI to the Great Khan, and traveled widely. This was the last journey to be taken by a European for many centuries. In 1368, the Chinese people overthrew the Mongols, placed a native emperor of the Ming dynasty on the throne and closed China to foreigners.

Then "Sir John Mandeville," whom Fiske calls "that arrant old impostor," made up a so-called

book of "Travels." This consisted largely of quotations filched bodily from the work of Friar Odoric, but to these the compiler added passages taken at mad random, borrowed from any and every source, and set them forth as his own experiences. The book was first printed in 1480 and was generally accepted as true during the Middle Ages. It possesses importance in the History of America, because Columbus' knowledge of Cathay, or China (which he believed Haiti to be), was secured from these two books: "Travels of Sir John Mandeville" and "The Book of Ser Marco concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East." Of the latter book, published in 1485, a copy annotated in the handwriting either of Christopher Columbus, or of his brother Bartholomew, is in the Columbus Library at Seville.

Had it not been for the downfall of the Mongols at the hands of the Chinese, it is more than probable that the first European discovery of America would have been made across the Pacific Ocean, instead of across the Atlantic.

Two race-movements prevented this. The first, as has been said, was the defeat of the commerce-loving Mongols by the commerce-hating Chinese in 1368. The second was the conquest of the Balkan States by the Turks in 1365 and the steady advance of that strangling power, culminating with the conquest of Constantinople in 1453. This closed the Northern Overland route and killed the trade of Genoa, since Genoa had a monopoly of all

European commerce coming by this route. When, some years later, the Turks secured control of Asia Minor and Egypt, all the trade of Venice crumbled, for Venice controlled the Syrian ports and the Nile.

To add to these troubles, once the Turks had established themselves on the Mediterranean, Turkish corsairs and pirates harried every vessel that sailed the inland sea. Venetian, Genoese and papal galleys dared not move, except under a strong convoy. The Turks had closed the land-routes. They also made the Mediterranean too dangerous for travel.

Europe, now accustomed to luxuries, and dependent for them on trade with the Orient, clamored for the reopening of that trade, and, as the supply diminished, the prices rose. The rich offered fabulous sums. The world cried aloud for daring men who would sail to unknown seas, or who would cross hostile lands and bring back the silks, the spices and the gems which Europe craved, and for which it would pay any price.

Those who were the first to dare were the Portuguese, and the nation which dominated all Fifteenth Century navigation was neither Italy nor Spain, but Portugal. The problem which confronted the explorers of that time was how to reach the Spice Islands by sea. Since the Indies were to the east of Europe, the only hopes which suggested themselves were either a passage north-eastward around Europe, or else, south-eastward

around Africa. In general, both of these routes were considered impossible.

True, there was a tradition that in 600 B. C., a Phœnician squadron had circumnavigated Africa, but this was hardly more than a myth. It was known that under Hanno, the Carthaginians, with a fleet of 60 fifty-oared ships, had established colonies as far south as the Rio del Oro and had reached Sierra Leone and Sherboro Island, where he found "wild men and women covered with hair," which were called "gorillas" by the interpreters. The fact that the sailors were unable to master three female gorillas whom they captured, gives an air of truth to the story. But Hanno was far from circumnavigating Africa.

The exploration must be done, little by little. Madeira had been rediscovered either in 1351 by Admiral Pessanha of Portugal, or in 1370, by Robert Machin, whose romantic tale adds interest to the discovery.

Machin was the son of a wealthy merchant in Bristol, England, who loved a lady of noble birth and was promptly thrown into prison for his presumption. On his release from prison, he found his lady-love married to a powerful baron, but he persuaded her to elope with him and fly to France. The ship was dismasted in a gale and blown southward for thirteen days, then cast on an island, the two lovers and a few sailors being the only persons saved.

The island was uninhabited, but beautiful and

fertile and there the castaways lived very happily. After some years the lady died, and Machin put up a cross with an inscription asking that if Christians ever came to the island, they should build a church over his loved one's grave. He died himself, a few days after, and was interred beside her.

The surviving sailors, lacking a leader, then took the ship's boat, and started back for Europe, but were captured by the Moors and sold for slaves. One of the enslaved English sailors told the story to a Spanish fellow-captive named Morales. Morales, having been rescued afterwards, told the tale to Prince Henry the Navigator in Portugal, and accompanied John Gonzalves Zarco and Tristao Vaz, in their search for Madeira. The island was rediscovered in 1420 and a church was erected over the lovers' graves, according to Machin's request.

Of this Prince Henry the Navigator there is much to be said. He was the third son of John the Great of Portugal, and Grand Master of the Order of Christ. Possessing immense wealth and an active mind, he established an observatory and a school of navigation at Sagre "the Sacred Promontory," and summoned men of science from every country to work on geodesy, mechanics and artificers of every degree to improve navigational instruments, cartographers from all over the world to collect and compare all known charts, ship-builders from every port to design and build ves-

sels, and daring captains and mariners of every nation to sail the voyages he laid for them.

Prince Henry was born 1394, less than thirty years after the Chinese had driven out the Mongols and put an end to the overland trade to the Flowery Kingdom. In 1396 Sultan Bazajet of the Osmanli Turks defeated a picked army of Christian chivalry under King Sigismund of Hungary, at Nicopolis. In 1400 Bazajet ordered Constantinople to surrender. In 1402 Tamerlane the Mongol defeated Bazajet, and eleven years later the Turkish power was restored. In other words, during all Prince Henry's childhood and youth, there had occurred the slow but sure closing of the eastern door of trade opportunity to the Christian world. Three years after the restoration of the Turkish power, in 1416, Prince Henry set up his school of navigation and began his life-work of attempting to solve the problem of reaching India, the Spice Islands and China by an all-sea route.

In order to realize the terrific task before Prince Henry, it is to be remembered that while the Earth was conceived as a sphere, most of it was believed to be uninhabitable. By far the larger number of people regarded the Equator as a belt of flame, which could not be passed. Navigators had sailed to the north and, before they reached the North Pole, had been stopped by ice. They had sailed to the south, and, before reaching the equator, had found the heat grown intense. Dante's poem mentioned both flames and ice as the regions of Hell.

Few sailors could be found who would venture so near the infernal regions.

At this time, too, there was a belief that the Atlantic was full of treacherous mud-shoals left by the sinking of the lost Atlantis; there was also the Arabian tradition that the watery western waste was the abode of wind-genii; there was, furthermore, the medieval dogma that, a day's journey out of sight of land, the Hand of Satan, four times as large as any ship, would appear above the water and snatch the vessel below, seizing the crew for eternal torment. To enhance these terrors must be added the Norse tales of the Kraken and sea-serpents, and the Greek tales of singing sirens that lured to destruction. The wandering whirlpools of Phœnician report were calculated to disturb the stoutest mariner.

Not less terrible were more recent accounts of marine dangers. Thus the lurid tale of a sea where the very sea-weed has snaky arms to clutch and hold a ship is evidently a partial description of the Sargasso Sea, which the Magrurin expedition encountered in sailing westward from Lisbon in 1167, and, because of which, it sailed back in dismay. Likewise the description of a part of the ocean as being inhabited by invisible demons who pierced a ship's sides with gimlet holes refers to the work of the teredo or boring-worm, which was the greatest menace to mariners before the days of copper sheathing on vessels.

True, the mariner's compass had become known.

It had been brought to Europe by the Crusaders who had sailed with Arabians or had been taken captive by them and then ransomed or escaped. The Arabians may have learned its use either directly from the Chinese, or else from their study of Greek and Phœnician records, for it is to be remembered that, in the days of the Caliphates, the Saracens were a highly cultured and learned people. They, also, had brought the astrolabe to high perfection.

Prince Henry and the scientists around him, however, adapted both the compass and the astrolabe to more efficient use and worked out solar and stellar tables with great accuracy. The first quadrant was invented and used by a Portuguese. Not only that, but every captain who sailed from Portugal was thoroughly trained in all the navigational knowledge of the time.

In 1433, Giles Jones, a Welshman sailing for Prince Henry, under the name Gil Eannes, doubled Cape Bojador (African coast, just s. of lat. of Canary Islands) and, in 1435, sailed 200 miles beyond it. In 1442, Antonio Gonzaives captured some negro slaves near Rio del Oro (s. of C. Bojador), and thus set up the beginning of the lucrative Portuguese slave trade. This was of the utmost value, for Portugal was in need of slave labor, and Prince Henry's efforts, which had been regarded as chimerical and visionary by the merchants of the time, now seemed wise and full of promise.

Though Prince Henry realized the value to his country of slave labor, he was even more concerned by the discovery of heathen nations to whom the Gospel of Christ had not been preached. Accordingly, he asked the Popes for a grant in perpetuity of all heathen lands which might be discovered in further voyages beyond Cape Bojador, even as far as the Indies. This grant was solemnly confirmed, and, as will be seen hereafter, it had a most important effect on the colonization of America.

The slave trade, which had elements of good as well as of evil in it, enriched Portugal. An even greater gain resulted from the establishment of a sea-route to the Gold Coast for gold. In 1445, Dinis Fernandez passed Cape Verde (opposite the Cape Verde Islands). In 1447, Lancarote discovered the mouth of the Gambia, (N. of Guinea.) In 1456, Luigi Cadamosto, a Venetian captain under Prince Henry, went as far as the Rio Grande (in Guinea). In 1460, Diego Gomez discovered the Cape Verde Islands. In 1462, Piedro de Cintra reached Sierra Leone. In 1471, Joao de Santarem and Pedro de Escobar sailed down the Gold Coast and crossed the Equator. In 1474, Fernando Po went still further, to the island that bears his name. In 1484, Diego Cam reached the mouth of the Congo, and, the year following, passed beyond the zone of the forests to the land of the Hottentots. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and went 600

miles further to the eastward. In 1497, Vasco de Gama successfully circumnavigated Africa and sailed from Lisbon to India. The Portuguese had opened a sea-route to China and the Spice Islands in less than fifty years after the Turks had captured Constantinople.

Aside from these great voyages, with their ultimate success in the goal sought, there are three other important voyages to be remembered. The first of these was the discovery of the Azores, first touched by Bartholomeu Perestrello in 1431, and fully explored by Gonzalo Velho Cabral in 1432-1444. The second was the attempt made to find a way to India by sailing northwards round the continent of Europe, when, in 1489, Martin Lopes sailed past the North Cape into regions unexplored, discovered the White Sea and the great island of Nova Zembla. The third great voyage was in 1500, when Pedro Alvares Cabral discovered Brazil, of which last, more is to be told hereafter.

There is, however, far more than this discovery of Brazil to be ascribed to the Portuguese. Without the charts made by them, the improvements in instruments for navigation made by them, the advances in ship-building made by them, and the explorations financed by them, the voyage of Christopher Columbus would never have happened.

Although Columbus was born in or near Genoa, and although his western voyage was financed by Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile, Columbus was

trained in Portugal, sailed under Portuguese captains, lived in the nautical atmosphere of Portuguese discovery, married the daughter of Perestrello, who had been the first to discover the Azores, lived in those islands, and spent fourteen years of his life either in making voyages with the Portuguese or in drafting maps and charts of Portuguese discoveries. The inspiration which brought about the discovery of America belongs less to Columbus than to Prince Henry the Navigator.

Nor is to be forgotten a record still extant in the Ancient City Chronicles of Genoa to the effect that the Vivaldi brothers, in 1285, "undertook a new and untried voyage, that to India by way of the West." What this voyage was and where they went is not known, but the words are significant and memorable. In those days, it is to be remembered, Genoa was mistress of the seas.

It is often asserted that Columbus was the first to suggest a westward voyage to China and the Indies, but aside from the official pronouncement of the venture of his townsmen, the Valdivia brothers, such an assertion is highly improbable. The claim that Columbus mentioned the matter in the year 1470 or 1471 depends on a letter written by him in 1505, in which he says that for fourteen years (prior to 1485) he had not been able to persuade the King of Portugal to lend aid to his scheme. A letter written by a disappointed man,

thirty-five years after the event, is not good evidence.

On the other hand, it is known that Paolo del Pozzo dei Toscanelli, a Florentine astronomer, was asked by Alfonso V of Portugal, in 1474, to state whether it were possible that there could be a shorter oceanic route to the Indies than that which his captains were following by route of the African coast. This letter, undoubtedly, was the outcome of the disappointing discovery by Santarem and Escobar, in 1472, that the easterly trend of the African coast abruptly turned to the southward beyond what is now known as the Bight of Biafra, in the Gulf of Guinea.

The king's request was made to Ferdinand Martinez, a member of the royal household, who was a personal friend of Toscanelli.

The Florentine astronomer answered with a letter which is, without any question, the most vital document in the history of American discovery. It was the letter of Toscanelli and the sailing chart attached which sent Columbus on his westward voyage. Columbus, in short, did nothing more than what Toscanelli showed him how to do. The letter is as follows:

"Paul, the physicist, to Fernando Martinez, canon, at Lisbon, greeting. I was glad to hear of your intimacy and favor with your most noble and illustrious king.

"I have formerly spoken with you about a shorter route to the places of Spices by ocean navi-

gation than that which you are pursuing by Guinea.

“The most gracious king now desires from me some statement, or rather an exhibition to the eye, so that even slightly educated persons can grasp and comprehend that route. Although I am well aware that this can be proved from the spherical shape of the earth, nevertheless, in order to make the point clearer, and to facilitate the enterprise, I have decided to exhibit that route by means of a sailing chart.

“I therefore send to His Majesty a chart made by my own hands, upon which are laid down your coasts, and the islands from which you must begin to shape your course steadily westward, and the places at which you are bound to arrive, and how far from the Pole or the Equator you ought to keep away, and through how much space or how many miles you are to arrive at places most fertile in all sorts of spices and gems; and do not wonder at my calling *west* the parts where the spices are, whereas they are commonly called *east*, because to persons persistently sailing westward those parts will be found by courses on the under side of the Earth. For if you go by land and by routes on this upper side, they will always be found on the east.

“The straight lines drawn lengthwise upon the map indicate distances from east to west, while the transverse lines show distances from south to north.

“I have drawn upon the map various places upon which you may come, for the better information of the navigators in case of their arriving, whether through accident of wind, or what not, at some different place from what they had expected”

Then follows a long description of the ports of Cathay, taken from Marco Polo. The letter ends:

“This for some sort of answer to his request, so far as haste and my occupations have allowed, ready in future to make further response to His Royal Majesty as much as he may wish. Given at Florence, 25th June, 1474.”

Toscanelli, therefore, “formerly” or some time prior to 1474, spoke to Martinez about crossing to China and the Indies by the westward route. He told Pulci, also. He seems to have told many more. Martinez told the King of Portugal.

Now, after this letter had been received in Portugal—mark that, after!—Columbus wrote to Toscanelli for further details. He received the following response from the Florentine astronomer:

“Paul, the physicist, to Christopher Columbus, greeting. I perceive your great and noble desire to go to the place where the spices grow, wherefore in reply to a letter of yours, I send you a copy of another letter which I wrote some time ago to a friend of mine, a gentleman of the household of the most gracious King of Portugal . . . and I send you another sailing chart, similar to the one I sent him, by which your demands will be satisfied.”

Then follows a copy of the letter sent on June 25, 1474, and quoted above. After which Toscanelli continues:

“From the city of Lisbon, due west, there are 26 spaces marked on the map, each of which contains 250 miles, as far as the very great and splendid city of Quinsay (Hang-Chow). . . . That city is in the province of Mangi, or near the province of Cathay, in which is the royal residence.

“But, from the island of Antilia, which you know, to the very splendid island of Cipango (Japan) there are ten spaces. . . . So, through the unknown parts of the route, the stretches of sea to be traversed are not great.

“Many things might perhaps have been stated more clearly, but one who duly considers what I have said will be able to work out the rest for himself. Farewell, most esteemed one.”

This map and these sailing directions formed the basis for Columbus' First Voyage. It is of importance, then, to see what the map represented. It showed Ireland, England, Portugal and Spain and the coast of Africa, as the eastern coast-line. West of Ireland, 250 miles, was the mythical island of Hy Brasil. West of Spain, 1,250 miles, were the Azores. West of the north coast of Africa, 1,000 miles, were the Madeira and Canary Islands. West of Cape Verde, at 1,250 miles, were the Cape Verde Islands.

In the middle of the ocean, on the same latitude as Madeira, was Antilia, the mythical center of the

Island of Seven Cities. (There is some reason for supposing Antilia to be the Antilles. In 1435 Beccaria mapped four large islands very much in the positions of Porto Rico, Cuba, Haiti and Jamaica.) Also in mid-ocean, further west, and just north of the Equator, was the Blessed Isle of St. Brendan.

The further shore was curiously arranged. On the same latitude as Portugal and the Azores, at a distance of 4,250 miles from Lisbon, was a group of islands located in what is called on the map the "Ocean of the East Indies." Japan lay south of these, and, further south, were Java and the Spice Islands. China and part of the mainland of Asia was fairly correctly designed, west of this string of islands.

A glance at the map is proof, at once, that the information on which Toscanelli based his map, came from two distinct sources. Java and the Spice Islands are not unreasonably wrongly charted, considering the geography of the time, though Japan should be much farther to the north. This error in mapping Japan is comprehensible, when it is remembered that the information had come through a succession of hands from Malacca. Japan was north of the Spice Islands, so much was known, but how far north was not known.

It is the group of islands which is marked as being north of Japan, however, which constitute the prime interest in Toscanelli's chart. These were the islands for which Columbus was steering.

It has been suggested that this group of islands may have been intended for the northern isles of Japan, or even the Aleutian chain. This is an obvious error, for Marco Polo knew nothing of the Aleutian Islands, nor had any European traveler journeyed there. The knowledge that there were islands on the further side of the Western Sea, at about the same latitude as Spain, must have come from another source.

There seems no reason for supposing Toscanelli ignorant of the tales of the islands found by the Irish and Welsh voyagers, a little south of west from their own lands. It is probable that the aged scientist—who lived in Italy—would have known of the papal letters concerning Greenland, and might have heard reports of Wine-land, where there was little snow in winter, and where wild grapes grew freely. As a skilled astronomer, he would inevitably have charted such lands in the zone where the winters were mild and where grapes grew, namely, the Temperate Zone.

If, then, the islands charted by Toscanelli were intended for the West Indies, they are not ill mapped. Toscanelli had an inkling where the West Indies were. He knew where the Spice Islands were. Miscalculating the earth's circumference, it seemed to him that they ought to be about on the same longitude. He dropped Japan southward so as to fit between them.

These islands were called the East Indies by Toscanelli. Columbus sailed for them, and found

them. He called them the East Indies, also, and named their inhabitants "Indians." The misnomer "North American Indians" merely perpetuates this error of Columbus and Toscanelli. Columbus died with the declared belief that the West Indies were outlying parts of the continent and the islands of Asia.

The East, then, as Toscanelli had pointed out, was West, but it was farther west than he had thought. The aged astronomer had seen clearly the principle that China could be reached by sailing west. The Panama Canal, today, makes true the vision of the Florentine astronomer.

In a second letter to Columbus, Toscanelli expressed his confidence in the success of a westward voyage, and prophesied great gain to the world thereby. His letter said, in part:

"Paul, the physicist, to Christopher Columbus, greeting. I have received your letters, with the things (charts?) you sent me, for which I thank you very much.

"I regard as noble and grand your project of sailing from east to west according to the indications furnished by the map I sent you, and which would appear still more plainly upon a sphere. I am much pleased to see that I have been well understood, and that the voyage has become not only possible, but certain, fraught with honor as it must be, and inestimable gain, and most lofty fame among all Christian people. . . ."

With this benediction did Toscanelli, then

nearly eighty years of age, send Columbus forth. The Genoese navigator, indeed, was the first to cross the Atlantic in search of the Indies, but it was the finger of Toscanelli that pointed the way, the hand of Toscanelli which measured the distances, and the spirit of Toscanelli which was the first in the Middle Ages to leap the watery abyss.

CHAPTER V

THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS' GLORY

Not the greatness of Christopher Columbus, but the greatness of America, renders famous the work of the Genoese navigator. No voyage in the history of mankind can compare in magnitude of result with that in which three small ships sailed westward from Palos, Spain, on Aug. 3, 1492, stopped at the Canary Islands, and sighted the Bahama Islands off the American coast on October 11th or 12th of the same year.

Scarcely less important than the discovery itself were the conditions under which the discovery was made, and the most vital of these, in its effect upon history, was the flag under which Columbus sailed. The power of Spain, for two centuries thereafter, depended absolutely upon the wealth derived from the possessions which accrued to that country because the flag of Castile flew over the caravels of Columbus.

Portugal had declined to listen to Columbus' projects for three reasons. The first was that the monarchs and navigators of Portugal were bending all energies to the circumnavigation of Africa for the establishment of a trade route to India, this goal being attained by Vasco de Gama in

1497-1499. The second was that the Bishop of Ceuta and the Portuguese geographers, to whom Columbus' plans were referred, reported that the navigator's projects were mainly based on information taken from Marco Polo's Voyages, which had occurred two centuries before, and that he had made modern discoveries fit into the ancient frame, instead of reading the old in the light of the new; as afterwards appeared, this criticism was amply justified. The third objection was that, while Columbus was "an eloquent talker," he was also "arrogant and very boastful."

The Genoese navigator, indeed, failed to convince John II of Portugal, Henry VII of England, Charles VIII of France, and Ferdinand V of Castile and Aragon, not because of the weakness of his geographical arguments, but because he combined them with a self-assertiveness which was highly displeasing to his royal hearers.

The steps by which Columbus finally succeeded in securing the support of Queen Isabella of Castile are sufficiently curious. Like her husband, King Ferdinand, she had already dismissed the Genoese as an over-confident zealot. It is not historically true to depict Columbus as a visionary or a dreamer. During the early part of his career he was neither; that phase of his character developed after his disgrace. Nor was the idea of a westward passage to the Indies an idea strange or novel to the cosmographers of Europe. It had been discussed often.

Viewed coldly, the principal question which had presented itself to the sovereigns of Portugal, England, France and Castile had been—would such a voyage pay? The main point of discussion in each country had been whether the national treasury possessed the money to spare on so problematic a hazard. All had agreed that they could not afford to finance an expedition of the size and cost that Columbus demanded.

Had the Genoese adventurer been content to set forth as the Norsemen or the Portuguese had done, in a single vessel, there would have been no difficulty, any time during the twenty years previous to his sailing. But he had no intention of setting forth as an explorer. His sole purpose was to visit China, Japan and India as an ambassador and a wealthy trader combined.

After many years of fruitless effort among the sovereigns of Europe Columbus appealed to the rich nobles. At first, he met with little success, but, in 1491, he interested the Duke of Medina-Celi. That nobleman agreed to fit up two or three ships at his own expense, conditional on the consent of Queen Isabella, since she had already been approached. Isabella refused the royal license, for she had no intention of allowing the nobles to become more powerful than they were, though the reason she gave was that she had not yet made up her mind whether or no to act in the matter, herself.

Columbus decided to abandon Spain—as he had

abandoned Portugal seven years before—and to pursue his quest in France. Leaving Palos on foot, he stopped at the Franciscan monastery of La Rabida, near by, as tradition says, to beg for food. The prior, Juan Perez, who had often heard of Columbus but had never seen him before, showed great interest in the navigator's story. He sent for Garcia Fernandez, a physician-geographer who lived near, and for Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a wealthy ship-owner of Palos.

These three men were greatly impressed by Columbus' plans, especially as he had the backing of the Duke of Medina-Celi, and Pinzon announced himself ready to finance the voyage, in person. Perez, however, who formerly had been the father confessor of Queen Isabella, felt that the Queen should be informed. He wrote an enthusiastic letter to her, and was immediately summoned to the court. He returned a few days later with an invitation to Columbus, and a purse of money. From this sum, Columbus was able to buy sumptuous clothing and a mule, in order to present a suitable appearance before royalty.

In December, 1491, with Prior Perez as his mentor, Columbus went to court. The venerable prelate had mastered the navigator's arguments and was a far more astute reasoner. He convinced Friar Talaveras, the then father confessor of the Queen, and also that dominating ecclesiastic, the Archbishop of Toledo. These, in turn, converted to their opinion the two powerful nobles

who were, respectively, the Ministers of Finance of the two kingdoms of Castile and Aragon.

Success now seemed assured. Queen Isabella, "the Catholic," was more than a devoted daughter of the Church, she was a fanatic. She was, also, a remarkably keen business woman. When her spiritual and her fiscal advisers showed themselves unanimously in support of Columbus' venture, the Queen agreed to take up the matter in earnest as soon as the Moors should have been driven out of Granada. This world-shaking event and Christian triumph occurred just three weeks later. True to her promise, Queen Isabella agreed to finance the plan.

Again, however, the self-importance of Columbus nearly cost him his chance. He made such sweeping claims for honors and regards that the Queen turned against him, and even Friar Talaveras, her father confessor, advised her to withdraw. But Columbus, sure of the support of the Duke of Medina-Celi, of Pinzon, and—most important of all—of Don Luis de Santagel, treasurer of Aragon, refused to diminish his demands. He insisted on being appointed Admiral, Viceroy and Governor of all the islands and mainlands he should discover, this title to be hereditary, with the right of levying and collecting such taxes as he might impose. He claimed, besides, one eighth of all the profits which might result from the expedition. He would be prince and millionaire, or he would not go at all!

All negotiations were broken off. Columbus, in high dudgeon, made his preparations anew to leave Spain and to go to France. Don Luis de Santagel, however, heard of the break, and rushed to the Queen, urging her to reconsider. The Treasurer of Castile seconded his efforts, and, by happy chance, Marchioness de Moya, the bosom friend of the Queen, who was friendly to Columbus, happened to be in the room with Her Majesty, when the two treasurers arrived.

From later evidence it appears that the Queen was persuaded by two lines of reasoning, one, that the treasuries could afford the venture, now that the Moorish War was over; the other, that the rewards promised to Columbus were but paper. In the event of his non-success, the titles and profits would be nil; in the event of success, the gain to the Crown would overbalance the outlay.

Moreover, it was pointed out to the Catholic Queen that this was her opportunity to further the spread of Christianity into heathen lands, should Columbus discover any such. The Queen relented. A courier was sent post-haste to intercept Columbus, who had already left Granada and was several miles along the road.

Tradition tells a pretty story that the Queen enthusiastically declared that she "would pawn her jewels, if necessary," and Columbus, on his part, offered to devote all his gains to the freeing of the Holy Sepulchre from Turkish hands. In the light of recent historical research, and with remem-

brance of the characters of both, these two romantic phrases must be accepted with caution.

The total cost of the expedition was large, for Columbus had grandiose ideas. He carried official letters from Ferdinand and Isabella to the Great Khan (for more than a century a non-existent potentate), to the Emperor of Cipango (Japan) and to the rulers of the Spice Islands and India. He carried a large store of articles for trading and not a little treasure, for he expected to bring back cargoes of gold, gems and spice. The outlay was four million maravedis (about \$100,000, but representing a larger sum in those times), of which Queen Isabella furnished one-third and the friends of Columbus one-eighth.

There were three vessels in the fleet—a carrack, known variously as the *Capitana*, *La Gallega*, or *Santa Maria*, which was the flagship, on which Columbus sailed and of which Juan de la Cosa was the sailing-master or captain; a caravel, the *Pinta*, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon; and a smaller caravel, the *Nina*, commanded by Vicente Yanez Pinzon. The three ships carried ninety men, mostly Spaniards, but there was also one converted Jew who spoke Arabic and who was carried as an interpreter to the people of the Indies. One Englishman and one Irishman were among the crew.

The start was made from Palos, at 8 o'clock in the morning, Friday, August 3, 1492, the course being set for the Canary Islands, Spain's only pre-



*Courtesy of The School of American Research,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.*

COLUMBUS SEEKING SHELTER AT THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

Columbus, unsuccessful in his efforts to interest Queen Isabella, decided to abandon Spain and seek for support in France. Leaving Palos on foot, he stopped at the Franciscan monastery of La Rabida, near by, as tradition says, to beg for food.

Columbian colony. On August 6 the rudder of the *Pinta* became unshipped, and the vessel became partly unmanageable, but temporary repairs were made, and the *Pinta* reached one of the Canary Islands on August 9.

Some time was spent at the Canaries until the *Pinta* was repaired, but the fleet finally sailed therefrom on September 6. The start was hurried, as a report had come that three Portuguese caravels were off the coast, seeking to stop the fleet, on the ground that the Spanish expedition was sailing to lands which already had been assigned to Portugal by the Pope, in bulls granted to Prince Henry the Navigator.

Each day of the voyage, a lesser number of miles than had actually been sailed was announced to the crew, so that the sailors might not become alarmed at finding themselves so far from land. The voyage was easy throughout, with fair winds and a smooth sea. A few notes, taken from Columbus' Journal, will serve to show the daily progress of the carrack and the two caravels on what has proved to be the most momentous voyage in the history of the world:

Sept. 6. Departed that day. Calm that day and night.

Sept. 7. Calm continued.

Sept. 8. It began to blow from N E, and the Admiral shaped a course to the West. We took in much sea over the bows, which retarded progress. Made 9 leagues.

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Sept. 9. Made 19 leagues. In the night 30 leagues.

Sept. 10 This day and night 60 leagues.

Sept. 11. Made 20 leagues or more. They saw a large piece of mast, but were unable to get it. In the night 20 leagues.

Sept. 12. Made 33 leagues during the day and night.

Sept. 13. Day and night made 33 leagues. Currents against them. On this day, at the commencement of the night, the needles turned a half-point to the northwest, and in the morning they turned somewhat more northwest. (This was the first time this magnetic variation had been recorded.)

Sept. 14. Day and night 20 leagues. Those of the caravel *Nina* reported land birds.

Sept. 15. That day and night 27 leagues and rather more. In the early part of the night, there fell from heaven into the sea a marvellous flame of fire, at a distance of about 4 or 5 leagues from them.

Sept. 16. Day and night 39 leagues. On that day and ever afterwards they met with very temperate breezes, so that there was great pleasure in enjoying the mornings, nothing being wanted but the song of nightingales. Here they began to see many tufts of grass which were very green, and appeared to have been quite recently torn from the land.

Sept. 17. Made over 50 leagues in the day and night, aided by the current. They saw much very fine grass and herbs from rocks, which came from the west. They therefore considered that they were near land. . . . Saw much more weed, in which they found a live crab. The Admiral says

these crabs are certain signs of land. The seawater was found to be less salt.

Sept. 18. This day and night over 55 leagues. This day Martin Alonzo, with the *Pinta*, which was a fast sailer, did not wait, for he said to the Admiral, from his caravel, that he had seen a great multitude of birds flying westward, that he hoped to see land that night. A great cloud appeared in the north, which is a sign of the proximity of land.

Sept. 19. During the day and night but 25 leagues, because it was calm. Some drizzling rain without wind, which is a sure sign of land. The Admiral did not wish to cause delay by beating to windward to ascertain whether land was near, but he considered it certain that there were islands both to the south and north of his position. For his desire was to press onwards to the Indies, the weather being fine.

Sept. 20. This day the course was W by N and, as her head was all round the compass owing to the calm that prevailed, the ship made 7 or 8 leagues. Many land-birds.

Sept. 21. Calm, and later, little wind. Not more than 13 leagues. So much weed that the sea seemed to be covered with it, and it came from the west. The sea was very smooth, like a river. They saw a whale, which is a sign that they were near land.

Sept. 22. Course WNW and made 30 leagues. The Admiral says, "This contrary wind was very necessary for me, because my people were much excited at the thought that in these seas no wind ever blew in the direction of Spain."

Sept. 23. Shaped a course N W and at times more northerly, made about 22 leagues. The sea

being smooth and calm the crew began to murmur, saying that here was no great sea, and that the wind would never blow so that they could return to Spain. Afterwards the sea rose very much, without wind, which astonished them.

Sept. 24. West course all day and night, making 14 leagues.

Sept. 25. Calm and then wind. Pinzon, captain of the *Pinta*, asked respecting a chart (Toscanelli's) sent to the caravel three days before, on which it seems the Admiral had painted certain islands. Martin Alonzo said that the ships were in the position on which the islands were placed, and the Admiral replied that so it seemed to him, but it might be that they had not fallen in with them owing to the currents which had always set the ships to N E. That day the *Nina* mistakenly reported land. Day and night 25 leagues.

Sept. 26. Course W and S W until what had been said to be land was seen to be only clouds. Day and night 31 leagues.

Sept. 27. Day and night 24 leagues. Many fish.

Sept. 28. Owing to calms, only 14 leagues.

Sept. 29. Made 24 leagues. Sea smooth as a river. Much weed.

Sept. 30. Owing to calms, only 14 leagues made.

Oct. 1. Good 25 leagues made. Heavy rain. Admiral's secret reckoning made it 707 leagues, but 584 to the crew.

Oct. 2. Day and night 39 leagues. Sea always smooth. "Many thanks be given to God," says the Admiral, "that the weed is coming from east to west, contrary to its usual course."

Oct. 3. Made 47 leagues. No birds. The Ad-

miral, therefore, thought they had left the islands behind them which were depicted on the charts. The Admiral here says that he did not wish to keep the ships beating about . . . when there were so many signs of land . . . his object being to reach the Indies. (Under this date Las Casas says: "Because he would not turn back to beat up and down to find the islands which the pilots believed to be there . . . they began to stir up a mutiny." Ferdinand Columbus says: "For this reason the crew began to be mutinous, persevering in their complaints and plots.")

Oct. 4. Made 63 leagues, day and night. More than forty sandpipers came to the ship in a flock.

Oct. 5. Day and night 57 leagues. Flying-fish coming on the deck in numbers.

Oct. 6. Day and night 40 leagues. This night Martin Alonzo said that it would be well to steer W by S. (Las Casas makes Martin Alonzo's desire as though he thought this was the course for Cipango. Both men were figuring on the position of Cipango in Toscanelli's chart.)

Oct. 7. Made 23 leagues. Again the *Nina* reported land, at sunrise. No land seen during the afternoon, but passed a great number of birds flying from N to S W. The Admiral was aware that most of the islands held by the Portuguese were discovered by the flight of birds. For this reason he resolved to give up the west course, and to shape a course W S W for the two following days. Made 28 leagues, day and night. (It was this change of course, to follow the birds, which prevented the discovery of the North American mainland by Columbus. He was heading directly for the coast of Florida, when he turned.)

Oct. 8. Only 12 leagues in day and night. Sea

like a river. Weed very fresh. Many land-birds. They caught one that was flying to the S W.

Oct. 9. Course S W and then after a change of wind W by N. Day and night $31\frac{1}{2}$ leagues.

Oct. 10. Course W S W, day and night 59 leagues. Here the people could endure no longer. They complained of the length of the voyage. But the Admiral cheered them up in the best way he could, giving them good hopes of the advantages they might gain from it. He added that, however much they might complain, he had to go to the Indies, and that he would go on until he had found them, with the help of Our Lord. (Oviedo tells the story of this mutiny with more details, saying that at this point the captains declared that they would go on three days more but not another hour. It is nowhere stated that Columbus agreed.)

Oct. 11. Course W S W and there was more sea than there had been during the whole of the voyage. Those of the caravel *Pinta* saw a cane and a pole, also another bit of cane, a land-plant and a small board. The crew of the caravel *Nina* also saw signs of land and a small branch covered with (rose) berries. The run until sunset was 27 leagues.

After sunset the Admiral returned to his original W course. Up to two hours after midnight they had gone 90 miles. As the caravel *Pinta* was a better sailer and went ahead of the Admiral she found the land and made the signals ordered by the Admiral. The land was first seen by a sailor name Rodrigo de Triana. But the Admiral, at 10 o'clock, being on the poop, saw a light, though it was so uncertain that he could not affirm it was land. (On this ground Columbus took the reward

of 10,000 maravedis for the first sight of land, instead of letting the sailor have it.)

Oct. 12. The vessels were hove to, waiting for daylight. They arrived at a small island, called, in the language of the Indians, Guanahani. (This is now generally accepted to have been Watling Island, though some authorities favor Cat Island or Atwood's Cay, all in the Bahama Islands.)

That was a sunrise of rejoicing! Columbus had, indeed, crossed the Western Ocean and had reached an outer island of the Bahamas. With his captains he went ashore immediately to take possession of the land in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile. These islands were where Toscanelli had marked the "Indies" on his map. Ferdinand Columbus states that his father intended to call "Indies" any land that he found. It was as "the Indies" that Columbus took possession, and "Indians" was the name he gave to the inhabitants.

The natives of these islands are rightly described by Columbus in terms descriptive of the Arawaks, the aboriginal inhabitants of the Bahamas and other of the West India islands. They were naked, painted and with coarse black hair. Certainly these were neither the cultured yellow people of Cathay (China), nor the lighter-colored inhabitants of Cipango (Japan), the peoples of both which lands were garbed, according to report, in gorgeous silken raiment.

For ten days Columbus cruised about the Ba-

hamas, passing Rum Cay, Cat Island, Long Island and Crooked Island among others. From the Arawaks, conversing in dumb show, he learned of other islands on every side. On Oct. 21, he stated in his Journal that he had learned of another "much larger island, which I believe to be Cipango, judging by the signs made by the Indians I bring with me. They call it Colba (Cuba), and they say there are ships and many skilful sailors there. Beyond this island there is another called Bosio (Haiti) which they also say is very large. . . . I am still resolved to go to the mainland and the city of Quinsay, and to deliver the letters of Your Highnesses to the Grand Khan."

There is much contradiction in the Journal. In one entry Columbus states that he was forced to communicate with the Indians in dumb show; in another entry he recounts many wonders told by the Indians which could scarcely be expressed in sign talk. One day he regrets his lack of botanical knowledge, saying that he would not know a spice tree if he saw one; another day he speaks in praise of an island as being covered with spice trees, and announces that he has found cinnamon-trees and spiceries.

On Oct. 28, Columbus reached Cuba, where the Journal states: "The Indians say that in this island are gold mines and pearls." He cruised along the north shore. In some unexplained way Columbus "gathered there was a city, Cuba, and that the land was a great continent trending far

to the north. The king of that country, he gathered, was at war with the Grand Khan." On Nov. 1, Columbus states that he knows for sure that he is "in front of Zayto and Quinsay (two Chinese ports), a hundred leagues, a little more or less, distant the one from the other.

On Nov. 4, Columbus states that the Indians told him that, in neighboring islands, there were men with one eye, and others with dog's noses who were cannibals. The discoverer is here putting upon his Indian informants fabulous stories taken from that arrant liar, Sir John Mandeville. It does not follow that these misleading statements were made purposely. In all probability Columbus' anxiety to prove to himself that he was on the coast of Asia induced him to interpret the sign-talk to mean everything he expected and wanted to find.

On Nov. 6, the two envoys whom Columbus had sent to the Arawak "king" came back with reports that they had not found any such king, nor yet any gold, or spices, or people clothed in silk, but only villages of huts, with fields of potatoes and corn. They brought back the first news of tobacco by reporting that both men and women smoked tubes (cigars) of rolled-up weed.

On Nov. 12, deciding that the north coast of Cuba must soon turn to the northward, since he was convinced that it was part of the continent of Asia, Columbus stopped his westward course. He turned abruptly to the southeast, retracing his

tracks, in order to visit the island called Bosio (Haiti) where—he understood the natives' signs to mean—gold was so plentiful that it could be picked up in large pieces on the beach.

There had already been much friction between Columbus and Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and, on Nov. 21, in defiance of the Admiral's orders, the master of the *Pinta* broke company and sailed away. He went in search of an island called Babeque (Iguana Grande) where there was supposed to be gold. Columbus sailed slowly down the coast of Cuba, halting every night, until he passed Cape Mayzi, the easternmost point of Cuba. This he named Cape Alpha and Omega, believing it to be the most easterly point of Asia.

On Dec. 6, the *Santa Maria* and the little *Nina* found themselves off the coast of Haiti, and Columbus landed. The natives were found to be of the same race as those of Cuba. By the indefinite mode of sign-talk, the Admiral gathered that this Bosio or Haiti (called Hispaniola, afterwards), was bounded on the south by a great land, but he could not make out from the Indians whether Bosio was an island bordering a continent, or whether it was a part of the mainland. Learning, however, that there was an inland region known by the name of Cibao, Columbus was all the more convinced that this must be Cipango (Japan) but that he was on the northern shore, while the civilized regions were far to the south.

The "king" of the natives came on board the

Santa Maria on Dec. 16, and Columbus received him with much ceremony, giving many gifts. The discoverer's treatment of the natives, on this first voyage, had been generous and conciliatory. The Arawaks, on every landing, had proved defenceless, peaceable and teachable, and Columbus' Journal is full of assurances that they would be easily made good Christians and good subjects. On Dec. 18, an old man told Columbus, by signs, that at a distance of a hundred leagues was an island which was all of gold. In many other islands, he said, gold was plentiful.

During the next week there were continuous visits from Indian chiefs along the shore. Columbus gave gifts freely, and established amicable relations among the coast-peoples.

Then came disaster!

Shortly after midnight, early on Christmas morning, the *Santa Maria* struck on a sand-bank, not far from Port au Paix. The fault was that of the helmsman, who, being tired, had left the tiller in charge of one of the younger sailors. The Admiral rushed on deck and gave urgent orders, but the sailing-master of the ship disobeyed them. The masts were cut away and everything done to lighten the vessel, but she was a wreck. By daylight the carrack was pounding heavily and all her seams had opened.

This was serious in the extreme. The defection of Martin Alonso Pinzon in the *Pinta* had left Columbus with but two ships. Now the largest,

the *Santa Maria*, was a wreck. The sole hope of returning to Spain with news of the marvelous discovery, with samples of gold, and with some Arawak captives, lay in the little *Nina*. But the tiny caravel could not take all the men of both ships. Many, indeed, desired to remain.

Fortunately, though the *Santa Maria* was battered beyond repair, she had not gone to pieces and every article aboard her, "even to a needle," was salvaged. The Indians were friendly and rendered every assistance possible.

Columbus gave orders to build a strong blockhouse of trees and the ship's timbers, and fortified it with the ship's guns. Food and wine for over a year was stored in the blockhouse, together with seeds for sowing and all things needful. The ship's boat also was left with the settlers, who were forty-three in number. Among them were three high officials, Pedro Gutierrez, Rodrigo de Escobedo and Diego de Arana.

Of their fate Columbus felt no fears. The natives were thoroughly friendly, the climate was ideal, the blockhouse was strong, food was ample, and "he trusted in God, that when he returned from Spain, according to his intention, he would find a ton of gold collected by barter by those he was to leave behind, and that they would have found the gold mine, and spices in such quantities that the Sovereigns would, in three years, be able to undertake and fit out an expedition to go and conquer the Holy Sepulchre." The set-

tlement was called La Navidad (Fort Nativity), since the wreck at that place had been on Christmas Day.

On Jan. 4, 1493, Columbus set sail in the little *Nina* for Spain. He had passed through and explored several of the Bahama Islands, had sailed westward one-fourth of the distance along the north shore of Cuba, then had doubled on his tracks, and come to Haiti, passing by Tortugas Isle. His last words, as he left Haiti, recorded in his Journal, are: "The Admiral concluded that Cipango (Japan) was in that island, and that it contained much gold, spices, mastic (a resinous gum used in medicine and for making varnish) and rhubarb."

Two days later, while coasting along the north shore of Haiti, Columbus fell in with the *Pinta*. Martin Alonzo Pinzon had obtained much gold by barter, but had found no signs of a gold mine. The men of the *Pinta* had heard that in an island called Yamaye (Jamaica), gold was easily found in grains the size of beans. On Jan. 8, the Admiral sent the sailors ashore to get fresh water for the ships and found the sand at the mouth of a river, Rio de Santiago "full of very fine gold, and in astonishing quantity. He found many grains as large as lentils. When they went back to the caravel they found small bits of gold sticking to the hoops of the casks and of the barrel." On Jan. 10, there was more trouble with Pinzon, who had seized some natives by force. Columbus

compelled the master of the *Pinta* to set the Indians ashore. The two vessels continued down the coast, anchoring every night, and, on Jan. 15, headed for home. The caravels were leaking badly.

Fortunately for the cranky ships Columbus bore to the northward, and thus escaped much of the head-winds he would have encountered had he kept to the trade-wind zone. But, on Feb. 12, a heavy gale broke, which, by the 14th, had become a raging tempest. Vows of pilgrimages were made and lots were drawn. The *Pinta* was lost to sight in the tempest. Fearing that the little *Nina* would sink Columbus prepared two messages telling briefly of his discovery "of the Indies," wrapped them in waxed paper and put each in a keg. One was thrown overboard at once, the other was kept at hand to be thrown into the sea later, if the vessel should go down.

During the night of the 15th, the weather began to clear and at sunrise they saw land. It proved to be Santa Maria, one of the Azores, but the weather was still so heavy that they dared not approach the shore and could not drop anchor until the 18th. In order to comply with the vows taken during the storm, half the crew went ashore, unarmed, to visit a local shrine, but they were seized and imprisoned by the local Portuguese authorities.

After some days a boat came off from the shore, and some inquisitive officials demanded to see the

documents and ambassadorial letters which Columbus claimed he had been given by the Sovereigns of Castile and Aragon. As soon, however, as these Portuguese envoys read the royal grant appointing Columbus as Admiral, Viceroy and Governor, they took a humbler tone. They realized the validity of the Admiral's threat that interference with his projects might bring on war between Spain and Portugal. Hastily, and with apologies, they released the sailors. On Feb. 24, Columbus started anew for Spain.

Again, on March 3, a storm came up, and, in a squall, the sails of the *Nina* were split. It was necessary to run under bare poles. The storm grew worse, so bad, indeed, that the sailors of the caravel had to hoist a little sail and run before the gale. Morning found them on a lee shore near Lisbon, but, by remarkable seamanship, they ran safely into harbor.

Again the Portuguese authorities demanded that Columbus come ashore to give an account of himself. The navigator stood by his rights and his honors. He denied that any one had the power to command an Admiral of Spain except his Sovereigns.

When the King of Portugal heard that Columbus had returned, his reception of the discoverer differed greatly from that of the port officials. He sent a personal representative on board the *Nina*, invited Columbus to court and treated him royally, though taking occasion to prophesy that

the lands visited by Columbus would be found to be Portuguese territory.

On March 13, Columbus got under way again, and, on Friday, March 15, the little *Nina* dropped anchor in the port of Palos, which she had left 225 days before.

While the bells were still ringing the triumph of Columbus, in came the *Pinta* and dropped anchor. Martin Alonzo Pinzon had added treachery to insubordination. He had been driven by the great storm to Bayonne, and thence had sent a message to Ferdinand and Isabella, stating that the *Pinta* had been the first to sight land, and making great claims for himself. But, before the letter had been answered, Columbus arrived. Pinzon dared not show his face, but went to his home secretly, and, a few days afterwards, was found dead, either from chagrin or by suicide.

In Palos, indeed, and on the way to Barcelona, the populace went wild to give Columbus a triumphal progress. It was otherwise at court. Ferdinand and Isabella, indeed, were more than courteous, they were cordial. They received the Admiral with marked honors. He basked in the royal favor. Withal, there was a definite guardedness in their acceptance of Columbus' statements. Queen Isabella was far from convinced, and, in any case, she had mistrusted the Admiral ever since he had forced her to bestow such titles and honors on a foreigner.

It is well worthy of remark that the King and

Queen did not believe that the expedition had reached the Indies. This is proved by the fact that, while Ferdinand and Isabella wrote at once to Pope Alexander VI, announcing the discovery, they stated that Columbus had "discovered some very remote islands not hitherto found, that gold, silver and spices were produced in these islands, and that their inhabitants seemed fitted for Christianity." They did not claim that these newly discovered islands were any part of the Indies.

In similar wise, Peter Martyr, after several detailed interviews with Columbus, wrote, on Oct. 1, 1493, to the Archbishop of Draga: "while Columbus himself believed that he had reached the Indies, the known size of the globe seemed to suggest otherwise." Peter Martyr was frankly skeptical about the gold and about the identification of Cuba and Haiti with China and Japan. John II of Portugal also declared that the record of distances sailed proved that the newly discovered islands could not be nearly as far as the Indies, but that they must be, rather, islands lying some distance off the coast of Africa, and therefore a part of his possessions.

It is well to see what Columbus had, and had not, accomplished. The principal gains were three in number. He had proved the Western Ocean to be navigable. He had found the trade-winds blowing favorably, with fair weather and a smooth sea nearly all the way. He had discovered many islands, large and small, which are now

known as the West Indies. In short, he had blazed a trail to American islands in such a way as to render it certain that those who followed him would inevitably come upon the North American and the South American mainland.

Yet he had not accomplished what he set out to do, and he was incorrect in what he declared he had done. He had not found Cathay. He had not visited Cipango. He had not landed on the Spice Islands. He had not discovered the trade route to India. The six live Indians, the stuffed parrots, the few little scraps of gold, the handful of pearls, the hanks of cotton thread and the pods of capsicum were a paltry substitute for the great cargoes of spices and of gems he had promised to bring back.

To the people, however, Columbus was a hero. The populace escorted him, procession-wise, everywhere he rode. He was deluged with offers from merchants who wished to send ships on trading ventures, from hidalgos who wished to be among the first to visit the lands of gold, from ecclesiastics who wished to convert the heathen, from workers of every description, who, for one reason or another, wanted to try their luck in the new colonies.

It was the hey-day of his glory. Every day of that summer was, for him, a fête-day. He was constantly called upon to tell of his discoveries, and, with each recital, his tales of the "Indies" he had found grew more roseate and more ex-

travagant. Every ornate tale that had been told of the Spice Islands and Cathay, he recounted anew as true of those savage West Indian isles along the shores of which his caravels had coasted.

It was in this haze of a golden vision that Christopher Columbus prepared for his second voyage.

CHAPTER VI

THE DOWNFALL OF COLUMBUS

THAT which is founded upon error is foredoomed to fall. This, in a word, is the explanation of the tragedy of Columbus' later years.

The second great expedition, that of 1493, was made under false pretences. Neither by Columbus, nor by those who accompanied him, was it regarded as a voyage to newly explored islands, still less as a voyage to America. It was announced and equipped as a voyage to Cathay. It was not under the command of an obscure Genoese navigator with dubious titles, but under the recognized Admiral and Viceroy of the Spanish "Indies." It went to establish "three or four towns" with "mayors, clerks and treasurers," and elaborate arrangements had been designed for the gathering, minting and trans-shipment of the enormous quantities of gold which Columbus declared he had found in the islands.

Never, in all the history of early colonization did such an admirably equipped fleet leave European shores. Fifteen thousand ducats, equivalent to half-a-million dollars of present money, were appropriated by the State. The fleet consisted of

1,500 men, all save 200 being under royal pay. Officials, soldiers, artisans, farmers and friars made up the greater proportion of the settlers.

The money to finance this enormous project was secured by foul and unjust means. Shortly before, Queen Isabella "the Catholic" had persuaded her husband to join her in signing an edict for the expulsion of the Jews. Most of these Jews were of the Sephardim, of princely Hebrew families, who had proved themselves among the best citizens of Spain. Their lands were confiscated, their fortunes seized and they were thrust out into penury at a moment's notice. It was a dastardly act of religious bigotry, and Spain paid for it sorely, centuries later.

One of the prime movers in this expulsion of the Jews had been Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca, archdeacon of Seville, a man of enormous executive talent, incredibly ambitious, and given to violent personal dislikes. In April, 1493, Fonseca was put in charge of a department for the administration of the islands of the "Indies" and, for thirty years, he was its sole directing head. The preparation of the new fleet was intrusted to Columbus and Fonseca, jointly.

On Sept. 25, 1493, the new fleet set out. It sailed from Cadiz in a blaze of splendor. No comparison could be more striking than Columbus' start on his First and Second Voyages. Yet the magnificence of the latter was its own undoing. Among the elements of danger that it bore were

a number of young bloods, spoiling for excitement, now that the wars with the Moors were over.

Among the officials, moreover, were three men who were to work havoc with Columbus' plans. These were Don Pedro Margarite, a personal favorite of the king; Friar Bernardo Boyle, a personal representative of Fonseca, and who was appointed by the Pope as "Apostolic Vicar for the Indies," and Francis Roldan, whom Columbus chose to be Chief Justice of the colony.

Remembering that he had found the coast of Haiti (hereafter to be called Hispaniola) to extend towards the south-east, and that he had gathered from the natives that there were islands still further in that direction, Columbus steered a slightly more southerly course than on his first voyage. The passage was short and pleasant. Twenty days after leaving the island of Ferro (Canary Islands), they sighted land. This proved to be a new island and was named Dominica, since it was discovered on a Sunday. They landed there and also at a small island which was named Marigalante, after the name of the flagship.

Thence they came to the important island of Guadeloupe. They stayed there eight days, because a landing party was lost in the woods, and this delay gave the members of the expedition abundant opportunity to observe the natives. These darker-hued and shock-haired savages were

utterly different from the Arawaks met with on Columbus' First Voyage, and were soon found to be cannibals. They were, indeed, the ferocious Caribs, of whom the peaceful Arawaks lived in such constant fear.

Sailing from Guadeloupe, the fleet passed the islands of Montserrat, St. Martin, and Santa Cruz, and so came to Porto Rico. On Nov. 22, they sighted Hispaniola or Haiti. On the 25th and 26th, they began to get hints of ill news concerning the settlement.

On Nov. 27, anchoring at La Navidad, the first Spanish settlement in American waters, cannons were fired to announce to the Spaniards in the blockhouse ashore, the welcome news of the return of the Admiral.

But not a gun replied. Not a sound was heard. Not a light was shown. This was ominous. A strict watch was kept aboard the ships. Few slept that night.

In the morning, a landing party found the blockhouse burned to the ground, the goods looted and every white man gone. Later they discovered eleven bodies, and, a few days after, several more.

Piecing the story together, as best they could from the contradictory reports given by the Indians—for they could now talk to the Arawaks by interpreters, the Indians captured on the first voyage having learned Spanish and returned with them—it seemed that the Spaniards who had been left at La Navidad had captured several Indian

women. One, at least, was declared to have three wives, another, four. The forty-three men had quarreled violently among themselves, about the women, about work, about the division of the provisions. Moreover, instead of maintaining the friendship of the Indians, they had rendered them hostile. About two months before the arrival of Columbus with the second expedition, two chiefs, named Caonabo and Mayreni, had attacked the blockhouse, burned it, and butchered every survivor among the Spaniards.

Chief Guacamari, of the friendly tribe, claimed to have fought on the side of the white men, and to have been wounded in the affray, but a Spanish doctor, examining the chief's bandaged leg, found no sign of a wound. Much of the loot, moreover, was found in the huts near by. There seemed little reason to doubt, therefore, that all the Indians had banded together against the strangers. Possibly the Arawak women, who had been captured by violence, had opened the gates of the fort to their savage kinsmen.

In order to find a more suitable site for the establishment of the good-sized town he planned to build, Columbus sailed eastward again, against head winds, and it was not until Dec. 17, 1493, that the site for the "capital of the colony," named Isabella, in honor of the Queen, was chosen.

Nearly three months had elapsed since the fleet had left Spain. Nothing had been accomplished but to find La Navidad destroyed and every Span-



COLUMBUS RIDICULED BY THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA.



COLUMBUS SHOWS PROOF OF HIS DISCOVERIES TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.



THE SANTA MARIA.

The flagship of Columbus, a model reconstructed from the original plans and records preserved in Spain.



THE REPLICA OF THE SANTA MARIA,
BUILT IN 1892, UNDER SAIL.

iard slain. The landsmen, sick of this long sea voyage, were ready to revolt. The merchants were disgusted, since there was no opportunity for trade. The young hidalgos grew restive with nothing else to do but stare at an unfriendly shore. And, to cap all, Dr. Chanca, chief surgeon of the expedition, admits that "privations were endured at sea, which were more severe than ever were suffered by man . . . we were obliged to limit ourselves most rigorously with regard to food, in order that, at all events, we might at least have the means of supporting life."

This was a poor beginning for the new colony. However, with 1,500 men at hand, the town of Isabella was well and sturdily built, fortified, and encircled with a solid stone wall. Captain Hojeda led a reconnaissance party into the mountains of Cibao near by and returned with gold dust, found in the river sands, from which the Spaniards argued that vast gold mines must be close at hand. Columbus headed a second exploring expedition, returning with even more sensational reports of gold. He then appointed Margarite in general command of the work of exploration, put his brother Diego Columbus in charge of the affairs of the town, and, with three caravels, set out himself from Isabella on April 24, 1494, to carry his letters to the Great Khan and to find the Spice Islands and Japan.

In order to understand Columbus' route, it is necessary to remember that, on his First Voyage,

he had sailed some distance along the north shore of Cuba, had become convinced that it was an out-jutting point of the mainland of Asia, and that Cape Alpha and Omega (now known as Cape Maysi) was the easternmost point of China. He also believed that Hispaniola or Haiti, on which the town of Isabella had just been built, was Japan.

On reaching Cape Maysi, then, on this Second Voyage, Columbus turned to the southward, thus passing through what is now known as the Windward Passage between Haiti and Cuba. Thus he coasted the southern shore of Cuba, believing this to be the shore of Asia facing the Indian Ocean. On May 3, however, under repeated statements from the natives that a gold-bearing island lay off to the south, he changed course and soon came to the north shore of Jamaica.

The natives there were warlike and resisted the landing of the Spaniards. A large bloodhound, however, put them to flight. They seemed different both from the Caribs of Guadeloupe and the Arawaks of Hispaniola, but certainly they were not either the long-sought people of China or Japan. Columbus struck north again until he reached Cape Cruz, Cuba, and continued his westward coasting cruise. Here he found innumerable small islands, which he called "the Queen's Gardens" and declared them to be the "seven thousand Spice Islands" described by Marco Polo.

Then comes another weird story. Columbus

gathered from the Cuban natives the information that the island was endless (therefore a continent), and that the region to the west was "called Mangon, where the people had tails, which they hid by wearing loose robes." This is, again, one of Sir John de Mandeville's fables, and one wonders what statement made by a Cuban Indian could so have been misunderstood.

But when it is remembered that Columbus devoutly believed that medieval collection of lies, and when Toscanelli's map showed much the same configuration for the southern coast of Asia which Columbus found on the southern coast of Cuba, it is not surprising that he accepted this story of tailed men as further proof that he was on the coast of China and not far from the great port of Zaiton. The footprints of alligators, reported by landing parties, were explained as those of dragons guarding treasure, and a flock of soldierly-looking tall white cranes was described as a band of men in white robes.

Trouble was brewing, however, despite these fantastic assurances. Columbus was already six weeks' sail from Isabella, he had found no rich trading cities, and, according to Toscanelli's map, he was now coming to a long stretch of uninhabited coast. Food was becoming scant. The crews began to murmur. Columbus decided to turn back. First, however, he wanted to forestall any possible criticism that this land was not Asia.

He adopted a strange method. He sent his

notary, accompanied by four witnesses, to get a sworn statement from each person on board the caravels that it was his firm belief that this coast which lay to the north of them was the coast of Asia. If, thereafter, anyone should deny his oath, he should have his tongue slit; and, further, if an officer, he should be fined 10,000 maravedis; if a sailor, he should receive a hundred lashes. This document is still extant, in the Archives at Seville. The statement is nowhere made that these signatures were secured by compulsion, but the rigor of the oath shows that Columbus feared disaffection. This done, he set sail for Isabella.

In this fear of attack, Columbus was justified. Already, during the building of Isabella, he had faced "the angry cries of impoverished and starving Spaniards accusing his spurious Indies of being their ruin." Fernin Cedo, one of the royal gold assayers, had announced that the few grains of gold found in river sands was no proof of paying gold mines in the region. Bernal de Pisa, one of the officials sent by the king, headed a plot to seize some of the ships and return to Spain. Columbus had him put in chains.

Under Antonio de Torres, the Admiral had already dispatched twelve ships back to Spain, asking for more supplies, and suggesting that, since it might be some time before the gold trade became profitable, a rich slave-trade in Caribs might be begun. When he had left on his cruising exploration, therefore, Columbus had left behind him

a colony seething with revolt and discontent, hunger and disease. Nor was the gentle-natured Diego Columbus the man to govern a group of rebellious and prideful Spaniards to whom he was a foreigner and an upstart.

On his way back to Isabella, Columbus explored the southern shore of Jamaica, and then stood to the eastward. After some days, land appeared on the port bow, and the explorers learned from a Spanish-speaking Indian on the beach that this land was Hispaniola. The caravels coasted the whole southern shore of that island, but they sought in vain for the rich cities of Cipango.

To Columbus, this was a terrible blow, for it seemed to dash to the ground his long-held belief that Hispaniola was the northern coast of Japan. Worn out by watching, by fatigue, and by this crushing disappointment, the Admiral fell ill, and lay in a coma for many days. He was unconscious while the caravels rounded the easternmost cape of Haiti and sailed westward along the north shore of that island, back to Isabella. On his arrival there, he was carried to his bed.

Matters in the colony had gone from bad to worse. The direction of a thousand or more unruly men, under tropical skies, in a town without a white woman in it, was a task requiring a dictator of heroic mold, whose authority was unquestioned. Christopher Columbus, himself, might have done it, but the conditions were too terribly against the younger brother. Worst of all, there

was treble-divided authority. While Diego Columbus was in charge of the civil affairs of the town, Pedro Margarite, in charge of exploration, controlled the soldiers, and Friar Boyle, the ecclesiastical head, possessed enormous influence.

Margarite and Boyle, acting together, led the malcontents against Diego Columbus. In the height of the trouble, Bartholomew Columbus, another brother, arrived, and undertook to restore order. This added fuel to the flames, for Bartholomew had no official position whatever. He overrode Margarite, who not only had been put in authority by the Admiral himself, but who was also a personal favorite of the king. An absolute disruption followed.

By virtue of his position with the soldiery, Margarite seized the ships which had been brought by Bartholomew Columbus, and, with Friar Boyle, sailed for Spain. There, Margarite got the ear of the king, and Boyle inflamed the irascible but all-powerful Fonseca against the three Columbus brothers.

In one sense of the word, this was treachery, for Columbus, as Viceroy, was in absolute command. But, in another sense, both Margarite and Boyle were justified in making their reports, one to his king, the other to his ecclesiastical superior. They were undoubtedly within their rights in telling the truth concerning the massacre of La Navidad, concerning the suffering and sickness in Isabella, and in explaining why it was that the so-

called "Indies" took far more money out of the public treasury than they put in. Many of Columbus' former backers remembered his fantastic tales and came to believe them to be "moonshine."

When Christopher Columbus recovered from his illness, he appointed Bartholomew "adelanto," or military governor of Hispaniola, and the two brothers set in operation the Admiral's plans for raising money. One of these methods was the establishment of the slave-trade in Caribs, secured by raids on neighboring islands; the other was the collection of tribute from the peaceful Arawaks. Persuasion, in the latter case, took the form of fire-arms and man-hunting bloodhounds who, says an eye-witness, "at the words—Take him!—could kill a hundred Indians an hour."

Thus, under the administration of Columbus, the Indians were either kidnapped to be sold as slaves, or else were put under taxes so heavy that they could not pay them, and were compelled to work as serfs under compulsion. It is admitted by Columbus' friends and admirers—even such as Las Casas and Ferdinand Columbus—that, in the three years of conquest, more than two-thirds of the Indians of Hispaniola were slain, sold into slavery or died under excessive toil. There is no need to view these measures over-harshly, remembering the times. The Portuguese had made the slave-trade a recognized traffic, the lives of "heathens" were deemed of little account, and,

above all, Hispaniola must be made to pay, or all Columbus' work would go for naught.

The year 1495 had decisive effects on the colony. On June 24 of that year, Columbus sent five shiploads of Indians to Seville to be sold as slaves. By this means he hoped to offset the comparatively small returns in gold which he had been able to screw out of the natives by extortion.

But, before these arrived in Spain, a new order of affairs had begun. Ferdinand and Isabella, disappointed in the results of Columbus' discoveries, threw the right of trading ventures open to any Spanish subject, thus practically annulling Columbus' monopoly. This royal edict had an enormous effect on later discovery.

Then, in Oct., 1495, there arrived at Isabella four caravels laden with supplies and medicines, the latter even more welcome than the former, for the climate was unhealthful and many of the colonists were sick. These caravels, moreover, were under the command of Don Juan Aguado, sent by the king and queen to act in their names as Judge Advocate, with intent to discover what truth there was in the reports made against the Columbus brothers by Margarite, Boyle and other malcontents.

Alas, there was plenty of cause for discontent! Columbus had done his best, and a noble best, against disheartening conditions. But there was no denying that the three years of occupation of Hispaniola had cost hundreds of Spanish lives,

thousands of Spanish ducats, and untold misery. There was no refuting the charge that colonists had been lured thither by false statements that these islands contained the wealth of China and Japan. Instead of riches, mere existence had barely been possible, and that by toil under a tropic sun.

Small injustices and hardships—inevitable under pioneer conditions—appeared as tyrannies to the homesick and disappointed settlers, and Aguado heard the most violent complaints against the Admiral on every side. Some of these accusations were true, but many were distorted and exaggerated.

On March 10, 1496, Aguado was ready to return to Spain with his report, and Columbus realized that his only hope of defense was to return with Aguado and plead his own case.

Misfortune dogged him. He set his course badly, intending to return by the route he had taken on his Second Voyage, when Dominica and Guadeloupe had been the first islands sighted. This course took him into the Caribbean Sea and he found himself fighting not only head-winds, but also the strong Guiana current, which sweeps at three and even four miles an hour through the straits between the Antilles Islands. He was finally forced to put in at Guadeloupe, to make some of the native cassava bread to serve as a ration across the ocean.

Even so, since the caravels were overloaded

with 200 passengers who had refused to endure the miseries of the colony any longer, the food supply ran short, and it was with difficulty that some of the passengers could be restrained from cannibalism. They demanded the right to eat the Indian captives who were on board. Such a voyage was not calculated to impress Aguado more favorably.

Not until June 11, after a terrible journey of three months and a day, did the *Nina* creep into the harbor of Cadiz. It is significant that Columbus landed, from this Second Voyage, not in the pomp and glory of an Admiral of Spain, but in the robe of a Franciscan monk, which he had put on, in token of humility.

During the preceding winter, while Aguado had been in the colony, Columbus had strained every endeavor to collect gold and valuable gifts for the King and Queen. These partly softened the rigor of his reception at court. He was kindly received, but no more. The complaints of Margarite and Boyle were not brought up against him, but promises of further aid were indeterminate and vague. When he protested against the infringement of his monopoly, an edict was issued to the effect that nothing should be regarded as minimizing the privileges of Columbus—but the private ventures were allowed to go on.

When Columbus donned the robe of a Franciscan monk, merely as a symbolic act, it seemed more than symbolic, it seemed prophetic. For,

after his return from the Second Voyage, the mystical strain which had been deeply rooted in Columbus' character, and which had been overlaid by his ambition, began to take the upper hand.

The geographers were turning their backs on him. So be it! He, in turn, would scorn the geographers. He would, hereafter, ignore the newer sailing charts, he would take the apocryphal books of the Bible and the Lives of the Saints for his treatises of navigation.

When a navigator, he had coveted viceregal and ambassadorial honors. Now that he was Viceroy, he would fain be a Prophet!

"God made me," he writes, "the messenger of the new heaven and the new earth, of which He spoke in the Apocalypse of St. John . . . and He showed me where to find it."

Such an attitude did not help him with Bishop Fonseca, to whom such utterances on the part of a layman smacked of heresy. Furthermore, Fonseca was furious that the department of the "Indies," of which he had been put in charge, should yield so little profit.

The Crown could not afford funds for a new fleet, for the war with France took every maravedi. Merchants and ship-owners looked askance at the Admiral, for the 200 colonists who had returned spread woeful tales. In commingled disgust, despair and fanatic outpourings Columbus spent the autumn of 1496 and the whole year of 1497, as much disregarded as he had formerly been acclaimed.

CHAPTER VII

THE DISCOVERY OF SOUTH AMERICA

LITTLE by little, the sting of Columbus' failure began to be forgotten, and the continuing success of Portugal urged Spain not to abandon the colony, of "New Spain" which had been begun. Finally, Columbus succeeded in getting two shiploads of supplies sent to Hispaniola in January, 1498, and Queen Isabella's faith in the Admiral—although shaken—sufficed to secure for him a new expedition, which set forth on May 30, 1498.

A pitiful lot of colonists were these, whom Columbus took on his third voyage! In June, 1497, a general order had been issued to the Spanish officers of justice, authorizing the transportation to Hispaniola of all criminals, except counterfeiters, traitors and heretics. The last classification is worthy of remembrance, in the light of later history.

On reaching the Canary Islands, Columbus divided his fleet. He sent three ships to Hispaniola, direct, in order to maintain reënforcements and supplies, and, keeping three ships himself, he steered due south.

Again, in order to follow Columbus' route, it is necessary to remember that he was still seeking China and Japan. On his westernmost point of

the second voyage, when he caused all the sailors to take oath that they believed themselves to be on the coast of Asia, he had become convinced that the southern coast of Cuba would turn to the southward and lead to Malacca Straits. The Spice Islands, according to Toscanelli's map, were due east of these straits. If then, Columbus reasoned, he went further to the south than he had done on either of his earlier voyages, he might first come to the Spice Islands, then on to these Straits, and thus sail through to India. Could he but do this, all the difficulties and disasters of his earlier explorations would be justified.

It was a disastrous course! He ran south beyond the zone of the trade winds and into the doldrums, or belt of equatorial calms. "The air was like a furnace," writes Irving, "the tar melted, the seams of the ship yawned, the salt meat became putrid, the wheat was parched as with fire, the hoops shrank from the wine and the water casks, some of which leaked and others burst, while the heat in the holds of the vessels was so suffocating that no one could remain below a sufficient time to prevent the damage that was taking place. The mariners lost all strength and spirits and sank under the oppressive heat. It seemed as if the old fable of the Torrid Zone was about to be realized, and that they were approaching a fiery region where it would be impossible to exist."

From a hideous death by famine and by thirst, the Equatorial Current, alone, saved them. The

ships were two months out from Spain when land was sighted. This proved to be the island of Trinidad. Columbus sailed down the western shore, round the southern point of the island and through the Serpent's Mouth Strait into the Gulf of Paria, where his caravel was nearly swamped in the tremendous surge caused by the current flowing from the several mouths of the mighty Orinoco River. Of all his dangers on the sea, Columbus declared this passage of the Serpent's Mouth to have given him the greatest fear.

He landed both on Trinidad and on the mainland of South America, which he named the Isla de Gracia, believing it to be an island, or rather, a succession of islands. He had some traffic with the Indians on both sides of the gulf. He reported these Indians as light in color and partly clothed, and further stated that they wore pieces of gold as large as horseshoes round their necks (!) and that one Indian "had a grain of gold as big as an apple."

After two weeks of exploration, he prepared to leave this extraordinary fresh-water gulf, which was ever swirling in powerful and dangerous cross-currents. Sailing northward across the gulf, he arrived at the strait which he called the Dragon's Mouth.

"There he found," in the words of Las Casas, "a great struggle between the fresh water striving to go out to the sea, and the salt water of the sea striving to enter the gulf, and it was so strong and fearful that it raised a great swell like a very

high hill, and, with this, both waters made a noise and a thundering, from east to west, very great and fearful, with currents of water, and, after one, came four great waves one after another, which made contending currents; here they thought to perish."

The caravels, however, while a clumsy craft for sailing, were buoyant enough, and they passed in safety into the Caribbean Sea. On that day and the next Columbus continued along the Pearl Coast (Venezuela) meditating deeply on this strange gulf of fresh water.

He reached two conclusions, one true, the other egregiously false. The first was that the land he was skirting must be the mainland of a continent, for that land must be immense in size which could contain a basin large enough to produce a river with so unimaginable a volume of water. Nothing greater than the small European rivers was known at that time.

So far, Columbus reasoned well. But, from that point, he became Prophet, rather than Navigator. That the "Indies" he had discovered were a part of Asia was a fixed idea that nothing could shake. Anything which interfered with that idea must be wrong. Even such a fundamental principle as that the world was round must be changed rather than that he should seem in fault. Astronomy might err, but not Columbus.

Whereupon, he suggested that the earth was

not round, but shaped like a pear, spherical on the latitudes of Europe but coming to a blunt point a little distance south of the equator, and that this southern apex was land. Here was the end of the world. To assign sufficient force to the Orinoco he imagined it as rushing down a tremendous hill. And whence? Why, from the Earthly Paradise, the Garden which the Lord had planted eastward in Eden.

The prophetic spell fell upon him and it was almost in an ecstasy that he saw himself the discoverer of that blest abode from which a Seraph with a flaming sword had barred the way to mankind since the beginning of time. There is no doubt but that Columbus believed that, if he could sail up the Orinoco, he would reach the Terrestrial Paradise.

Amid such vaporings it is a little difficult to find out how Columbus connected this new-found and mystical continent with the commercial Orient, but he seems to have believed that the Pearl Coast (Venezuela) continued eastward until it reached Java and Sumatra, and that the Malacca Straits were, really, straits between the continent of Asia and the continent he had just discovered.

By this time, however, his own strength was beginning to fail. He was crippled with gout, racked with fever, and exhausted with watching and with strain. He set his course for Hispaniola, and, on August 30, arrived at San Domingo, the settlement on the southern side of the island

which had been built by his brother, Bartholomew.

Bad as had been the conditions which greeted Columbus when he landed on Hispaniola, after his First Voyage, worse as had been those when he returned after his exploration during the Second Voyage, the conditions which confronted him on his Third Voyage were worse still.

Instead of returning immediately in triumph, having cleared himself from the report of Aguado, Columbus had been absent from Hispaniola for two years and a half. To the malcontents in the colony, this was a sure sign that the Admiral was out of favor with Fonseca and with the king. They decided that he was not coming back to the island at all, and it seemed as if they were abandoned by Spain.

Under such conditions the temporary pacification achieved by Aguado died away. Francis Roldan, who had been appointed Chief Justice by Columbus, quarreled violently with Bartholomew Columbus, the governor. On the one hand, Bartholomew insisted on maintaining the oppressive tax measures and in keeping the Indians as serfs. Roldan, on the other hand, held that since the colonists were thus thrown on their own resources, they ought to make friends with the Indians, marry Indian girls, and rear families who should be brought up as Spanish subjects and Christians. Roldan had thus formed an alliance with an Indian chief, against Bartholomew, and the colony was in a state of civil war.

Immediately upon his arrival, Columbus sent a party of soldiers to arrest Roldan. The soldiers joined the party of the judge, or, as Columbus worded it, of the rebel.

Roldan took a haughty stand, insisting that he was a Spanish gentleman and not compelled to take orders from an impeached foreigner of low birth who had been nothing but a wool-comber in his youth.

As the soldiers, many of the settlers, and the friendly Indians were with Roldan, Columbus was not only compelled to come to terms with the ringleader of the revolt, but even to restore him to his position as Chief Justice.

Both parties appealed to the throne. In October, 1498, Columbus asked for reënforcements, declared Roldan's men to be "abominable knaves and villains, thieves and bandits, ruffians and ravishers of women, false-perjured vagabonds, and such as were either convicts or had fled for fear of judgment, etc." Roldan was not less bitter. He accused the Admiral and his brother of being "unjust men, cruel enemies and shedders of Spanish blood," declaring that upon every light occasion they "would rack them, hang them, and behead them, and that they took pleasure therein, and that they had departed from them as from cruel tyrants and wild beasts rejoicing in blood, etc." In Spain, meanwhile, the returned colonists, who had never received their royal pay, clamored at the gates of the palace and hooted the

name of Columbus as "The Admiral of Mosquito-Land, who has found the territory of vanity and delusion, the grave and misery of Castilian gentlemen."

To make matters worse by comparison, Vasco de Gama returned to Lisbon in 1499 in veritable triumph, having rounded the Cape of Good Hope, crossed the Indian Ocean, and visited Calicut in Malabar. He brought back, in profuse quantities, the gold, the gems and the spices of which Columbus had talked so much but never found. In his cargo were damask robes with satin linings, trumpets of carved ivory, necklaces of rubies and emeralds, and a vast amount of exquisite fabrics, which he had bought at an exceedingly low price, since trade had so long been at a standstill. In the great maritime contest for the trade-route to India, Portugal had won and Spain had lost.

Ferdinand and Isabella could do no other than they did. They appointed Don Francisco de Bobadilla, knight commander of one of the military orders, as judge, with instructions to make rigid inquiry, and, if he saw reason, to assume the office of governor and to order Columbus to surrender all fortresses and public property. This appointment was made in 1499, but, owing to lack of funds, Bobadilla did not sail until 1500. In the meantime Vasco de Gama had arrived, and the mockery of Portugal hurt the pride of Spain.

There is no doubt that Bobadilla was prejudiced

against Columbus from the beginning. Yet he seems to have intended honestly and well. On the day of his arrival at Isabella, however, he found seven Spaniards hanging on the gallows and was informed that five more were to be executed on the morrow. This may have been wholesome discipline for the colony, but it was undoubtedly an evil mischance for Columbus that Bobadilla should have arrived on that very day.

The military examiner acted with military decision. He ordered the prisoners released. Diego Columbus refused to do so without an order from his brother, the Viceroy. Bobadilla promptly produced and read the royal order appointing him governor and ordered that the keys of the prison be given him. Diego again refused, and was arrested and put in irons. The prisoners were set free. Without delay, Bobadilla proceeded to put both Christopher Columbus and his brother Bartholomew in irons and to confine them in different prisons on the island.

This done, Bobadilla examined the charges brought against the three brothers, and conceived himself justified in his violent actions. Even Las Casas, gentlest and kindest of men, is compelled to admit "that they (the Columbus brothers) did not show the modesty and discretion in governing Spaniards which they should have done, and that they were much at fault, particularly in the severity and parsimony with which they allotted provisions, not distributing them according to

each one's need, when the monarchs designed them for the support of all."

Because of his treatment of Columbus, Bobadilla is often presented in history as a ruthless bully. The documents do not bear this out. The Admiral had violent partisans as well as enemies in the colony, and Bartholomew was always ready for trouble. The new governor could only secure order by swift repressive measures, and undoubtedly he had received stringent orders from Fonseca to humiliate Columbus. The Admiral was shipped back to Spain, in irons.

Alonso Vallejo, captain of the caravel, offered to remove the fetters, but Columbus refused, saying that he would wear them until Their Majesties ordered such removal, and that he would keep them afterwards "as relics and memorials of the reward of his services."

It was on this ship that Columbus wrote to a friend of the Queen, the nurse of the royal child, Prince John, who had recently died. This lady was Juana de Torres, sister of Antonio de Torres, who had been the Admiral's companion on his Second Voyage.

His letter of pious complaint, while it fairly recounts many of the just grievances of Columbus, advances as his principal claim to honor that he was the divinely appointed messenger "to show the way to the new heaven and earth which Our Lord made, when St. John was writing the Apocalypse." He asserts, also, that God had promised

him, in a vision, that an enormous quantity of gold would be provided within seven years. He further declared—with some extravagance of statement—that, in Hispaniola, “there are eighty leagues (320 miles) of land with gold mines at every point thereof.”

This letter, telling of Columbus’ arrival in chains, reached the court at Granada before Bobadilla’s official report. The letter, and the news of the public indignation at the humiliation of Columbus, stirred Ferdinand and Isabella to regret and anger that their envoy should have proceeded so peremptorily and roughly. A courier was sent to Cadiz, ordering the immediate release of the Admiral, inviting him to court, and conveying a purse for expenses.

Queen Isabella met the Admiral, it is told, with tears in her eyes. Bobadilla’s charges were set aside, and his actions repudiated. Yet it is easy to overestimate the significance of the touching scene recounted by the historian Herrera. Despite the royal pardon, Columbus was never restored to his viceroyalty and other dignities and was forbidden to visit Hispaniola again.

One other thing Bobadilla accomplished. He convinced the King and Queen that a Spanish colony should be administered by a Spaniard. In 1502, Don Nicolas de Ovando, a military ecclesiastical knight, was sent as governor, to replace Bobadilla. He commanded a fleet of thirty ships, carrying 2,500 persons. Explorations by

other navigators had revealed to Spain the territorial importance of Columbus' discoveries, and the gold mines of Hispaniola had, at last, begun to yield enough treasure to inflame popular excitement.

Columbus, however, was not satisfied to rest passive, shorn of all his powers. He believed, still, that he could find China and the Spice Islands by the westward route, but he believed still more firmly that he was divinely chosen to reveal the way between Asia and the continent of the Earthly Paradise.

In this spirit he set forth on his Fourth Voyage. On May 11, 1502, he sailed with four caravels, following the course which had proved so propitious on the Second Voyage. He reached Martinique on June 15. One of the rigid conditions under which Columbus had been permitted to set forth was that he should not touch at Hispaniola.

One of his caravels became unmanageable, however, and, on July 1, in defiance of royal orders, he put into Santo Domingo. To his experienced eye a hurricane was brewing. Nevertheless Ovando ordered him out of the port without compunction. Fearing the storm, the Admiral ran into the small cove of Azua, near by, reaching there July 3, but warning Ovando and the captains, most solemnly, to keep in port the large fleet about to start for Spain.

Ovando paid no heed, and the fleet put out to sea. Two days later, it received the full force

of the hurricane. Bobadilla, Roldan and many of Columbus' enemies were drowned. Twenty ships went to the bottom, with all the treasure Bobadilla had collected. Six caravels staggered back to Santo Domingo. Only one vessel of the fleet reached Spain, and the story goes that this lonely vessel was the sole ship containing some gold which belonged to Columbus.

Information concerning the rest of the Fourth Voyage is taken largely from a letter written by Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella, on July 7, 1503, a letter so confused and unintelligible that Justin Winsor has called it "a sorrowful index of his wandering reason." Only through the critical researches in parallel narratives, made by E. Gaylord Bourne—to whom every student of history must be grateful—can the sequence of this voyage be traced.

When the hurricane had passed, Columbus set forth anew and put in at Yaquimo (Jacmel) to avoid another storm, leaving there July 14. He passed south of Jamaica, but the northerly current swept him into the "Queen's Gardens," the small group of islands south of Cuba and east of the Isle of Pines. Thence, two weeks later, he sailed on a southerly course in order to reach anew his "Garden of Eden continent," and, on July 30, sighted the island of Guanaja, near Truxillo, Honduras.

More than three months after his departure from Spain, on August 14, the Admiral landed



THE FOUR VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS.

on the mainland, and, after a brief exploration, sailed southward. Both wind and current were in his teeth. Not until September 12 did he turn that point of Honduras where the coast slopes a little west of south. He called the point "Cape Gracias a Dios." Thence he sailed down the Mosquito Coast of Nicaragua. His health was wretched, and he had a small cabin built on deck, whence he could lie on his bed and yet watch the coast and direct the ship.

All the way along the coast he heard of gold-mines, but always further and further to the south. True reports of a civilization in the interior began to reach him with such substantial evidences as weapons of bronze and cotton cloth. He was now actually within a couple of days' march of the country of the semi-civilized Quiches. But that his information was vague is seen from the fact that he reported swords and cuirasses of steel, and warriors on horseback, though neither steel nor horses were known in America prior to the coming of the Spaniards.

Then, had Columbus but realized it, came his greatest piece of news. On October 27 he heard of mines at Ciquare, a town facing an eastern sea. This was the Pacific shore of Costa Rica, and, had the wearied explorer but crossed the isthmus, he would have seen the Pacific Ocean and solved the mystery which had clouded all his life. But, hearing that there was a river near to that place, he recorded it as "the River Ganges" in India.

The prize was in his grasp, but torrential rains poured down, day after day, making jungle exploration impossible. The anchorages for the ships were not good, the stormy season imperilled the vessels constantly, and so Columbus sailed on.

He coasted down Veragua (Panama) and arrived at Puerto Bello, near Colon, on November 2, advanced a few leagues next day to Nombre a Dios and stayed there for three weeks. Once more he tried to force his way onward against wind and current, but in vain, and he was driven back to the Belem River. There he anchored, but violent storms arose and closed the river with a bar of sand. Two of the ships were inside the bar, two lay outside.

Again Columbus heard vague reports about the Pacific Ocean, and again he prepared to explore, but on that tropical shore, the rainy season forbids travel. He could not go. On February 6, a small exploring party set out, but soon got into trouble with the Indians. Fighting occurred and many of the Spaniards were killed. Again Columbus tried to continue his southward course, but the elements forbade. His health was breaking and natural obstacles took on a supernatural terror.

"For nine days my life was despaired of," he writes; "never was the sea seen so high, so terrific and so covered with foam. Not only did the wind oppose our proceeding onward, but it also rendered it highly dangerous to run in for any headland, and kept me in that sea, which seemed

to me as a sea of blood, seething like a cauldron on a mighty fire. Never did the sky look more fearful. During one day and one night it burned like a furnace, and every instant I looked to see if my masts and my sails were not destroyed. . . . The men were at this time so crushed in spirit that they longed for death as a deliverance from so many martyrdoms."

Human nature could endure no longer. On April 16, 1503, they left that coast of torment with but two caravels, the ships leaking and full of teredo holes, without boats or provisions. There were barely enough mariners left from the four crews to man the two vessels, and such men as remained were emaciated with hunger, racked with fever and full of a sullen hate for their commander. They sailed eastward to the northern cape of the Gulf of Darien and then, on May 1, turned northward. Twelve days later Columbus reached Cuba, which, in his letter, he calls "the province of Mango which borders on Cathay" (China).

Tempestuous weather continued, shattering the sails of his vessels, wrenching them from their anchorages, and demanding from officers and sailors alike continual and sleepless toil merely to keep afloat. The men were but gaunt specters, the ships were rotten and spongy. "With three pumps and the use of pots and kettles," Columbus writes, "we could scarcely clear the water that came into the ship." On June 23, the two leaking

caravels were beached at Jamaica, mere wrecks that had barely held together, never to float again.

It was there, while living as a castaway, with his crews, that Columbus penned the Letter on the Fourth Voyage, asking specifically for "the restitution of my honor, the reparation of my losses, and the punishment of those who have inflicted them, a similar punishment also to those who plundered me of my pearls and who have brought a disparagement upon the privileges of my Admiralty." He writes of the incredible riches of Veragua (Panama), but weakens his argument by endeavoring to prove that they must be great since "the mines of King Solomon are identical with those of Veragua." He goes on to offer passage and guidance to whomsoever wishes to "rebuild Jerusalem and Mount Sion" on his continent of the Earthly Paradise. The letter closes in a noble and lofty strain.

The condition of the castaways was pitiable. Two men were sent over to Hispaniola, in a canoe, to secure relief from Ovando, but the governor, hostile to Columbus, delayed. Meantime, mutiny broke out among the shipwrecked men, ending in a pitched battle, in which Bartholomew was victorious. The misery and wretchedness of their plight continued. But at last, Ovando—whose government roused Las Casas to a description of atrocities such as the world has seldom read—was compelled by public sentiment to send two ships to rescue Columbus and the few survivors

of his crews. He had been deliberately neglected and practically marooned by Ovando for a year and five days.

On June 28, 1504, Columbus was delivered from his outcast state on Jamaica, and on September 12, left Hispaniola for Spain. He arrived in his adopted land on November 17, 1504, an aged and broken man. Queen Isabella was on her death-bed, and soon breathed her last, leaving Columbus without a protector and exposed to the malice of Fonseca. He spent the remaining months of his life in neglect, sickness and poverty, and died May 20, 1506, at Valladolid.

Peace to his memory! He was a great man. He died, ignorant of the New World that he had opened to Europe, still believing Cuba to be China and South America to be the Earthly Paradise. These errors were fatal to him, but not to his work. He was over-ambitious in his early voyages, over-visionary in his last. He made his task a thousandfold harder than it need have been.

Yet no one can withhold admiration and esteem for his courage, his endurance, his loyalty and his ideals. Greater navigators than he were to sail the seas he found, and better administrators to govern the lands he settled, but of all who came after none has shed a brighter light upon the page of fame than the Genoese sailor, scholar and mystic whose caravels first showed the way to countless millions across the western Ocean. No man has a greater memorial than has Columbus, for his memorial is—America!

CHAPTER VIII

THE NEW WORLD REALIZED

THE splendid honors of high adventure, during the Fifteenth Century, had lain between Portugal and Spain. The great navigators who faced the terrors of unknown seas, who defied hurricanes in tiny caravels, who fought cannibals and mastered savages, wrought their mighty deeds, not for their own profit, but for the glory of God and the pride of their sovereigns. The question, therefore, whether these newly discovered lands should belong to Spain or to Portugal became a burning one.

Portugal had the prior claim. As far back as the days of Prince Henry the Navigator, the Pope—then the ruling force in Christendom—had decreed that all the territory south of Cape Bojador, as far as India, should be Christianized by and should belong to the Crown of Portugal. Moreover, by a treaty signed in 1480, Spain conceded to Portugal all islands discovered or to be discovered off the Guinea Coast, south of the Canary Islands.

When Columbus returned from his First Voyage, however, with his report of new islands and

lands far to the westward, Spain saw her opportunity. Already, while storm-bound at Lisbon, Columbus had been notified by John II that Portugal would put in a claim to these lands.

Ferdinand and Isabella acted with exceeding promptness. Within three days of Columbus' arrival at Barcelona, an embassy was dispatched to Rome, asking for a papal bull (edict) confirming the Spanish sovereigns in their possession of the remote lands to the westward discovered by Cristobal Colon (Christopher Columbus) under their flag.

Pope Alexander VI, who was a native of Aragon, responded without delay. On May 3, 1493, seven weeks after the arrival of Columbus' ship at Palos, he issued a bull conferring upon the crown of Aragon and Castile: "such firm lands and islands beyond the seas which hitherto no man hath sailed, found by our well-beloved son, Christopher Colonus. . . . And that, being authorized by the privilege of Apostolical grace, you may the more freely take upon you the enterprise of so great a matter (the conversion of the heathen in the new lands) we . . . do give, grant and assign to you . . . all the firm lands and islands found or to be found, discovered or to be discovered toward the West and South, drawing a line from the Pole Arctic to the Pole Antarctic . . . toward India or toward any other part whatsoever it be, being distant from, or without the aforesaid line, drawn a hundred leagues to-

wards the West and South from any of the islands commonly called Azores or Cape Verde.”

This was an eminently fair and just award. It gave the navigators of King John ample scope in which to extend their discoveries and conquests to the southward; it left a wide margin of sea between Portuguese and Spanish holdings.

The decision satisfied Spain, but not Portugal. John II rightly judged that Columbus had not reached the Indies, and wrongly supposed that the Admiral had sailed more to the south than the west and so had discovered islands which lay off the coast of Africa. As such, both by earlier papal edicts and by treaty, they should belong to Portugal. John II sent an embassy of protest to the Pope. The ensuing diplomatic interchange occupied more than a year. On June 7, 1494, the Treaty of Tordesillas was signed, moving the Papal Line of Demarcation to a distance of 370 leagues (1480 miles) west from the Cape Verde Islands.

One marked historical effect followed. Owing to the geographical fact that nearly all of South America (even much of the western coast) lies east of the eastern coastline of North America, the coast of Brazil projected eastward beyond the Papal Line and thus became Portuguese territory. To this day the Portuguese language is spoken in Brazil, while Spanish is the tongue of all the other South American republics.

For a time, too, it was believed that Newfound-

land lay east of the Line. When the Corte-reals touched that coast, in 1501 and 1502, they so declared it, and Newfoundland appears as Portuguese territory on the Great Map of Cantino in 1502. As a matter of modern knowledge, the easternmost point of Newfoundland lies some ten degrees west of that line.

After the signing of the Treaty of Tordesillas, defining the Papal Line, there occurred an event which discouraged Portugal from attempting any westward venture. This was the return of Columbus from his Second Voyage, in 1496, with a record of disaster.

Portugal's discovery of Brazil happened otherwise. In 1497, Vasco de Gama set out for India, and, as has been related, rounded Africa, crossed the Indian Ocean, visited the Malabar Coast, and returned to Lisbon, in 1499, in triumph. Such success must be followed up instantly. A large trading fleet of twelve big ships and one caravel was equipped with great attention to detail. It was placed under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, and sailed, on March 9, 1500, for India.

Cabral followed Vasco de Gama's course and took his predecessor's advice to keep to the west out of the zone of calms near the Guinea Coast. But the fleet commander did not make sufficient allowance for the westerly equatorial current, and he was carried further to the west than he had planned. On April 1, 1500, land was sighted.

This proved to be the coast of Brazil, near where Porto Seguro is now situated.

Since the fleet was on a trading voyage and not designed for purposes of exploration, Cabral did no more than land, erect an altar, have a mass said, and take possession of the country in the name of Portugal. He called the new land "Santa Cruz," and, after two weeks' stay, sent Gaspar de Lemos back with the caravel to take the news of the discovery to Lisbon. Cabral's fleet proceeded to India, and returned in safety with the richest cargoes of spices and treasure that had ever entered Europe.

The King of Portugal immediately communicated this new discovery to Ferdinand and Isabella. Since the land of Santa Cruz was clearly within the limits of the Papal Line he pointed out that this harbor was very convenient and necessary for the voyage to India. Spain was not prepared to accede to this, without discussion.

Yet Cabral had not been the first to visit South America, nor even Brazil. He was preceded in the first honor both by Columbus in 1498 and Amerigo Vespucci in 1499; in the second both by Vicente Yanez Pinzon, who sighted land near Cape St. Augustine, on January 20, 1500, and by Diego de Lepe, who reached a point even further south, in March of the same year.

It is but just to point out, however, that Cabral's discovery of Brazil reveals the certainty that America would have been rediscovered by

the Portuguese, even if Columbus had never lived. Cabral's find was the natural sequence of the three-quarters of a century of Portuguese exploration in the South Atlantic Ocean.

This linking of the names of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci as explorers of the coast of South America prior to Cabral may be regarded as the first step in a very curious series of errors which led to the wrongful naming of "America."

On his Third Voyage, Columbus had touched Trinidad, passed the mouths of the Orinoco and coasted for a little distance along Venezuela. In the autumn of 1498 he had sent to Ferdinand and Isabella a most extraordinary account of his Continent of the Earthly Paradise, and a map. These, as a matter of course, were referred to Bishop Fonseca, who was in charge of the Department of the "Indies."

Fonseca, with characteristic energy, immediately summoned Alonso de Hojeda, who had led Columbus' first exploring party in Hispaniola, after the founding of the town of Isabella. Hojeda was of the true "conquistador" breed, a gallant adventurer who knew no fear. Though a soldier rather than a sailor, he accepted Fonseca's offer of command, and, with added equipment from some merchants of Seville, set out for the "Pearl Coast" of the Continent of the Earthly Paradise.

Hojeda's voyage bore results of vast importance, not so much because of the exploration

accomplished, as because of two men who were members of the expedition. The first of these was Juan de la Cosa, the famous pilot who had accompanied Columbus on his First and Second Voyages. The second was Amerigo Vespucci, a merchant of Florence with a taste for adventure and a positive genius for geography. They sailed in May, 1499, under the pilotage of Juan de la Cosa, following the route taken by Columbus in his Third Voyage, but keeping further to the north, and thus retaining the benefit of the trade winds.

They first touched the coast of South America near where Paramaribo (Dutch Guiana) is now situated, and coasted northwestward along Guiana and Venezuela. The latter name was given by Hojeda—on Vespucci's suggestion—because they found a small native village built on piles in the water, hence Little Venice or Venezuela.

After some months of cruising and pearl-gathering, Hojeda turned north and spent eight weeks in Hispaniola. Thence, on his way to Spain, he raided two of the Lesser Antilles islands and captured about 220 Indians to be sold as slaves. These, with the small amount of gold and the large number of pearls he had found on the Venezuelan coast, formed a rich prize, and Hojeda returned, wealthy and famous.

Even so, another had been more venturesome than he. Alonso Nino, of Moguer, an expert pilot,

who had accompanied Columbus on his Second Voyage, set sail in June, 1499, with one small caravel and thirty-three men, and reached the Pearl Coast a few days after Hojeda. He lost no time in exploring, but gathered a cargo of pearls and returned in late August or early September. The quick profits of this trip stimulated private adventuring to the "Indies."

Then, in November, 1499, Vicente Yanez Pinzon, probably the ablest navigator of his time, who had been in command of the little *Nina* in that great First Voyage of Columbus, secured a royal permit to adventure. This was just after Vasco de Gama had returned in triumph, and Ferdinand and Isabella were eager that a Spaniard should achieve to the westward what a Portuguese had done to the eastward. Strictly, Pinzon went to search for a strait to Asia westward at a point south of the southernmost explorations made by Columbus.

Leaving Palos, with three caravels, on November 18, 1499, Pinzon went south to the Cape Verde Islands, and then, ignoring all maps, struck out boldly across absolutely uncharted and unknown waters, steering directly southwest. He crossed the Equator in mid-ocean and, on January 20, 1500, saw land, near Cape St. Augustine. Thence, turning northward, he followed the coast for over 2,000 miles, discovering the mouth of the Amazon. On the return journey, a violent storm sank two

of the caravels, but Pinzon reached home safely on September 30, 1500.

Just as the expedition of Hojeda and Vespucci had been anticipated on its return by a smaller expedition, so Pinzon's results were partly anticipated by Diego de Lepe, who started a few weeks later, and who had Amerigo Vespucci in some such capacity as assistant pilot. De Lepe returned in June, 1500, three months before Pinzon, but the latter had priority in discovery.

Rodrigo de Bastidas was the next to venture forth. He sailed in October, 1500, took up the exploration of the coast of South America from the point where Hojeda and Vespucci had turned to the northward, and carried on the plotting of the coast as far as Nombre de Dios, on the Isthmus.

It will not have been forgotten that Cabral had sighted land on the coast of Brazil, which he had named "Santa Cruz" and had sent back a caravel under Gaspar de Lemos to bring this news to Lisbon. The Portuguese promptly sent out three caravels, under Nuno Manuel, in the summer of 1500, to explore this coast. Amerigo Vespucci was a pilot on one of these vessels.

Striking southwest from Cape Verde they ran into the "doldrums" or zone of equatorial calms and rainfall. After sixty-seven days "of the vilest weather ever seen by man" (to quote Vespucci's words) they made the coast of Brazil, south of the Equator, on August 10. As this was

St. Roque's Day, they named the point of land "Cape San Roque," by which name it is still known.

Thence they skirted the coast southward, passing Bahia and came to a marvellous harbor and river in January, 1501. They called this "Rio de Janeiro" (River of January) and continued southwards. They landed occasionally, but the Indians they encountered were generally hostile. One tribe used poisoned arrows, the Indians of another tribe were cannibals. Many Portuguese in the landing parties lost their lives in skirmishes with the natives.

After following the coast as far south as where Porto Alegre is now, they saw that the land trended steadily to the westward, thus past the Papal Line and no longer Portuguese territory. So, after having provisioned the ships for six months, they sheered out to sea, sailing boldly south by east. They pressed on and on, towards the dreary Antarctic, without sight of land. At last, on April 7, they saw through the icy mists, South Georgia, one of the most appallingly desolate lands known to man. "In comparison with this scarped and craggy island, covered down to the water's edge with glaciers," writes Fiske, "the savage wastes of Tierra del Fuego seem hospitable. Struggling gusts lash the waves into perpetual fury, and at intervals in the blinding snow-flurries, alternated with freezing rain, one

catches ominous glimpses of tumbling ice-floes and deadly ledges of rock.”

While near this frigid horror of a land, a vicious Antarctic gale struck them, and no greater testimony can be given to Amerigo Vespucci as a pilot than that he worked the clumsy caravels off that grim lee shore without loss of ship or man. Thence he turned for home. Across the wastes of the South Atlantic, where no ship had ever been within a thousand miles, he steered straight for Sierra Leone. There, one of the caravels was abandoned, and, in the other two, Vespucci and his men returned to Lisbon, arriving September 7, 1502.

This voyage of Amerigo Vespucci (for he seems to have been the moving force after the departure from Porto Alegre), regarded either as a feat of navigation, a voyage of adventure, or a geographical exploration, ranks second to none before his time. Not even the First Voyage of Columbus can be considered greater. He had sailed more than one-fourth of the circumference of the globe, he had proved the enormous size and westward trend of the continent of South America, he had revealed an Antarctic zone, and, truly, he had found himself in a New World.

The fourth voyage made by Amerigo Vespucci was as a full pilot and captain of one of six ships under the command of Gonzalo Coelho, sent by Portugal to find out what relation this newly discovered Brazilian coast bore to the Orient, and



THE CANTINO CHART SHOWING THE DIVISION OF THE WORLD BETWEEN THE SPANIARDS AND THE PORTUGUESE.

This map summarizes the state of geographical knowledge at about the time of the Death of Columbus, 1506.



especially to the Malacca straits. The idea was still general that, in some way, the new continent must either be a part of Asia or a continent lying southwest from and close to it.

Coelho left Lisbon June 10, 1503, and sailed to Sierra Leone, against the advice of Vespucci who wanted to strike straight across for Brazil. In August, 1503, they discovered the small island of Fernando de Noronha, and there one of the ships, a carrack, struck a sunken rock and sank, her crew being all picked up.

Vespucci was detached to find a harbor on the island and found one half a day's sail distant. But, on the way to join him, Coelho's ship struck a rock and sank. Two ships, sheering out to sea to avoid the treacherous reefs, disappeared. One ship joined Vespucci. They waited there two months, living on sea-birds, and waiting in vain for the other ships to reappear. Then Vespucci took command and sailed to the coast of Brazil, arriving near Cape Frio (close to Rio de Janeiro). Finding a great quantity of Brazil-wood—of great commercial value for dyes—Vespucci decided to establish a colony there. He made peace with the natives, built a blockhouse, provisioned it thoroughly, left twelve cannon and plenty of small arms, and returned to Lisbon, arriving June 18, 1504. The two missing ships arrived later, having been engaged in explorations around the region of the River La Plata. The Cape Frio colony endured for seven years.

Thus before Columbus returned from his Fourth Voyage, and indeed before he had started it, the whole coast of South America had been explored and mapped from the present southern frontier of Brazil all around the thousands of miles of coast to the Isthmus of Panama. Yet Columbus ignoring these discoveries—though a later letter from his pen to Vespucci shows that he knew about them—still talked of the Continent of the Earthly Paradise, and of the straits beyond. Columbus was still so certain that he would outvie his competitors that, on his Fourth and Last Voyage, he took three Arabic interpreters to serve his needs after he had passed the yet undiscovered straits to the Spice Islands and India.

Vespucci had accomplished wonders, but it is to be remembered that his first two voyages were but the following out of the prior work of Columbus, and his last two voyages the extension of the discoveries of Vasco de Gama and Cabral. A curious freak of fate was to give his name to the New World in place of the great Genoese, who first, since the days of the Norsemen, had set foot on what is now American soil.

Since Amerigo Vespucci was but a passenger on his first voyage, an assistant pilot on his second, and a pilot-captain on the third and fourth, always under some fleet commander, how came it about that he gave his name to America?

The chain of circumstances is a strange one.

It originated by a misstatement (whether a fraud or an error is not known) in one of Vespucci's letters, in which he mentions the date of his first voyage as having been 1497—and therefore earlier than Columbus' Third Voyage—instead of 1499—and therefore after it. (John Fiske has been led into error here. For what seems to the author of this book to be conclusive evidence, see E. Gaylord Bourne's "Spain in America" and the bibliography of the controversy therein.) Modern historical research shows the Vespucci voyages to have occurred in the order and on the dates mentioned above. It may be possible that Vespucci also visited Florida and the Carolina coast, as Fiske suggests and as early charts seem to bear out, but the evidence is conjectural, rather than definite.

The chain of circumstances which led to the name "America" begins with Vespucci's statement of "a" voyage in 1497. Yet even this early date and its implication of prior discovery would have had but little effect if it were not that Vespucci had a facile pen and a gift of description. In 1503, he wrote a letter, describing his third voyage, to Lorenzo de Medici, of the princely Florentine family. In 1504, he wrote a longer letter, describing all four voyages, to an old friend, Pietro Soderini, gonfalonier (ruling magistrate) in the Republic of Florence.

The dates on which the letters were written, however, are not of as great importance as are

the dates of their publication. Vespucci's Letter to Medici was translated into Latin (with some changes in the text) and published in 1504. The Letter to Soderini was published in 1505. They created a furore of excitement, and, the printing press having been invented by that time, thousands of copies were struck off. By 1505 or 1506, at the latest, all literary and scientific Europe was aware of the Voyages of Amerigo Vespucci (Americus Vesputius in its Latin form) in the New World.

Consider, for a moment, how different was the case with Columbus. The first brief notice of his Third Voyage appeared as a passage in a Venetian book of voyages in 1504, and not in Latin form until the appearance of the same quotation (from Peter Martyr's unpublished MS) in a larger collection in 1507. Neither of these books had any wide circulation.

Columbus' discovery of South America cannot really be said to have been made known until the publication in 1511 of Peter Martyr's great book "Ocean Decanus" (a decade—of discovery—in the Ocean). Seven years before that time, Columbus had died discredited, his fame, for the time, being obliterated by the brilliant accomplishments of Vasco de Gama, Cabral, Vespucci, Pinzon, de Solis, Cabot and others. When at last Columbus' ideas were made known, his statement that the world was shaped like a pear and ended just beyond the Equator, appeared ridiculous in

the light of Vespucci's voyage to the Antarctic regions.

Moreover, in strong contrast to Columbus' mysticism, Vespucci's statements were clean-cut. Mark the following quotation:

"These regions we found may well be called a New World . . . For it goes beyond the ideas of our ancients, most of whom said there was no continent below the equator and towards the South, or, if any of them said there was one, they declared it must be uninhabited for many reasons. But that this opinion is false and altogether contrary to the truth this last voyage of mine has made known." Whereupon, the writer proceeds to show, with a deft touch and with an eye to detail, the continental discoveries.

There is no reason to suppose that Amerigo Vespucci intended to foist upon the world any claim of his own. His two letters on the "New World" were to private friends. He asked no rewards from the monarchs of Spain or Portugal, though he was made Pilot-Major for Spain in 1508, an office he held until his death in 1512. This appointment is sufficient evidence that he was truly a navigator, and not merely a writer, as some of his detractors have asserted.

Still less is Vespucci to be accused of imposing his name upon the New World. This rank injustice to Columbus was begun by two professors in the College of St. Dié in France. This college, being the Alma Mater of Pierre d'Ailly, compiler

of the "Imago Mundi," was especially forward in geography. Moreover, as it possessed a printing press, it took a prominence greater than its small size would warrant, by reason of its publications.

At this time, Martin Waldseemüller, Professor of Geography, and Mathias Ringmann, Professor of Latin, were engaged in preparing a new edition of Ptolemy's Geography, adding all the newer discoveries. While this was under preparation, the two professors issued in 1507 a small essay entitled "Cosmographia Introductio" (Introduction to Cosmography) which essay was prefaced by the Latin version of the Vespucci letters. In his essay, Waldseemüller, not being aware that the date 1497 in the Letters was possibly an error, and not having seen the scrap of information about Columbus in the little Venetian volume of 1504, declared:

"Another fourth part of the world has been discovered by Americus Vesputius. . . . I do not see why anyone may justly prohibit it to be named 'Amerige,' that is, *Americ ge* or Americ's land, from Americus . . . or else America, since both Europe and Asia derived their names from women."

It was thus that the name passed into current use. True, after the publication of Peter Martyr's book in 1511, Waldseemüller saw his error, and, when he made his Map of the World to accompany the new edition of Ptolemy's Geography, he sub-

stituted on the coast of South America the name "Terra Incognita" (Unknown Land). Moreover, he added: "This land discovered by Columbus, a Genoese, under the authority of the King of Castile."

There is further evidence that Vespucci had no part in this false naming. In 1523, his nephew, Giovanni Vespucci, put out a map, and, on this, he named the coastlands explored by his famous uncle, "New World." Neither Waldseemüller's correction nor Giovanni Vespucci's omission had any effect. It was then too late. The name "America" had become known. On Mercator's great globe of 1541, the word appears spread over both the northern and the southern continents. The division into "North America" and "South America" first appeared in the Seventeenth Century, "Central America" not until the Eighteenth. All later efforts to name the continent "Columbana" or "Atlantis" failed.

The fate of the first Spanish settlements on the mainland may be told in a few words. The indomitable Hojeda received a grant of the coast of what is now Colombia, under the title "New Andalusia". He started in Nov. 1509. With him were the veteran Juan de la Cosa, and Francisco Pizarro, the future conqueror of Peru. On the first foray into the interior, the colonists met fierce resistance from Indians with poisoned arrows. Juan de la Cosa was killed, and, a few days later, when the Indians actually attacked a

fort built by the Spaniards, Hojeda was wounded. By cauterizing the wound with white-hot iron plates, he escaped death, but not for long. After weeks of peril and suffering he reached Santo Domingo, penniless and dying.

Diego de Nicuesa, a young planter who had become rich in Hispaniola, received the Isthmus of Panama as a grant. He set sail for Santo Domingo in Dec. 1509. The expedition promised well, but the fever-filled climate, the terrible heat and lack of suitable food cost him 640 out of his 700 men in a few months. He tried to assume authority over the remnant of Hojeda's band, now under the command of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who had emigrated northward to Panama. But these men refused his leadership, set him aboard a worm-eaten vessel and he was never heard of again.

Balboa's record was sensational. Fleeing from creditors in Spain, he had himself nailed in a barrel and placed aboard Hojeda's ship, among the provisions, until the ship should have cleared harbor. When the settlers landed, Balboa showed himself a natural-born leader, and, upon the departure of the wounded Hojeda, Balboa took command. He married the daughter of a neighboring chief, secured the alliance of another tribe, and led both to war against their hereditary enemies, winning the victory. For this he received gold to the value of \$12,000. While the Spaniards were wrangling over the division of the spoil, one of

the chiefs told Balboa that, to the southwest, there lay "a region flowing with gold which may satisfy your ravening appetites. . . . When you pass over the mountains, you shall find another sea where they sail with ships as big as yours."

In the summer of 1513, hearing that a new governor was coming out from Spain to inquire as to Balboa's rights in Panama (he had none!) that gallant adventurer, with 190 Spaniards and several hundred Indian porters, set out to find the truth about this reported sea.

For eighteen days they waded malarial swamps, cut their way through thorny thickets, and climbed steaming cliffs guarded by lianas and vines as tough as wire. By heroic endeavor and grilling toil, on Sept. 25, 1513, Balboa reached the ridge and in his own words, "saw the great main sea, never seen before by any man coming out of our world, and heretofore unknown to the inhabitants of Europe, Asia and Africa." Four days later he stood on the shore, and, when the tide came rushing in, took possession of the Further Ocean in the name of the King of Spain.

Had this news but reached Spain earlier, Balboa might have become the greatest figure in Central America, for not even Cortés was better fitted for conquistador work. But his great discovery profited him nothing. It even failed to save him from the new governor, Pedro Arias de Avila, who put him to death by treachery.

Though Columbus had died, still believing

Cuba to be the mainland of Asia, charts as early as 1502 showed it to be an island. It had been twice circumnavigated in 1508, moreover, once by Vicente Yanez Pinzon and Juan Diaz de Solis, and again by Sebastian de Ocampo.

With Cuba known to be an island, explorers started to the northward. Ponce de Leon, who had come with the first group of colonists on Columbus' Second Voyage, and had helped to build Isabella, had been appointed governor of Eastern Hispaniola by Ovando. In 1509 he had been made governor of Boriquen, or Porto Rico.

In 1512 he secured a royal patent to discover and explore Bimine, among the Bahama Islands, where there was reported to be gold, and where the fabled Fountain of Youth was supposed to be. Cruising around the Bahamas, on April 2, 1512, Ponce de Leon discovered a coastland, which he named Florida. In 1521, he undertook to colonize Florida, but lost so many men in Indian warfare and was so grievously wounded that he returned to Cuba, where he died.

Further exploration along the Gulf Coast was taken up by Francisco de Garay, also one of the colonists of Isabella, and who had become Governor of Jamaica. Garay sent Alonzo de Pineda with four vessels, and Pineda sailed along the shore from Florida to Vera Cruz, Mexico. On Pineda's glowing report, Garay equipped a large expedition of eleven vessels, with 850 men and 144 horses, to settle Mexico. Cortés, however, had already

taken possession, and Garay threw in his lot with the conqueror, his son becoming betrothed to Cortés' daughter. Yet Garay, himself, was able to do but little in the Conquest of Mexico, for he died of pneumonia a few months after.

The coast-line to the north still called for venture. In 1521 Justice de Ayllon, of Santo Domingo, sent Francisco Gordillo with a single caravel. Gordillo met a slave-ship and the two sailed north as far as Georgetown, South Carolina, where they captured two shiploads of Indians. On their return to Santo Domingo, Ayllon, who sought exploration and not slaves, freed the Indians.

Gordillo's account of the voyage, however, revealed a land suitable for settlement, and Ayllon undertook to command the expedition himself. He set out in 1526 with 600 men. They landed near Cape Fear, and the settlement of San Miguel de Guadeloupe was formed. But however kindly a judge Ayllon might be, he was not a military commander. The Indians were hostile, and the climate unhealthful. Ayllon died of fever three months later, no one was competent to take command, the men quarreled and fought among themselves, and less than 150 survivors reached Hispaniola.

Stephen Gomez, who had deserted from Magellan's expedition, sailed from Spain early in 1525 with a single caravel, seeking for a route to Cathay by a possible northwest passage. In this

he was guided by the voyages of Cabot and the Corte-Reals, who explored Newfoundland in 1502 and 1503, the Portuguese navigator Fagundes, who reported a deep gulf (the Gulf of St. Lawrence?) in 1520, and Verrazano, who coasted along the shore in 1524. Gomez made land either at Newfoundland or Maine, and coasted southward until he reached the northernmost point reached by Ayllon's expeditions.

Thus, by the year 1525, Spanish and Portuguese vessels had minutely examined and charted the eastern coasts of South, Central and North America, from Magellan's Straits to Labrador, and, since the charts of the Norsemen had been made available, to Greenland. That this coastline revealed a continent of enormous extent as well as length was evident from the volume of water found in the Mississippi, Orinoco, Amazon and La Plata rivers. Careful search had shown no straits to Asia between Cape Breton and Tierra del Fuego. Since Spain and Portugal were not seeking colonies, but gold, their haphazard attempts at settlement failed, and the first true colonization in North America was left for the more northern races of the British, French and Dutch.

It is occasionally suggested that it has been a good thing for North America that the Spaniards secured so light a hold on that continent, and their administration of Mexico and Peru is cited as proof. This is both unhistorical and unjust. The conditions and climate of Central and South

America must inevitably produce a different type of government than would occur in North America. Latin ideals differ from Celtic and Teuton ideals.

The Spanish were not less devout than the English Puritans, not less courageous than the French fur-traders, not less able merchants than the Dutch burghers. It would be difficult to find on the pages of all history a more gallant body of men than the Spanish conquistadors. A Spanish North America would have been different from the United States and Canada, but no one is justified in taking the rôle of a prophet and saying that it would have been worse, or better.

Before leaving this phase of the subject it must be affirmed emphatically that the dealings of the Spanish with the Indians were to the full as humane, as careful for religious and secular education, as tolerant of alliances as were the dealings of the English colonists. In the South American republics today—which hold a tenfold higher place in the world than the average North American realizes or is willing to admit—the Indian under Spanish influence has become a valuable citizen.

All honor to Spain and Portugal! They achieved the apparently impossible. They lifted a whole race, counting millions, into the sphere of civilized thought, life and religion. They Christianized the heathen in the remote lands beyond the sea. They developed them into peoples which

were able to become self-governing republics. And, in these republics, the highest honors have at times been given to Spanish Indians.

Liberty is for all. Equality of opportunity is the right of countries as well as individuals. There is a democracy of nations as well as of voters. He who, in the United States, does most honor to the historic glories of Spain and Portugal, and who most fraternally extends fellowship to nations founded upon Spanish and Portuguese ideals, thereby shows himself the best American.

CHAPTER IX

THE CONQUISTADOR IN NORTH AMERICA

SPANISH carracks and caravels had dared the unknown Western Ocean, had explored hundreds of miles of the North American shore and had cast anchor in many a score of harbors. Between the momentous years 1492 and 1525, the whole coast had been charted. This was all the work of the Spanish pilot and the Spanish mariner. The Conquistador, strictly so-called, had not yet appeared upon the scene.

The Conquistador, or Soldier of Conquest, was three heroes rolled into one. He was, first of all, a Crusader, who came to plant the Cross on American soil; he was, secondly, a chivalric soldier whose gallantry rings with a trumpet-peal across the pages of American history; he was, thirdly, a resourceful pioneer who could handle axe and gun as well as Daniel Boone himself. The churches, the forts, and the log-houses, fields and flock-pastures of the Conquistadores were the first European works in America since Thorfinn Karlsefni had erected his house in Wine-land to shelter Gudrid the Fair, the first white American mother, and Snorri Thorfinnsson, the first white American child.

They would have liked each other—those two, Norseman and Conquistador! Mighty men of war and mighty men of peace, the viking of the North and the knight of the South were blood-brothers in courage, in resourcefulness and in virility. No country ever could lay claim to a more gallant and romantic ancestry than North America.

In the preceding volume have been told the stories of the two most famous Conquistadores of History, Hernando Cortés, the Conqueror of Mexico, and Francisco Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru. Yet they were not greater in themselves than Panfilo de Narvaez, Hernando de Soto, Fray Marcos and Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, whose ventures were on North American soil. The latter are less known to fame only because their spoils were scantier.

Although Ponce de Leon belongs rather to the period of the navigators than to that of the Conquistadores, his fame attaches closely to the attempt he made to found a colony in Florida, and to his daring but hopeless search in the swampy and barren lands of that region for the fabled "Fountain of Youth," the water of which was so healing that, if a man once drank of it he would never grow old. In that romantic quest, most of his men found their graves on American soil, and their great leader received a wound from a stone-tipped arrow, from which he died, soon afterwards, in Cuba.

A man of a very different stripe was Panfilo de Narvaez. The fire of the Conquistador had bitten deep into his soul. Almost, he became the Conqueror of Mexico. Diego Velasquez, who had succeeded Ovando as governor, had sent Cortés to follow up the discoveries in Yucatan made by Cordova in 1517 and by Grijalva in 1518. But he had repented of his choice of Cortés soon after the expedition had started, and he had sent Narvaez to supplant him.

Narvaez followed Cortés from Yucatan to the town of Vera Cruz, which Cortés had founded on the coast of Mexico, and whence the Conqueror had begun his great march into the interior. By the time Narvaez arrived, Cortés had already penetrated to the City of Mexico, seized it, and made a prisoner of Montezuma, the Aztec emperor.

Hearing of Narvaez' arrival, Cortés left Alvarado in charge in the City of Mexico, returned to the coast by a marvellous series of forced marches, attacked Narvaez by surprise, clapped him into prison, and attached his rival's troops to his own banner.

Two years in a Mexican prison convinced Narvaez that the Land of the Aztecs held no opportunities for him, while Cortés lived. Upon his release, he returned to Spain, determined to find new realms to conquer.

Garay's exploring expeditions, which had compassed the coast from Florida to Mexico, had re-

ported fertile land near the "Rio Grande." This stream may either have been the Mississippi or the river still called the Rio Grande, on the borders of the United States and Mexico. As Cortés' conquests lay far south of that region, Narvaez determined to occupy this country for himself.

The enormous wealth secured by the conquests of Mexico and Peru held out hopes of similar treasure-cities elsewhere. It was easy, therefore, for Narvaez to secure ships, money and men from Spain. He sailed in June, 1527, with five ships and 600 people, including a few women, wives of members of the expedition.

At Santo Domingo, Narvaez met his first misfortune. Over a hundred men deserted, preferring a competence in a colony to the chance of a fortune on a venturesome quest. From Hispaniola the conquistador went to Cuba. Evil dogged his heels, however, and in a West Indian hurricane, two of his ships went to the bottom, carrying to death sixty men and twenty horses.

With three ships left he sailed north from Cuba. Believing the ocean current to be westerly instead of easterly, he sailed N E in order to strike land as soon as possible. This course and the current led him, not to the Mississippi, nor to the Rio Grande, but to a point of land north of Tampa Bay, Florida.

One vessel was sent to Cuba for supplies. The other two were bidden coast towards Mexico

and await Narvaez' arrival in a certain harbor. Cabeza de Vaca, treasurer and historian of the expedition, opposed this separation of ships and men, but the Captain-General was insistent. The two vessels reached the appointed harbor, waited in vain for Narvaez, sailed back, discovered Tampa Bay, spent a year in a vain search for their leader, and, at last, returned to Cuba.

With an army of 300 men, Narvaez set out, on May 1, 1528, to follow the coast by land. After two months of struggling through the abominable swamps of the Florida coast, he heard from a captured Indian that there was "a large town" at Apalachee. Thinking this might be another such mighty capital as the City of Mexico, bursting with riches such as the Aztec capital possessed, Narvaez, with less than three days' rations to a man, plunged into the scrub to conquer for himself an empire. Cortés had done so, why should not he?

A few days' march brought them to Apalachee. Here was no seat of empire! The "large town" was but a group of primitive huts. As the braves were away on a raid, the Spaniards conquered the village without difficulty. But, when the war-party of the Creeks returned, a bitter struggle began. Narvaez had hurriedly fortified the village, and, for a solid month, he fought night and day to hold the post. The Indians poured down in hordes and the Spaniards were compelled to

abandon the point they had fought so desperately to keep.

Nine days of marching through oak-thicket and morass, harassed by bands of Indians in ambush all the way, brought the Spaniards to the sea-coast. Cabeza de Vaca, with a mounted advance guard, went ahead to find a camp. This was located a day's march further on, at what is now Ocklockonee Bay, not far from Pensacola. They called that place "Bahia de Caballos" because there they were compelled to kill and eat their horses.

The ships were gone. The miasmic coastlands were unfit for marching. No game was to be found save an occasional turtle on the beach or in the swamps—poor subsistence for an army!

In dire extremity Narvaez and the Spaniards determined to build themselves such boats as they could. They hammered their spurs, stirrups and every piece of metal they possessed—except their weapons—into nails. They cut down trees and hewed rough boards from them, nailing them with their clumsy spikes and with wooden pins. They caulked the gaping seams with palmetto fiber and pine-tree resin. Where the holes were too big, the hides of the dead horses were patched over. The rigging was made of ropes roughly twisted from the hair of the horses' manes and tails. The men's clothing served for sails.

Dried fish and turtle-flesh, with some maize which had been carried from the Indian granaries

at Apalachee, formed their only food. The water, tepid and marsh-tasting, was kept in raw-hide buckets to which shreds of horse-flesh still clung.

Towards the end of September, 1528, the last of the horse-flesh having been eaten, they put aboard the boats their slender stock of provisions and water. Then, hoisting their sails of clothing with rigging of horse-hair, they pushed off the shore in what were surely the most pitiful make-shifts of boats on which gallant men ever trusted their lives.

Yet these men, even in such desperate straits, did not turn back to Cuba. They set their faces onward. Soon their food came to an end. The water bred worms and stank. The hot sun of the Gulf of Mexico warped the green timbers of their boats. Many days later, famished and thirst-tortured, they passed a strong current of fresh water pouring out into the ocean, so fresh that they were able to drink from it. This was the Mississippi. Adverse current and wind prevented them from turning inland.

Bailing night and day, the boats crawled on. With water to their knees, and the boats sinking under them, the men put to shore, from time to time, to plug the yawning holes and make such repairs as were possible. West of the mouth of the Mississippi a gust of off-shore wind carried to sea the boat on which Narvaez sailed. In the waters of the Gulf of Mexico he found his grave.

After two months of misery, eighty survivors,

in two boats which were barely more than floating sieves, beached on Matagorda Island, off the coast of Texas. They had neither food nor water, many were too weak to stand upright. Only fifteen survived to see the spring.

Six years of dreadful silence followed.

One day, on the Pacific coast of Mexico, some Spanish slave-catchers found on the beach a naked white man, who spoke Spanish. It was Cabeza de Vaca. Only three others of the Narvaez expedition were still alive: two Spaniards, Dorantes and Castillo, and a negro slave, named Estevanico. Of the rest, some had died of hunger, others gone mad from thirst, a few had been tortured to death by Indians.

De Vaca and his three companions had undergone hardships unimaginal. During the six years, they had roamed far north with the buffalo hunters, and they had starved with the dirt-eaters of the cactus plains. They had learned Indian tongues and, towards the end of their wanderings, secured such mighty reputations as wonder-workers and medicine men that they "were frequently accompanied by three or four thousand persons, for each of whom we had to breathe upon and sanctify the food and drink." This was in 1534. They then pushed westward to the junction of the Rio Grande and Pecos rivers, along the Rio Grande to the mouth of the Conchos and across northern Mexico to the Gulf of California. It was not until July, 1536, that the three Span-

iards and the negro slave reached the City of Mexico. More than nine years had passed since they left Spain.

Cabeza de Vaca, while some of his statements seem exaggerated, was careful to distinguish between what he had seen and what he had heard by rumor. He told of houses which held hundreds of people (pueblos) but declared only upon report that in the lofty mountains to the north (the Rocky Mts.) emeralds could be found. Yet he told nothing but the truth when he described "pasture-prairies larger than all of Spain." Never, in the wildest flights of a romancer's imagination, has there been conceived a tale so strange and terrible as the simple story written by Cabeza de Vaca himself of the Narvaez expedition and his own eight years of wild wandering.

By this time the viceroyalty of "New Spain" had been formed, with four divisions—Mexico, Hispaniola and the islands, New Galicia and Guatemala. Don Antonio de Mendoza, "the Good Viceroy," held the important office of Supreme Governor when Cabeza de Vaca returned. The Viceroy was at once besieged by adventurers who wished to plunder the Seven Cities of which de Vaca spoke so cautiously, and which popular opinion at once supposed to be the fabled "Seven Treasure Cities of Cibola."

Mendoza, however, knew how many Spanish expeditions had gone to disaster from following vague rumors. He sent Fray Marcos of Nice to

make a reconnoissance. He knew that a Franciscan friar would not turn slave-catcher nor unnecessarily inflame the natives.

Fray Marcos, "the Frenchman," was well fitted for such an enterprise. He had courage of a high order and vast experience. He had been with Pizarro in Peru, had marched every foot of the way from Guatemala to the City of Mexico, knew half-a-dozen Indian tongues and had labored mightily in the cause of the Indians. On Mendoza's request he left New Spain in the spring of 1539, taking with him as a guide Estevanico, the negro slave who had accompanied Cabeza de Vaca and was one of the four survivors of the Narvaez expedition.

In order to save time and food Fray Marcos sent the negro ahead with a flying squad of Indians to scout out the land. If the prospect was poor, Estevanico was to send back by an Indian runner a cross a couple of inches in length; if the prospects were fair, a large cross, and so on. Four days later, an Indian messenger came into Fray Marcos' camp with a cross five feet long, and the Indian told of finding Seven Stone-Built Cities.

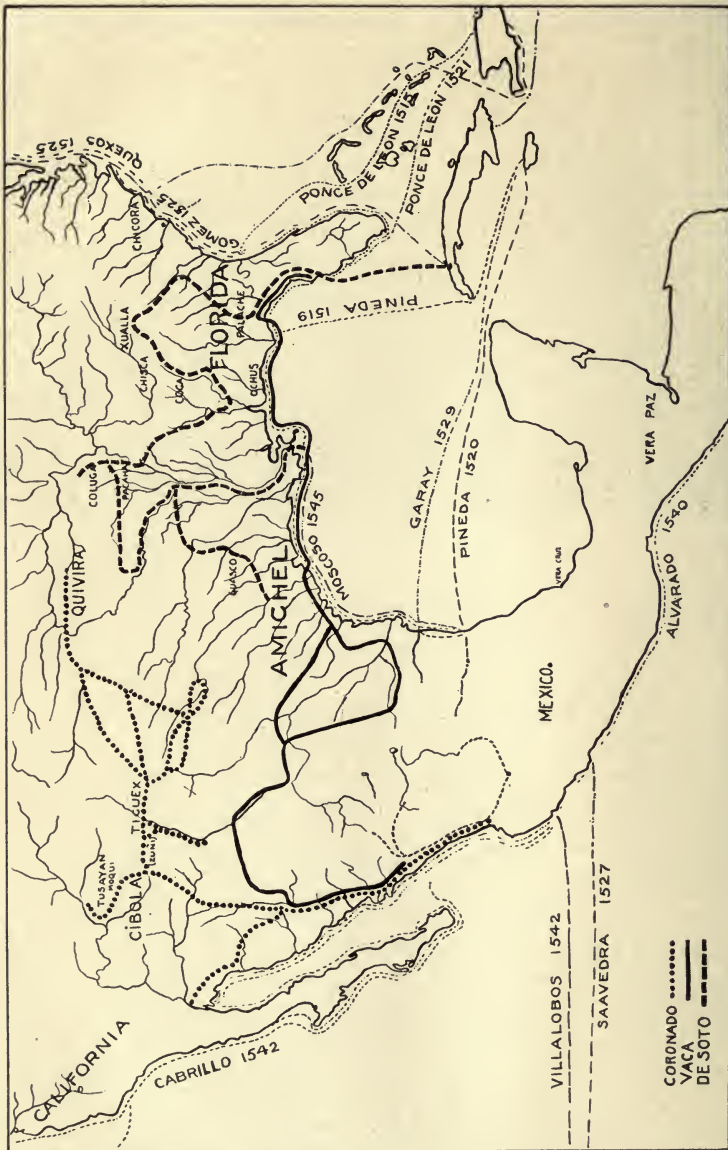
Instead of waiting for his chief, however, the negro pushed on, seeking treasure and importance for himself. He was promptly killed by the pueblo Indians. On receiving the report of his death Fray Marcos advanced only far enough to see one of the pueblos from a distance, and then "with



From a painting by W. H. Powell in the Capitol at Washington

DE SOTO DISCOVERS THE MISSISSIPPI.

Hernando de Soto was the second of the great Spanish explorers into the territory which is now the United States. He was appointed Governor of Cuba and Adelanto of Florida, the latter title including a royal permit to conquer and colonize the unknown land. He landed at Tampa Bay in May, 1539, with 620 men and 223 horses. He marched northward and westward and reached the Mississippi in May, 1541.



THE EXPLORATIONS OF CORONADA, DE VACA AND DE SOTO.

Few areas of the world can show the routes of explorers where greater hardship was faced and overcome than this section across the southern area of the present United States. Every Spanish adventurer into this territory wrought a tale of heroism scarcely without peer in the annals of human adventure.

more fright than food," as he declared, retreated. He knew that Mendoza wanted a report, not a martyrdom.

The friar's report, like Cabeza de Vaca's statement, consisted of a sober account of the things he had seen, and a credulous account of the things he had heard. In those days people were not discriminating, and they accepted rumors for facts. The Seven Cities were unquestionably there, fable spoke of Seven Treasure Cities, therefore these pueblos must be those long-sought haunts of gold, so they reasoned. Fray Marcos' report was destined to have a potent effect on future exploration, but, before it could be acted upon, another expedition had set forth, its impetus accelerated by the reports of Cabeza de Vaca.

Hernando de Soto was the second of the great Spanish explorers into the territory which is now the United States. He was "adelanto" or military governor of "Florida," a region which then extended from the east coast to Mexico and ran indefinitely northwards. De Soto was of the true Conquistador type. Starting in life with no fortune but his sword, he went to the Isthmus, was among the companions of Pizarro, secured for himself a fair fortune during the Inca Conquest, and returned to Spain. Soon after his return, he was appointed Governor of Cuba and Adelanto of Florida, the latter title including a royal permit to conquer and colonize the unknown land.

While De Soto was engaged in equipping the expedition—largely with the fortune he had amassed in Peru—Cabeza de Vaca arrived in Spain. He also sought from the Crown the privilege of conquering the lands through which he had passed in such distress, but De Soto had the advantage of priority and riches. Cabeza received a commission to occupy the La Plata River region, south of Brazil, which had been proved to lie west of the Papal Line and thus to belong to Spain. The venture had but little success, and Cabeza returned to a quiet life in Spain.

De Soto sailed in April, 1538. He spent a year in Cuba, setting the affairs of the island in order and getting further material ready for his planned conquest. In May, 1539, he left Cuba with nine ships, 620 men and 223 horses. De Soto, from his experience with Pizarro in the Conquest of Peru, knew well how to equip such an expedition. He landed on May 30, in Tampa Bay.

The march northward was through the same inhospitable area of alternating cypress swamp, palmetto flat, and scrub-oak hillocks that Narvaez had encountered. A few days after landing, the adventurers met a white man who barely saved himself from death by crying out some Spanish words and making the sign of the cross. He proved to be a Spaniard named Juan Ortiz, who had been on the ships of Narvaez, and who had been captured by the Indians during the search for the missing leaders. For twelve years he had

been a slave under the Indians and readily became De Soto's interpreter. He added to his new leader's cupidity by a statement that the Indians spoke of a "Land of El Dorado" (the Gilded Man) lying to the north. This seemed to support Cabeza de Vaca's story of the Seven Cities, and De Soto pushed on. He wintered near Apalachee, whence Narvaez had been compelled to flee.

In March, 1540, having reinforced his Indian bearers who had died during the winter with slaves taken from near-by villages, De Soto struck northeast across the present State of Georgia as far as the Savannah River. There he turned to the westward, passed the lower undulations of the Blue Mountains, and turned southwards towards the sea, arriving at Mauvilla, near Mobile Bay, in Oct. 1541. There a sharp battle with Indians occurred, in which 18 Spaniards were slain and 150 wounded. Though his lieutenant was waiting for him at Ochuse, not six days' march away, De Soto kept this fact of near-by help a secret from his men, for he would "send no news of himself until he had found some rich country," by which De Soto meant an empire such as that which Pizarro had found in Peru or Cortés in Mexico.

Few explorers and commanders have ever shown themselves as able as De Soto. At this time, he had been absent a year and three months, without a single return to a base of supplies, yet he had lost less than a hundred men by sickness or in the continual battles with the Indians. His

troops were still well provisioned and the horses in fair condition. Most important of all, the great drove of pigs with which he traveled as a base of provisions had thriven exceedingly.

From near Mobile Bay he marched northwest, and wintered in Dec., 1541, at the Indian village of Chickasaw on the Yazoo River. This was a place of disaster. In March, 1542, a large war-party attacked the village suddenly at midnight and set it on fire. Eleven Spaniards were killed, most of the baggage was burned to ashes, and fifty horses and several hundred pigs perished in the flames.

Marching on, after this reverse, on May 8, 1541 De Soto secured the first sight of the Mississippi. At this point it was two miles wide. A month was spent in building flat-bottomed boats to cross the stream, in making new lances, in repairing and sharpening weapons, and in sewing complete outfits of clothing and shoes from skins. A few of these were from animals which had been shot, but most of the hides had been forcibly taken from small Indian villages they passed. The Indian women slaves did most of this work.

When at last the boats were ready, De Soto crossed the "Father of Waters" some twenty miles south of Memphis. Thence the army marched north, into Arkansas, encountered buffalo-hunting Indians and secured a number of buffalo robes, but found no gold. Nor, in a westward march into the interior, did De Soto hear

anything further of El Dorado or the Seven Treasure Cities of Cibola. He turned south again, retracing his steps, and, in Nov. 1541, went into winter quarters some thirty miles south of Fort Smith, Ark. The explorer, far from abandoning his project, sent therefrom a messenger to Cuba to send further supplies, these to meet the expedition at the point where the Mississippi joins the sea.

The winter in Arkansas proved a different story from the preceding season in balmy Florida. It was a severe winter and the snow kept them from much hunting. During one severe spell, many men might have been frozen had not De Soto himself, on horseback, trodden backwards and forwards a trail from the winter huts to the woods a mile away, whence the men might carry fuel. The list of dead had grown to 250 by the spring of 1542.

Toward the end of March, they started back towards the Mississippi, and, with great difficulty, for horses and men were weak, at last attained the bank of the stream, and started southward. Even De Soto's marvelous skill as an explorer was marshalled in vain against the twin foes of exhaustion and despair and the men declined fast. His failure to find a great empire disappointed and depressed De Soto much, but the disheartenment of his men did more. Upon the shores of the Mississippi he fell ill, and, after a few days' sick-

ness, died, naming Luis de Moscoso as his successor.

So, on May 21, 1542, passed away Hernando de Soto, Governor of Cuba and Adelanto of Florida, one of the most intrepid explorers who ever set foot on American shores. He was buried on the shore, and then, Moscoso, fearing that the Indians might desecrate the grave, exhumed his commander's body, placed it in a canoe, paddled out into the stream, and, with suitable prayers, lowered the remains of the great explorer "into the midst of the River."

The choice of Moscoso brought contentment to the home-sick soldiers, for the new leader had declared that "he had rather sleep poor on a bed in Spain than govern a wilderness like Florida." He struck straight for New Spain and reached as far as Trinity River, Texas, but the sage-brush plains held no food, even for the drove of pigs, and the Apaches and Comanches were hostile.

Back they turned to the Mississippi again, and spent the winter of 1542 on the banks of the stream, where, at least, there was game and fish. During the winter, with the aid of their Indian slaves, they built seven seaworthy boats. When spring came, they killed all the pigs and dried the flesh, and did the same to most of the horses. They had collected also, during the early winter, a quantity of wild rice.

At the end of June, when all was ready, Moscoso liberated the Indian slaves—some 300 men and

200 women—but he took on the boats nearly a hundred of their more faithful followers, most of whom had grown to love their stern but paternal captors.

On July 2, 1543, they embarked, meeting many perils from hostile tribes of canoe-using Indians, for the Spaniards no longer had powder for their fire-arms, and they had used the metal of the muskets in the construction of the boats. In sixteen days they reached the sea, and coasted westwards towards Mexico for fifty-two days more.

At last they came to the Spanish settlements on the River Panuco, on Sept. 10, 1543, four years and a quarter after the landing at Tampa Bay. Three hundred and eleven men, or more than half, survived, a notable achievement, as much to the credit of the soldiers themselves as to the valorous De Soto and his sagacious successor.

Meanwhile, during the years of De Soto's exploration, Mendoza, the Viceroy of New Spain, prepared to send an elaborately equipped military expedition to the cities of which Cabeza de Vaca had spoken and which Fray Marcos had seen in the distance. This force was placed under the command of Francisco de Coronado, governor of New Galicia (Northern Mexico) and was supported by a small sea force under Hernando de Alarçon. The latter followed along the Pacific Coast, sailed up the Gulf of California, and explored the Colorado River by boats, as far as the lower end of the Grand Canyon.

Coronado's force consisted of 300 Spaniards and 800 Indians, all the Spaniards being mounted and a large band of extra horses being herded along. Large droves of sheep and pigs accompanied the expedition. It set out in Feb. 1540. At Culiacan, Coronado left the main force and went ahead himself with fifty Spaniards and most of the Indian allies. He crossed southwestern Arizona without difficulty and found the long-sought Seven Cities. Alas for dreams of treasure! These Seven Cities of Fray Marcos proved to be but seven pueblos of the Zuni Indians.

A messenger was sent back to Melchior Diaz, in command of the main force. Diaz explored the region at the head of the Gulf of California, crossed the Colorado River, and made a survey to the westward. A party sent to the eastward, under Pedro de Tovar, explored Tusayan, and De Cardenas discovered the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The whole army wintered at Tiguex, on the Rio Grande, in the middle of New Mexico. The Tigua and Tewa Indians were hostile, but they found a stern foe in Coronado, whose rigorous military supervision permitted no surprise, and who punished without mercy.

In the spring of 1541, Coronado set out to find the City of Quivira, of which town an Indian prisoner had told strange tales. With his main force, the conquistador reached the borders of what is now Oklahoma. There he established a base

camp, and rode north, himself, with fifty men, only to find Quivira to be a group of huts in the center of what is now Kansas. (This is not to be confused with the ruin, Gran Quivira, in Northern Mexico.) Had Coronado but known it, he was then but nine days' march from De Soto, in Arkansas.

Coronado was a skilful observer as well as a strict commander, and his commentaries on the regions he visited were trustworthy and valuable. He reported the Kansas prairies to be extraordinarily fertile, but declared that the sage-brush plains and deserts which must be crossed, in order to reach the prairies from New Spain (Mexico) rendered them too difficult of access for value in permanent settlement. Had Coronado met De Soto, and learned of the proximity of the prairies to the Mississippi, the history of the United States might have been very different. Coronado returned to Mexico in the autumn of 1541, with the loss of scarcely a man.

Thus, by the three great explorations, those of Narvaez and Cabeza de Vaca, of De Soto, and of Coronado, a partial reconnaissance survey had been made in the Gulf States, Georgia, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Kansas, Colorado and California, truly a marvellous record of skilful leadership and heroic endurance.

It should never be forgotten that the first white men to pass through the trackless lowlands of

the Southern States, to float down the Mississippi, to march over the deserts and sage-brush plains of the Southwest, and to ride centaur-like over the western prairies, were those gallant gentlemen and sturdy adventurers—the Spanish Conquistadores.

CHAPTER X

THE PACIFIC COAST EXPLORATIONS

BALBOA, in 1513, had taken possession of the Further Ocean, in the name of the King of Spain. But what was this "main sea" to which, with a flourish of the sword, he had laid claim? Was it a narrow strait separating New Spain and Asia, or, as seemed more probable, a gulf extending northward from the Indian Ocean?

The discovery of the extreme narrowness of the Isthmus of Panama had brought further hopes that the "New World" might prove to be a long island, or, better still, a group of islands, between which straits might be found to China, the Spice Islands and India. The knowledge of an ocean beyond so narrow a neck of land revived interest in the westward route to Cathay.

The news of Balboa's discovery did not reach Spain until April, 1514, but, as soon as it did so, Ferdinand acted promptly. He sent a dispatch to La Cosa, High Constable of the new province of Castilla del Oro (Golden Castile=Southern Panama) instructing him to colonize the Pacific Coast and to build caravels with all haste for the exploration of the Southern Sea.

Next, the king sent for Juan Diaz de Solis, who had accompanied Pinzon in the great coasting voyage from Honduras to Southern Brazil. Since the retirement of Pinzon, who had succeeded Amerigo Vespucci as Pilot-Major of Spain, de Solis had come to be regarded as Spain's ablest active navigator. With three ships and three years' provisions he was ordered to explore the coast southwards from Panama "for a distance of 1700 leagues, or more, if possible," without, however, landing at any point on the eastern or Portuguese side of the Papal Line.

It was a weary voyage, for the indentations of the coast are numerous. After more than a year spent in the laborious search, de Solis reached the enormous estuary of the La Plata River, which he called "the Fresh-water Sea." Remembering that Vespucci had met friendly natives, further up the coast, de Solis landed with seven companions, to make gifts to the Indians, in the hope of securing information.

Then, as Peter Martyr tells the story: "suddenly a great multitude of the inhabitants burst forth upon them, and slew every man with clubs, even in the sight of their fellows. . . . They cut the slain men in pieces and made ready to roast them. . . . Their companions, being stricken with fear through this example, durst not come forth of their ships, nor devise how to revenge the death of their Captain and companions. They departed, therefore, from these unfortunate coasts,

and, loading their ships with Brazil-wood (at points further north along the coast), returned home again with loss and heavy cheer."

Though de Solis' exploration had come to this horrible ending, the plan to explore the Pacific Coast from the further side of the Isthmus was advancing apace. After one or two minor attempts, the matter fell into the hands of Francisco Pizarro, who had accompanied Balboa on the famous march on which the Pacific Ocean had been first sighted.

The Governor of Castilla del Oro turned over the direction of exploration to de Andagoya, Inspector-General of the Isthmus. The latter, ill with fever and unable to go himself, sent for Pizarro, who, despite his humble origin, had shown himself a leader of men.

Together with a fellow-soldier named Diego de Almagro and a friar named Hernando de Luqué, Pizarro set forth from Dom Miguel on the Pacific coast of Panama in 1524, but failed to find a suitable landing-place on the South American coast before their provisions were exhausted. Setting out again, in 1526, they had not proceeded many days, when, to their unutterable amazement, they saw a sail upon this unknown sea! It proved to be a Peruvian craft, laden with treasure, and thus the Conquistador first learned of the wealth and power of the Incas.

Pizarro and a few men landed on the island of Gallo, and sent Almagro back for supplies. For

months the Conquistador was marooned, for the jealous governor refused to send reinforcements. At last, however, a small vessel was sent to rescue the half-abandoned men, and in this ship Pizarro explored the coast as far south as the Bay of Guayaquil, thus establishing the longitude and revealing the enormous breadth of the continent.

From thence he proceeded to Tumbez, where he landed. The Conquistador was most hospitably received by Inca tribes, and saw ample evidence of the enormous wealth of that civilization. He realized, also, that the conquest of Peru could not be made without a considerable Spanish force.

Returning to Panama, the three comrades sailed for Spain, and, in 1529, succeeded in getting a hearing from the king. Pizarro was appointed Adelanto, Almagro was made Marshal, and Luqué was named Bishop of Tumbez. With a small force they set forth in 1530 and reached Panama in the autumn of that year. The expedition crossed the Isthmus on foot, and, by midwinter, was ready to commence the conquest.

In January, 1531, Pizarro set out in a single vessel, and sailed as far south as Puna, in the Gulf of Guayaquil. There he was joined by two ships under the command of Hernando de Soto, afterwards the discoverer of the Mississippi. The three vessels then sailed southwards and dropped anchor before Tumbez. The Conquest of Peru, thereafter, was by land forces alone.

North of Panama, along the Pacific coasts of

Guatemala, Mexico and New Galicia (Northern Mexico) the shores had not only been explored, but settled. In 1540, as has been told, Alarçon explored the Gulf of California, and showed that what is now known as Lower California was not an island but a peninsula eight hundred miles in length.

In the summer of 1542, Mendoza, the Viceroy of New Spain, sent Cabrillo to explore the northern coastline. Cabrillo reached the westernmost point of California, which he named Cape Mendocino, in honor of the Viceroy. In this year, then, the Pacific Coast of America, from Northern California to Peru, had been as fully charted as had the Atlantic Coast from Greenland to Tierra del Fuego. Moreover, the vast land area of both continents had become known.

The foregoing explorations, however, had not answered the all-important question whether the "Indies," "New Spain," "Florida," and "Brazil" were, or were not, a part of the continent of Asia. That question was answered by the greatest of all ocean voyages, greater even than that notable First Voyage of Columbus—the circumnavigation of the world by Magellan and del Cano.

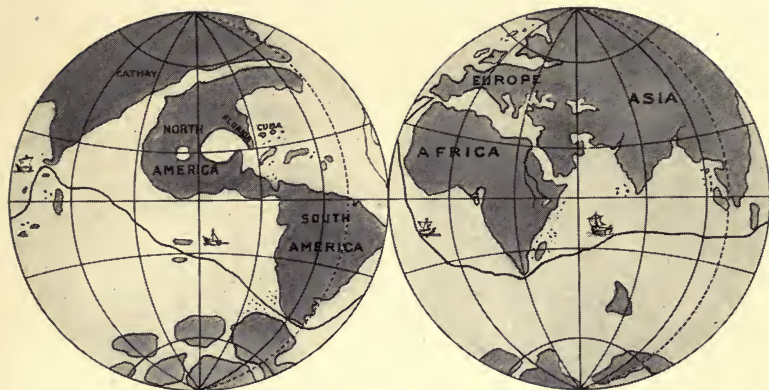
In those stirring days, every Spanish or Portuguese young fellow with a taste for adventure and the hardihood to face danger could be sure of an opportunity. Fernao de Magalhaes (or Hernando de Magellan, to use the better-known form of his name), was a Portuguese of noble birth.

He was born in 1480 and had just entered the king's service when Vasco de Gama returned in triumph from the first sea-voyage to India. He witnessed the sending forth of the great fleet of Cabral and the return of Gaspar de Lemos with news of the discovery of Brazil. He had, moreover, ample opportunity to hear of the numerous Portuguese expeditions of the next few years.

When Francisco d'Almeida was appointed the first Portuguese Viceroy of the East, and set forth in 1505 with an immense fleet to the Portuguese possessions in the East Indies, Magellan enlisted as a volunteer. Despite his small stature and apparent frailty, he soon won distinction. He served for four years, being wounded at the Battle of Cannamore in 1506, and again at the Battle of Diu in 1509. He joined the Sequiera expedition to the Spice Islands and distinguished himself in a Malay affray at Malacca, shortly afterwards being raised to the rank of Captain.

The central point in all the Portuguese conquests in the East was the siege and capture of Malacca, the key of East Indian trade. This was accomplished by d'Albuquerque in 1511, in which signal victory Magellan played a part. He was next placed in command of one of the vessels sent to explore and take possession of the Moluccas or Spice Islands—those islands so ardently sought by Columbus twenty years before.

Magellan returned to Portugal in 1512 and, the following year, took part in an expedition in



----- *The Papal Line.*

————— *Magellan's Route.*

MAGELLAN'S ROUTE OF CIRCUMNAVIGATION.

Magellan was the first of the great navigators to realize that the American Continent stood halfway between Spain and Asia. He argued that if South America extended far to the west the spice islands extending from the Asiatic continent eastward would be close up to the west side of South America. He backed up his arguments by a globe he had drawn showing the whole world. Above is a globe drawn in 1523, known as Schöner's globe, and showing the route of Magellan's voyage which confirmed his theory and belief.

Morocco. Here he was again wounded, and lamed. An accusation that he was trading with the enemy was made against him, and though this charge could never be proved, and was dropped, he fell sufficiently in disfavor to retard his further promotion, and to impede his efforts to interest King Manuel in another search for straits to the Spice Islands to the westward.

By this time Magellan had become as competent a navigator as he was a soldier, and, from his cruising in the Spice Islands, he was aware of their enormous distance to the eastward from India. He argued that if the New World (South America) contained such enormous rivers as the Orinoco, Amazon and La Plata, it must extend far to the westward. In that case, the Spice Islands, being so far to the eastward, must be close to the western shore of the continent.

Finding Portugal deaf to his arguments and ungrateful for his services, Magellan abandoned his native land, went to Spain and naturalized as a Spanish subject. This accomplished he got in touch with Bishop Fonseca, the directing head of all Spanish colonial affairs, Columbus' former enemy, and one of the most vigorous colonial administrators of all time.

Magellan opened his argument by the statement that the Spice Islands belonged to Spain, rather than to Portugal, since, so he asserted, they were West of the Papal Line. They were, going west. But they were equally East of the Papal Line,

sailing east. The Papal Bull, it will be remembered, gave everything east of a certain line to Portugal and everything west of that line to Spain. This decision was entirely clear on a flat map, but it was both indefinite and puzzling on a globe.

Fonseca arranged an interview with Emperor Charles V and supported Magellan's arguments. There might be conflict with Portugal over the title, it was admitted, if these lands were reached by sailing east; but a strong claim could be made, if they were attained by sailing west. Magellan backed his statement by a globe on which the whole world was drawn, but in which South America appeared very narrow, while the Spice Islands were not far from its western shore.

The appeal succeeded. On March 22, 1518, the emperor agreed to equip five ships with two years' provisions, on the condition that the exploration should be "within the limits which belong to us in the ocean, within the bounds of our demarcation."

Portugal immediately protested and undertook to try and stop the voyage. Charles V, however, was the most powerful monarch in Europe and this opposition only increased his determination. Magellan, on his part, was not disposed to heed any objections from his ungrateful native land.

Five ships—none of them of the best—were prepared for this voyage. They were the *San Antonio*, the *Trinidad*, the *Concepcion*, the *Victoria*,

and the *Santiago*. For such a voyage, promising neither wealth nor a speedy return, it was hard to get captains and crews. When finally the 270 hard-bitten men were gathered, there was scarcely a sea-faring race which was not represented: Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, French, Germans, Dutch, English, American Indians, Malays and Negroes. Many of them had ugly records and he would needs be a man of iron who could handle such a crew.

On Sept. 20, 1519, the ships set sail. From the start, Magellan had trouble with some of his Spanish captains, who resented being under the command of a Portuguese soldier. They protested at the course sailed, but Magellan had served in the wars and understood discipline.

They first touched the coast of Brazil near Pernambuco, and thence ran along the coast until, on Jan. 11, 1520, they reached the River La Plata, where de Solis had been murdered and eaten by cannibals. The five ships ran far up the estuary, but found no strait. Thence they sailed southward, going in and out of every inlet and bay. It was wearying and disappointing work and the captains growled openly.

With the end of March the Antarctic winter began to show its teeth. So, on the last day of that month, Magellan went into winter quarters at Port St. Julian, 49° S. It was a bleak and desolate coast. The captains raised a vehement protest, declaring that they were already 15° further

south than the Cape of Good Hope, had gone further south on that coast than ever any man had been before, that the winter in those latitudes would surpass human endurance, and insisted that a return to Spain be made.

Magellan replied that the worse the winter the longer would be the days in the succeeding summer. With which, he crisply ordered the captains back to their ships.

Next night, April 1, 1520, Captain Quesada of the *Concepcion* boarded the *San Antonio*, seized Captain Mesquita, who was a cousin of Magellan, and put him in irons. Captain Mendoza, of the *Victoria*, had stood by Quesada, and with the mutineers.

On the morning of April 2, therefore, a message was sent from the *San Antonio* to the *Trinidad*, which was the flagship at the time, informing Magellan that three ships were in the hands of the mutineers and that there was nothing for him to do but to submit and return to Spain.

The crisis was urgent and immediate. Magellan could not open fire on the mutineers' vessels, for the odds against him were too great. Surrender meant humiliation and defeat. Defiance meant desertion and a fleet too incomplete to carry out the project.

In this stress, Magellan sent the High Constable of the expedition, Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa, accompanied by five men, with a peremptory written order to Captain Mendoza, of the *Victoria*, to

come aboard the flagship and explain his conduct.

When Mendoza, as expected, refused to obey the order, Espinosa leaped upon him and stabbed him in the neck. At the signal the other five members of the party drew their weapons, and Mendoza fell to the deck, almost hacked to pieces. At the same instant, the boat of the *Trinidad*, which had come up silently with a picked body of men, grappled the stern of the *Victoria*. The loyal sailors clambered aboard with drawn cutlasses and the crew of the rebel vessel, seeing their mutinous leader dead, surrendered without a blow.

Barring the exit from the harbor, Magellan prepared to handle the other two ships. That night the *San Antonio*, in the hands of Quesada and the mutineers, bore down upon Magellan's vessels. She was instantly grappled by both the *Trinidad* and the *Victoria*. Magellan was in his element when it came to savage sea-fighting. The man who had faced hordes of Malays and who had fought in the terrible siege of Malacca was not to be checked by a handful of mutineers. The *San Antonio* was in his hands within five bloody minutes. There was now no hope for Juan de Cartagena, who had been left by Quesada as captain of the *Concepcion*, and he surrendered.

Forty of the mutineers were tried. All were found guilty and condemned to death. Magellan, however, knew the difference between weakness and mercy. He had given them a taste of his

fighting quality. Besides, he needed men. He pardoned all but three of the ringleaders. Quesada was beheaded. Juan de Cartagena and Fray Sanchez were put in irons. When the fleet left port, the following spring, these two were marooned ashore. There was no doubt in the fleet as to who was master.

On Aug. 24, 1520 (the Antarctic spring) a southward start was made. They reached the mouth of the Santa Cruz, but the weather was stormy and cold and the shores strewn with sunken rocks and treacherous reefs. Knowing that the long days of the Antarctic summer were coming Magellan decided to wait. He had already gone much further south than he had dreamed it would be necessary to do.

Seven weeks later, on October 18, the search was resumed, and three days afterwards, they found another little bay opening to the westward, not unlike a score of others that they had explored before.

But this day, Oct. 21, the Feast of St. Ursula and Her Virgins, was a great day in the world's history. Rounding a point which is still known as Cape Virgins, they sailed into the bay. The leadsman reported deep water. Minute after minute, hour after hour, they sailed steadily and successfully on, and ever the cry "Deep Water!" rang out, the merriest music that had ever smitten Magellan's ears.

Day after day passed by, and still they sailed

to the southwestward. In some places the strait was several miles wide, in others, less than a half. At first they ran between banks of moderately level land, cut with deep embayments, each of which had to be explored. Then the strait turned northwestward into a welter of rocky bays, channels and fiords, bristling with hidden dangers. Superb seamanship was shown by every captain and every helmsman in that perilous pass.

After they had wriggled in and out of these narrow openings for twenty days, the scenery grew more threatening. The cut passed through the lower Andes. Huge walls of rock rose on either side. Snow-capped peaks towered overhead, sharp pinnacles of reefs lurked below. Many a day was spent in a long sail up some deep black fiord, only to find a grim rock-wall beyond, with scarcely room to turn.

Down knife-like ravines tempestuous squalls came rushing, gusts fit to wreck a ship—and they had no sea-room to run and barely time to anchor. Always Magellan went ahead to bear the brunt of the danger. A careful navigator, he sent the small boats ahead, but ever the leadsmen reported the water deep and salt, and the conviction grew that the strait was found.

A month of this nerve-racking succession of terrors had passed and the ships were entering the most awe-inspiring gorge that is to be found in the Seven Seas. Again the pilots and captains hesitated. The lesson of Quesada and Mendoza

was fresh in their minds, but their fears were fresher still, and they appealed to Magellan to go back, for food was growing scant and this strait seemed unending. Surely, they said, the discovery was enough!

"We will go on," said Magellan, "if we have to cut the leather from the ship's yards for food."

But, while the ringleaders of the mutiny had been disposed of, many of the officers and men were disaffected still. Most of these were on the *San Antonio*, and they persuaded a pilot, Estevan Gomez, to join their plot. While the *San Antonio* was alone in a narrow strait, and out of sight of the other ships, the mutineers once more seized Captain Mesquita and put him in irons, turned tail and fled back to Spain. They arrived safely after a six months' voyage and hid their cowardice by saying that Magellan and all his ships were lost and they, only, had survived.

Magellan sailed on.

Came at last a welcome hail from the boats leading, that they "had found the cape, and the sea great and wide!"

Then, and not till then, did the iron calm of Magellan break. He fell to the deck in prayerful gratitude, and, with streaming eyes, named the welcome point Cape Desiderato (Desired). The great goal had been achieved. The South American straits had been found.

Supposing the *San Antonio* might have but missed her way in the maze of fiords, Magellan

erected a cross on the top of a high hill to direct the missing ship if she should come that way.

After the arduous sail through that grim and awesome passage amid the ragged peaks of Tierra de Fuego, the blue expanse of ocean, with a favoring current and a fair wind, seemed a haven of bliss to the weary mariners. Magellan accordingly gave to the sea on which he was the first to sail the name of the Peaceful or Pacific Ocean, by which it is known still.

Peaceful the ocean was, but not the most extreme prophecy could have warned the wearied mariners of its enormous width. Day after day, week after week, month after month, they sailed on and on. The men no longer grumbled, black despair had their souls. One and all, the sailors remembered the gloomy straits and believed that they had passed through the gates of the world and were doomed to travel on an endless ocean to eternity.

From the journal of Antonio Pigafetta, an Italian knight who was a passenger, some sentences may be taken, telling of this time. They are quoted, here, from the earliest English version:

“And having by this time consumed all their biscuit and other victuals, they fell into such necessity that they were compelled to eat the powder that remained thereof, being full of worms. . . . Their fresh water also was putrified and became yellow. They did eat pieces of leather which were folded about certain great ropes of the ship.

. . . But these skins, being made very hard by reason of the sun, rain and wind, they hung them by a cord in the sea for the space of four or five days to mollify them. . . . By reason of this infamous and unclean feeding, some of their gums grew so over their teeth (from scurvy) that they died miserably from hunger. . . . In three months and twenty days, they sailed four thousand leagues in one gulf . . . with no misfortune of wind or of any tempest. . . . So that, in fine, if God of His mercy had not given them good weather, it was necessary that in this so great a sea they should all have died for hunger. Which nevertheless they escaped so hardily that it may be doubted whether the like voyage may be attempted with so good success."

They came, after weary weeks, to a wooded islet, which they called La Pablo and where they got fresh water, but no game. A few days later they sighted a desert island, without food or water, which they called Tiburones, where they caught sharks to eat. This was a welcome change from the scraps of swollen leather, sawdust-soup and rats which had been their only food. Rats, indeed, sold at a high figure. All the leather belts of the sailors had been eaten and tarred string substituted.

At last, after ninety-eight days of famine, thirst and scurvy, their eyes inflamed from constant peering for the land which did not come, they sighted the Ladrones (Robbers) Islands, on

March 6, 1521. There they found friendly though thievish savages, and also fresh vegetables, fruits and meat. They stayed in those islands some days.

Refreshed and reprovisioned, they pushed on westward and on March 16 came to the Philippine Islands, where, to Magellan's supreme delight, his Malay interpreter was able to understand a Sumatran trader who was there. Triumph was his! He was on the meridian of longitude of the Spice Islands, and a few days' sail could bring about the complete achievement of his goal.

Alas for Magellan! On finding himself in densely populated islands the crusading spirit awoke. He made the Christianization of the people of the Island of Cebu a condition of a trade treaty. The King of Cebu agreed and was baptized with all his people. The idols were burned and a Cross erected in the market-place.

This was the king's opportunity. He claimed tribute from kings on neighboring islands, who were slow in paying. With the white men's God and the white men's aid, he felt sure he could bring these recalcitrants to terms. The worst offender was the King of Matan, ruler of a neighboring island, peopled by a warlike and cannibal tribe. The King of Cebu demanded the tribute and ordered the people of Matan to become Christians. They refused, whereupon the converted native ruler called on the white men for assistance.

Magellan, with Christian zeal and a sense of

the obligations of an alliance, crossed to the Island of Matan, April 27, 1521. After a desperate fight, the Spanish were compelled to take to the boats, the intrepid commander himself covering their retreat. As he was about to leap in the boat, the last man to leave the shore, a stone knocked off his helmet and his arm was disabled by a spear thrust. He fell in the shallow water, and in a few seconds a frantic group of savages surrounded him, pierced him through, and beat him to death with rusty scimitars, clubs and stones.

Such was the mangled death, on a barbarous island, of the man who had achieved the greatest ocean feat in the history of the world. Hernando de Magellan died, as he had lived, fighting for Christian faith and knightly honor.

More trouble was to come. When the King of Cebu found that the white men were not invincible, he repented of his sudden conversion. To make amends to his pagan gods, he invited thirty of the leading Spaniards to a banquet, and there massacred them to a man. Among the slain were the two faithful captains, Barbosa and Serrano, who had stood by Magellan throughout. The last that the Spanish saw, as they sailed away in haste, were the people of Cebu chopping down the Cross. So little had Magellan's martyrdom effected!

Of the three ships remaining, the *Concepcion* was unseaworthy and was dismantled and burned. Espinosa, the Constable, was made captain of the *Victoria* and Sebastian del Cano was elected cap-

tain-general, and took the flagship *Trinidad*. The two ships sailed for Borneo, where they made a stay of a couple of months and then proceeded to the Spice Islands, where they cruised until December, 1521, trading. Shortly before they were ready to sail for Spain, however, the *Trinidad* sprang a leak and was found unseaworthy.

As the journey to Panama was undoubtedly shorter than to Spain—though it had never been attempted—it was decided that the *Trinidad* should be thoroughly repaired and, when the semi-annual Indian Ocean monsoon turned easterly, should sail across the newly discovered ocean. Of the 101 men surviving 54 were placed on board the *Trinidad*, to the command of which Espinosa was transferred, while del Cano, as Captain-General, now took the *Victoria*.

The Odyssey of the *Trinidad* was a sad one. Starting on April 6, 1522, she sailed well and easily while with the monsoon wind. But, as she worked up into the North Pacific, the ill-fated vessel struck the northeast trade-winds. Beating against those was impossible, and to escape, Espinosa ran far north into that lonely and stormy stretch of ocean east of Japan, between the Midway and Aleutian Islands. There, in a gale, the *Trinidad* lost her mainmast, half of her men were swept from her decks, and she turned back to the Spice Islands, reaching there with 35 of her crew dead. Yet, even so, disaster followed. The nineteen survivors were taken prisoners by the Por-

tuguese, who bitterly resented the presence of a Spanish ship in those waters, and whose treatment of the captives was atrocious. Espinosa and three sailors alone saw Spain again, and that not until years later.

The *Victoria* had not delayed, but had sailed from the Spice Islands in December, 1521. She was still staunch, but, soon after passing into the Indian Ocean, the overstrained timbers began to show the effect of the long, long voyage. Del Cano dared not press on sail, and, being in Portuguese waters, still less did he dare to put in at any port for provisions. Scurvy broke out anew, for the men had reached a point of enfeeblement from which it would take them years to recover. Not until May 10, 1522, with her foretopmast gone by the board in a terrific storm off Madagascar, did the *Victoria* reach the Cape of Good Hope. Crippled, but plucky, she rounded the dreaded point, and was borne on a friendly current to the Equator, which she crossed on June 6.

Dire extremity compelled her to put in at the Cape Verde Islands and a boat with thirteen men was sent ashore for supplies, with strict instructions to all the men that they must say they had come from New Spain. One sailor, however, was unable to resist a skinful of wine, and his loose tongue told the secret of Magellan and the Spice Islands. The thirteen men were clapped into prison and an armed boat came out to the *Victoria* and called on her to surrender.

Del Cano, though with a crippled ship and without provisions, defied the Portuguese and staggered out of the harbor with a famished and depleted crew. This was on July 13. At long last, on Sept. 6, 1522, the battered wreck of the *Victoria* crept slowly into a Spanish port, with eighteen gaunt and scurvy-eaten men to tell the story of the greatest cruise in the history of the world.

The thirteen men arrested at Cape Verde were released upon a peremptory demand from Charles V. The four survivors of the *Trinidad* reached Spain years later. Thus thirty-five men, in all, survived that circumnavigation of the world which first revealed the extent of that mighty ocean that bathes America's western shore.

It was still believed, however, that America was a part of the continent of Asia, joined at the north to China. It was not until 1728, when Vitus Bering sailed through the straits which bear his name, that the world first knew that the great twinned continent of America was an island.

The final word in American coast exploration was written when, in 1903, Roald Amundsen sailed in the *Gjoa* from Norway, crossed the Atlantic, entered Baffin's Bay, passed through Lancaster Sound, Peel Sound, and Simpson Strait, wintering on King William Island. The next summer he entered Dease Strait and Coronation Gulf and pushed along the coast of the Arctic Ocean to Mackenzie Bay. He wintered on Herschel Island. In the summer of 1906 he threaded a thousand

miles of narrow waters and passed out through Bering Straits.

Thus, after four centuries of endeavor, had been accomplished, both to south and north, the westward road from Europe to Asia. When the Panama Canal was opened, in 1914, the dream of Columbus came true, accomplished by the most powerful nation of that great continent to which his caravels led their glorious way.

CHAPTER XI

FRENCH SAILORMEN AND PROTESTANTS

COURAGE and hardihood upon the sea were by no means confined to the Portuguese and Spanish, even in the Fifteenth Century. The sailormen of France and of England stood second to none. English and French mariners sailed both with Columbus and with Magellan. An Englishman and an Irishman were among those who perished at La Navidad in that first West Indies colony fatally established by Columbus; a Frenchman was among the heroic eighteen who returned in the *Victoria* after the circumnavigation of the globe.

True, during the Fifteenth and the first half of the Sixteenth centuries, the greatest navigators were those who had been trained in the schools established by Prince Henry the Navigator. Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Vespucci, de Solis and Magellan were all Portuguese-trained. This was but natural, since, by the Papal Bull, all the world open to colonial empire was divided between Portugal and Spain.

French sailors belonged mainly to those two indomitable sea-going races, the Breton and the Basque, fishermen since the dawn of history. As

early as 1508, and probably earlier, Breton fishers went on annual expeditions to the cod-banks of Newfoundland. Basque fishers thought nothing of a run to the Azores. Traders from Normandy, centuries before, had joined Bristol merchants in voyages to Iceland.

The first colony attempted on the North American mainland, antedating that of Ponce de Leon in Florida by three years, was a Breton fishing settlement made by Lécy, of which but little is known. It is generally admitted to have been on Cape Breton Island, the very name of which is indicative of its first settlers.

It is, however, with Giovanni Verrazano, a Florentine captain in the French merchant service, that the French exploration of North America begins. The first historical notice of this expedition appears in a letter written by the Portuguese ambassador in Paris to his king, on April 23, 1524, warning of a French venture for the discovery of Cathay (China) "to be commanded by one Joao Verzano."

The details of the voyage are obscure, for Verrazano's original letter to Francis I is lost, and the Italian version is full of contradictions. Ignoring the controverted points, it may safely be said that, in the early summer of 1524, Verrazano skirted the coast of New Jersey, entered New York Bay and discovered the Hudson River, explored Narragansett Bay, passed through Nanucket Sound, touched on the Cape Cod peninsula,

and struck north to Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland before returning to France.

From the point of view of geography this voyage produced some curious results. In two subsequent maps, those of Agnese in 1536 and of Münster in 1540 (therefore prior to Cabrillo's voyage of exploration along the California coast in 1542) the western coast of North America is depicted as sloping sharply to the northeast, while the eastern coast runs more directly northerly. Somewhere between Cape Breton and "Florida" (a region of vague and vast dimensions) there was mapped a second isthmus, similar to the Isthmus of Panama. On the further side of this isthmus was a northern sea, washing the shores of "Upper India." Near this isthmus, Verrazano conjectured that there must be a strait.

This geographical assumption is far more correct than it seems, save that the "Northern Sea" is the Arctic Ocean, the strait thereto is north of Labrador, and the northern coast of "Upper India" is Siberia, which extends high into the Arctic Circle. This strait was found and this sea sailed by Amundsen, in the years 1903-1906.

Undoubtedly Francis I of France planned to follow Verrazano's exploration by the establishment of a strong French colony. This plan was frustrated by his crushing defeat at the hands of Emperor Charles V at the Battle of Pavia. This rendered the French king timorous of establishing

a claim to lands on the Spanish side of the Papal Line. A second difficulty was the king's own indecision on the question of religion, one of his favorites leading him towards the new Protestantism, another holding him to the Catholic faith.

The Protestant Reformation, which had just begun, was destined to wield an enormous influence over American history.

Stated in the briefest possible words, the Reformation was originally designed to reform abuses which had crept into certain administrative aspects of the Roman Catholic Church, not, in any sense, to set up a new religion. Nor did it do so. Protestantism and Catholicism, alike, are included in the religion of Christianity.

Protestantism, however, established one cardinal principle which was hostile to the Roman Catholic Church. This is the principle that the Bible is the supreme authority in religious matters, and that every man—irrespective of his scholarship and intelligence—has the right to interpret the Bible for himself. The principle of the Roman Catholic Church is that the Church herself is the earthly authority in religious matters, and that all interpretation inheres by divine right in the hierarchy and clergy.

The Roman Catholic Church declared the Protestants to be "heretics," a word strictly meaning "those who think other than" what the Church believed to be eternal and unchanging Truth. As such, it regarded Protestants as enemies to God,

enemies to truth and enemies to society. Persecutions of the most violent order commenced. Where Protestants controlled the civil power, they persecuted Catholics, likewise.

The decade 1520-1530 changed the whole aspect of the Reformation. The Protestants no longer sought merely to protest against the Roman Catholic Church, nor did the Reformers seek only to reform. They had seen, as they believed, a new light. It became their first intention to establish what they held to be a purified Christianity; their second intention to overthrow what they believed to be a corrupted Church. The issue was joined. The battle was on.

Four centuries have passed since then, four centuries of bitter strife. In some parts of the world, peace has not been re-established even yet. To this day, Protestant churches send missionaries to Roman Catholic countries to "convert" the Catholics; to this day, the Roman Catholic Church holds missions in Protestant countries to "bring Protestants back to the Faith."

Yet most of the bitterness has gone. It lingers only among ignorant or bigoted people, and in backward or isolated communities. The great spirit of humanitarianism is a pride of both. Hospitals, almshouses, orphanages and relief work of every description are done as nobly by one as by the other. In that simple American phrase of consummate dignity—"In God we trust"—there is no division in technicalities of

creed. The issues remain, but Charity covers all.

American history, however, cannot be understood at all, unless this religious issue is kept clear, and the character of the American people has been moulded and determined by this inner conflict. Let this one parallelism stand out—the year that Magellan discovered the straits, Luther defied Rome. During the very weeks when Magellan was sailing through that terrible passage, Luther was on his way to the Diet of Worms.

It is, then, with this realization that France was passing through the first turmoil of the Reformation that the history of French American exploration begins. Verrazano had been merely a fore-runner. Cartier was the explorer.

Jacques Cartier was a Breton fisherman and sailor, a native of St. Malo. Not less than a dozen sailormen of St. Malo had taken part in Portuguese expeditions to the East, or in Spanish voyages to New Spain. With their stories Cartier seems to have been familiar. References in his letters evince a familiarity with Portuguese maps, and since in his later years he served as a Portuguese interpreter, it is probable that he had sailed on long ocean voyages before, under Portuguese auspices. In 1533, Cartier wrote to Philippe de Chabot, Sieur de Brion, High Admiral of France, proposing a voyage to the American coast, continuing the exploration of Verrazano in 1524.

At that time there had been some difficulty con-

cerning the trade with Brazil, and Chabot recommended to Francis I that the Breton captain be supported in the enterprise. Accordingly, with two vessels and a complement of 122 men, Cartier set forth from the port of St. Malo, on April 20, 1534.

A run of twenty days brought them to Point Bona Vista, Newfoundland, and thence they ran up the northerly coast to Funk Island, where they filled twelve barrels with the dried and salted flesh of the Great Auk, a bird so tame that they caught them by hand, but now utterly extinct.

A little further up the land they found "a bear come swimming there as great as any cow and as white as any swan" (an adult polar bear) and, three days later, "we met her by the way swimming toward land as swiftly as we could sail. So soon as we saw her, we pursued her with our boats, and by main strength took her, whose flesh was as good to be eaten as the flesh of a calf of two years old." They sailed round the northern point of Newfoundland which they called Cape Degrad (now Quirpon), and, finding the Straits of Belle Isle filled with ice, went into harbor near by until June 9.

Passing through the straits, Cartier explored both shores. While finding the harbors excellent, he had little good to say about the land. "A place of stones and wild crags," he calls it, "fit for wild beasts. . . . I did not see a cartload of good earth. . . . To be short, I believe that this

was the land God allotted to Cain." After which he proceeds to describe accurately the nature and customs of the Indians encountered.

Thence they sailed down the northwestern coast of Newfoundland to "a bay full of round islands like dove houses" (Bay of Islands). Off Cape St. George he remarked: "there is the greatest fishing of cod that possibly may be, in less than an hour we took above a hundred of them."

For six days, thereafter, they had "stormy weather and wind against us, with darkness and mists," ugly to handle in those narrow and rocky seas. None the less, they passed Cape Anguille in safety and came to the Bird Rocks. Of the islands in the gulf of St. Lawrence he said they were fertile lands, "all full of goodly trees, meadows, fields full of wild corn and peas in bloom, as thick and rank and fair as any can be seen in Brittany. There was also a great store of gooseberries, strawberries, damask roses, parsley, with other very sweet and pleasant herbs."

"About the said islands," he continued, "are very great beasts as great as oxen, which had two great teeth in their mouths like unto Elephants' teeth and live also in the sea (the Arctic walrus). There were also bears and wolves."

Then the navigator makes a shrewd guess, for he suggests that there may be a strait from this Gulf out to the sea, which is now known as Cabot

Strait, between Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island.

From there they sailed on to Prince Edward Island, "the fairest that may possibly be seen, full of goodly meadows and trees," and there they saw "boats of wild men crossing a river." The summer weather was hot and wild fruit plentiful. Beyond North Cape, Prince Edward Island, they saw the entrance of Northumberland Strait (which Cartier supposed to be a bay) and so sailed north, always seeking a strait that might lead to China, until they passed Point Miscou, the northeastern point of New Brunswick. The deep Bay of Chaleur, extending to the westward, gave them great hope, and the "wild men" were friendly and traded furs.

Then Cartier passed northward, being actually in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, though he did not know it, and discovered Anticosti Island. There and on the further shore, the Breton sailors erected a Cross, and, by signs, explained to the Indians that it was sacred. By many gifts, especially of food and drink, Cartier made the Indians understand that he was friendly, and succeeded so well that two of the Indians named Taignoagny and Domagnia voluntarily agreed to accompany the white men to France after "we had clothed them in shirts, and colored coats, with red caps, and put about the neck of each a copper chain, whereat they were greatly contented."

Cartier, thereupon, took consultation with our "Captains, masters and mariners"—it is to be observed that the sailors had a voice in the matter—and, remembering that the Straits of Belle Isle had been frozen when they came, and that the weather seemed to be turning stormy, it was decided to return. Not knowing of Cabot straits they worked all the way to the north of Newfoundland again, passed through Belle Isle straits and arrived in St. Malo on Sept. 5, 1534. "New France" was thus formally begun.

Cartier's report, brief, sailor-like and to the point, showing the discovery of fertile lands and revealing a vast unoccupied country, raised the enthusiasm of Francis I. On Oct. 30, 1534, he appointed Cartier "Captain and Pilot of the King," and, on May 19, 1535, with three ships and fifteen months' provisions, Cartier set sail again from St. Malo.

This time the voyage began with "storms and tempests, the which with contrary winds and darkness endured so that our ships suffered as much as ships that ever went upon the sea." The vessels were separated, but thanks to duplicate charts that Cartier had made and to the seamanship of the French captains, they met on July 26, as appointed, at the Straits of Belle Isle. Exploring steadily, they followed the coast of Quebec as far as the mouth of the Saguenay River, in which region, so the Indians declared, large quantities of copper were to be found.

“They did also certify unto us,” writes Cartier, “that here was the way and the beginning of the great river of Hochelaga (the St. Lawrence) a ready way to Canada, which river . . . went so far upwards that they had never heard of any man who had gone to the head of it, though there is no other passage but with small boats.”

Such a stream could not be the strait leading to China, so Cartier turned back for a brief reconnoissance to make sure there was no northern exit from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There is none, though there is a short route into the Arctic Ocean, up the Saguenay River, by a twelve-mile portage and down the Marten River, into Hudson Bay, which the Indians had used for centuries and which became a trade route of the Hudson Bay Company. Hence Verrazano, Cartier, and those who sought a northwest passage there, were not so far astray. A very short canal would make it true.

This reconnoissance finished, Cartier turned back to the exploration of the St. Lawrence River. The Indians were friendly and the French explorer was received with elaborate ceremonies by Chief Donnacona, whose village was situated on the present site of the City of Quebec. The Indian chief urged Cartier not to go up the river, and his persuasion took the form of dressing up some of his men as “three counterfeit Devils, with long horns on their heads, the middlemost making an oration.” Moreover, the medicine men

prophesied that there would be much ice and snow up the river and that all the white men who went thither would die.

Cartier was terrified neither by the "three counterfeit Devils," nor by the prophecy. Leaving his ships moored, he ascended the river in small boats until he came to the village of Hochelaga, on the present site of Montreal. There the Iroquois also were friendly and Cartier distributed gifts lavishly. Thence the boats pushed on until they came to "the greatest and swiftest fall of water that hath anywhere been seen," which Cartier, in sad mockery, called the "Lachine Rapids," for it effectually barred all hope of reaching China that way. The boat parties returned to their ships and prepared to winter there.

The severity of the winter was terrible. Scurvy broke out with such virulence that "there were not above three sound men in the ships." Twenty-five were already dead and the rest were dying when one of the friendly Indians, who had been grievously ill of scurvy, ten days before, reappeared sound and well. Cartier at once asked for the remedy 'to heal a servant of his,' for he had no intention of letting the Indians know how enfeebled was his company. The Indian agreed, and showed how to make a decoction of the leaves and bark of the white pine. Large quantities of this drink were hastily made, and in six days, every one of the men regained his health.

In the spring Cartier persuaded Chief Donnacona to accompany him to France. Gifts were again distributed, and the Indians gave great stores of hides, furs, wampum and copper. On May 16, 1536, the French hoisted their sails, commenced their slow journey back through Belle Isle Straits, and reached Cape Malo, July 6, 1536, with the great River St. Lawrence discovered and taken in the name of France.

On his return, Cartier found Francis I less enthusiastic over New France. The strait had not been found, there had been no reports of gold, and the privations of the winter had shown that region to be one of seasonal cold and hardship. Besides, France was invaded by the armies of Spain and the Protestant Waldenses were causing civil dissension.

Cartier's discoveries might have had no further fruit, at that time, but that the Sieur Jean François de la Rocque de Roberval, realizing the commercial value in the furs brought back by Cartier, undertook to finance an expedition to New France if he were made "Lord of Norumbega, Viceroy and Lieutenant-General of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay and Baccalaos." These titles are of historic value, for they show the extent of information at that time. Norumbega, refers to the Norse discoveries; Canada, Hochelaga and Saguenay, to Cartier's discoveries; New-

foundland, to those of Cabot; and Bacallaos was believed to be the north-eastern corner of Asia.

Cartier prepared five ships with money partly provided by the king, and waited for Roberval to come. When at last the Viceroy arrived, some of his military stores were not ready and he bade Cartier set sail and wait for him. Cartier set out on May 23, 1540, but struck bad weather and did not reach St. Croix, on the St. Lawrence, a short distance above Quebec, where he had wintered before, until Aug. 23.

Chief Donnacona had died in France, and the new chief accepted this news without apparent distress. None the less the settlers had trouble with the Indians because of this fact. With small boats Cartier reascended the river, portaged the Lachine Rapids and explored the river above Montreal, but, finding the winter settling in early, the explorer returned to his ships, thoroughly angered because Roberval had not followed.

The following spring, at the end of May, 1542, there being no sign of Roberval, the provisions growing low and the Indians unfriendly, Cartier decided to return to France. On his way back, he met Roberval in the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, with three ships and 200 colonists—many of whom were ex-convicts. Roberval ordered Cartier to accompany him, but the King's Pilot refused, declaring that Indian conditions were such that an armed force was imperative to hold the country, and sailed on to St. Malo.

Roberval established his colony at Charlesbourg Royal, and sent two ships back to France for supplies. After a winter of great suffering, in which fifty of the colonists died, Roberval forced his way on in the spring, not to secure furs as had been the original intention, but to explore a mythical "Kingdom of Saguenay." He pushed on toward the Great Lakes, but without result. The colony at Charlesbourg Royal was then abandoned and Roberval returned with his empty vice-regal honors. Thus ended the first colonization of New France.

The religious situation in France, meanwhile, was growing tense. The massacre of the Protestant Waldenses by Francis I, in 1545, had definitely set the Reformers against the Crown. France was rent in sunder by two parties: the Catholics, headed by the Dukes de Guise, and the Protestants, led by the Prince de Condé and Admiral de Coligny. Henry II, the successor of Francis I, was even more aggressive in his defence of Catholicism than his father, his favorite, Diane de Poitiers, being an ally of the de Guises. It was in his reign that the "Chambre Ardente" (Burning Tribunal) for the questioning of Protestants was established. His successor, young Francis II, a tool of the de Guise, married Mary Stuart (afterwards Queen of Scots), also an ardent Catholic. He had reigned but one year when a Protestant plot for the kidnapping of the king was discovered, which further incensed the Catho-

lic party. He died suddenly the same year. Charles IX, his brother, aged ten years, succeeded to the throne, under the regency of the Queen-Mother, Catherine de Medicis, niece of Pope Clement VII, and known as one of the most unscrupulous women in history. Under such circumstances the French Protestants began to seek a land where their form of religion would not be menaced, and their eyes turned toward America.

Admiral de Coligny, leader of the French Protestants or Huguenots, planned the establishment of a colony in "Florida," which, at that time, meant all of southeastern America. Even the daring Coligny would not have tempted Spain thus had not Emperor Charles V abdicated in 1558 and retired to a monastery.

In March, 1562, under the direction of Jean Ribaut of Dieppe, a party of young Huguenot nobles and soldiers sailed for the New World. Ribaut was a good navigator and a good Protestant, but he was not of the conquistador type, nor were the nobles fitted to become pioneers. To them "Florida" was a land of gold and pearls, and the legend of the Seven Treasure Cities of Cibola still lingered.

They made land, not far north of St. Augustine, and, on May 1, came to the St. John's River, which they called the River of May. Thence they coasted northward, passing many rivers to which they gave French names, now forgotten. So promising seemed the land in its spring dress

that Ribaut determined to return to France to raise a sufficient force to hold it. A fort was built near the present site of Beaufort, S. C., and thirty eager volunteers were left behind to defend it.

The old, old tragedy of ill-prepared colonists was re-enacted. Food supplies ran short. The men, unwilling to face the compulsory discipline of pioneer work, mutinied and killed their leaders, then quarreled among themselves, grew desperate, threw together a rude vessel and sailed for France. Not one of their number was a competent navigator. Calms and head-winds delayed them. With all the food gone, they made soup of their shoes and leather jackets. They drew lots to decide which one should serve as a cannibalistic feast for his comrades, and one sailor was killed and eaten. As the starving men were drawing lots for the next victim, an English vessel hove in sight and made them prisoners.

Yet so glowing had been the reports brought back by Ribaut, who knew nothing of the fate of the men he had left behind, that Admiral de Coligny prepared another expedition, with two ships. These were placed under the command of Capt. René de Laudonnière, who had been with Ribaut on the first voyage.

They sailed in June, 1564, and made a quick passage to the River of May. There they built a fort which they named Fort Caroline. The venture was heinously ill-planned. On board were

officers, soldiers, adventurers and men whose religious partisanship had made them "suspected" in France. There were no farmers, woodsmen nor trappers among them.

At first, the Indians were friendly, but, unhappily, in an exchange of gifts, one of the Indians offered a small bar of silver. To the Huguenots, this was proof positive of treasure near by. They abandoned every effort at colonization, and began a barren search for hidden treasure.

In this stress, Laudonnière fell ill, and three attempts on his life were made, by stabbing, by poison, and by a train of gunpowder laid under his sick-bed. When private grudges failed, mutiny became open. Thirteen of the sailors seized one of the vessels and started off as buccaneers. They were captured by Spaniards, and, to save their lives, gave information about the colony. Not long after, sixty-six others started off likewise, intending to raid and plunder some unsuspecting Spanish settlement. They came to grief and returned to the fort with half their number slain.

The fort fell into disrepair, and neither nobles nor soldiers would turn a hand to restore the defences. No crops had been sown. Though the woods were full of game and the rivers of fish, the Frenchmen starved. They would not hunt. They would not fish. They ate wild roots dug in the forests, and refuse from the Indian fish-heaps.

Neither would they fight. They had tried to

set one Indian tribe against another in the hope of getting treasure through a mock alliance, which they would not maintain with their swords when asked by their Indian allies. As a result both tribes became their enemies. The nobles regarded this savage guerrilla warfare as being beneath their dignity, thus leaving the soldiers without leaders. Matters improved a little towards the spring, when Laudonnière began to recover his health, but by that time the whole colony was out of control.

On August 3, 1565, five great ships stood into the river. This was the fleet of the Englishman, John Hawkins, on his way home from exchanging cargoes of negro slaves for Spanish gold. Needing fresh water, he remembered the French Protestant colony on the River of May.

The bluff Englishman was aghast at the plight of the colonists, and offered to take them all to France, free of cost. Laudonnière declined on the ground that it would be humiliating to France. He bought from Hawkins one of his smaller vessels and some food, for which he paid by giving the heavy guns of the fort.

Hawkins, having filled his fresh-water barrels, sailed at once, but while Laudonnière was preparing to go, Jean Ribaut suddenly appeared with several vessels and 400 men, including laborers, artisans and their families. Great was the joy of the colonists, but Ribaut brought orders to Lau-

donnière to resign his commission and to return to France.

Then, six days later, into the River of May sailed a Spanish fleet of nineteen vessels, their decks cleared for action. This fleet was under the command of Pedro Menendez de Aviles, who, that same year, had received a royal commission to colonize Florida. On reaching Cuba, where the thirteen French mutineers had been captured, he received incisive orders "to exterminate that nest of pestilential heretics."

As soon as the Spanish fleet appeared, the French ships, with Ribaut and only the 250 men of the crews aboard, slipped their cables and fled, leaving the 600 French colonists up the river to defend themselves as best they could. In all probability, it was Ribaut's intention to tempt Menendez to sail up the river to attack the fort and then take him in the rear, thus putting the Spaniards between two fires.

Menendez, however, with heavier and slower craft, did not try to follow Ribaut. Nor, having hundreds of Spanish colonists aboard, did he wish to risk what might prove to be a desperate fight. Both authority and superiority of forces were on his side. He could afford to wait until he was ready to strike a telling blow. He landed, fifty miles away, and, on Sept. 6, 1565, founded the settlement of St. Augustine, the oldest established town in the United States.

Ribaut returned to the River of May, took

aboard the larger number of his fighting men, leaving Laudonnière with a small band of soldiers and the colonists to defend the fort. There were thus about 600 men now on Ribaut's ships, and about 200 men and 50 women and children in the Huguenot fort up the river. The French leader undoubtedly supposed that Menendez was on his way to the West Indies and hoped to catch some of the Spanish vessels lagging behind or separated, when, with his swifter ships, he could render a good account of himself.

Instead, Menendez turned into the harbor of St. Augustine, and began the work of disembarkation. Ribaut could easily have taken the Spanish at a disadvantage, but he was a sailor and navigator, not a military commander, and he lacked the dash of a swift sea-fighter. Moreover, evil weather was brooding, and he sheered away. The expected hurricane broke before Ribaut could win back to the River of May. Caught too close to land, the French ships were driven helter-skelter before the hurricane squalls. Several went down. Others, to save the crews, were beached on the Florida sands. Only a few managed to beat their way out to sea.

The French were thus divided into three widely separated parties: those in the fort, those who had been on board the vessels beached on the shore, and those on board the two or three vessels which had escaped to sea. Laudonnière was at the fort. One of his lieutenants took command of the

stranded party. Ribaut, the abler sailor, was with those who had worked their vessels out to safety.

Then Menendez showed his conquistador strain. There would be no mutiny where he ruled. With iron and merciless discipline he pushed a powerful force overland, through fifty and more miles of swamp and palmetto scrub. Men fell exhausted and lay where they fell. Menendez held relentlessly on.

The night of September 19 found the Spaniards at the gate of the French fort, hollow-eyed with fatigue, foul with sweat and marsh-water, standing in morass to their knees under a pouring tropical rain, and waiting for the first streaks of dawn to show. Then, Menendez at the head, they stormed the carelessly made and half-crumbling fort. The garrison was taken by surprise. The trumpeter sounded the alarm too late. The Spaniards poured in. Laudonnière and fifty of the men leaped from the walls of the fort, deserting the women, the children and the sick, holding that it was better that some should be saved than that all should perish like rats in a trap.

Menendez carried out his grim orders of destruction. Before the sun rose, 130 Frenchmen lay dead. Yet the implacable Spanish leader showed sufficient consideration to direct that all the women and all children under 15 years of age should be spared. Of them Menendez wrote to the Spanish king: "There were, between women,

infants, and boys of fifteen years and under, some fifty persons, whom it gives me the greater pain to see in the company of my men, by reason of their wicked sect, yet I have feared that Our Lord would chastise me if I shall deal cruelly with them, for eight or ten children were born here." Later he admitted doubts whether he had done wisely in showing mercy to any "members of this evil Lutheran sect, who might poison the faith of my men and wreak wicked and wrongful harm among the Indians in Your Majesty's Dominions."

Twenty men, captured next day, were put to death with no other questions asked than if they were Catholics or Lutherans. Thus the party in the fort was practically annihilated.

The second party, that under one of the lieutenants of Laudonnière, of 150 men, was surrounded by the Indians who were hostile to the French and the news brought to the Spanish commander, who sent an order to surrender. The Huguenot leader replied by asking a safe conduct to the fort.

Menendez answered curtly that he had taken the fort, put every man there to the death, and that, far from giving a safe conduct: "he was determined to root out the wicked Lutherans with fire and sword, and would pursue them by sea and land until he had their lives." A further offer on the part of Laudonnière's lieutenant to surrender on condition that the lives of his men

should be spared, received the blunt response that, if they should deliver themselves up, Menendez would "deal with them as the Lord shall command me. . . . Truce or friendship they cannot have."

Laudonnière's lieutenant next offered fifty thousand ducats—an enormous sum—as ransom. Menendez replied: "that, although he was poor, he would not show that weakness. When he wanted to be liberal and merciful, he would be so without self-interest."

The Frenchmen of this second party then surrendered without conditions. Immediately all were slaughtered in cold blood, except twelve Breton sailors, who were Catholics, and who had been kidnapped and brought by force on board the Protestant ships.

Ribaut, with the rest of his men, a powerful force numbering not less than 350 men, was reported as nearing the vicinity on October 10. Menendez went out into the scrub with a picked force of one-half the number of Ribaut's men, and prepared to give battle. Ribaut asked for personal parley, which was granted. He would not believe the annihilation of the fort and of his men until he was shown the bodies on the sand. Then Ribaut offered the huge sum of 300,000 ducats as ransom. Menendez replied that "it was hard for him to lose such a sum, as he was desperately in need of it for his colony, but he could not trifle with his conscience."

Two hundred of the men, sick and famished, agreed to surrender without terms, Ribaut among them. They were taken to the beach, and the question put to them whether they were Catholics or Lutherans. Ribaut replied with dignity and firmness that all were of the new religion. The Huguenots asked time for prayer and to repeat a psalm, which was accorded them. Then all save five were put to the knife. Ribaut was among the slain.

The remaining 150 men of Ribaut's party, who had refused to surrender, had fled to the beach while this massacre was going on. They reached a place where two ships had been cast up on the shore. With the timbers of one of these they constructed a rough but strong fort, provisioned and armed it with food and guns taken from the ships and began feverishly to repair the other less damaged vessel.

Menendez marched against them with 300 men. Seeing that the survivors were desperate and held a strong position, Menendez offered to spare the lives of the remaining Huguenots if they surrendered, and gave their promise "to speak of their accursed ideas to none but their own men." All save twenty accepted, and Menendez proved that he was a man of his word in mercy as in harshness. The prisoners were well treated and, in course of time, returned to their own land. The twenty who were still obdurate fled into the woods and never were heard of more. These,

with the 150 drowned during the hurricane, completed the death or capture of the more than 850 colonists.

Thus ended the French Protestant colony of the River of May. Under a different commander the story might have been very different, for the French held a strong position and sufficient numbers to defend it. Two grave military errors produced the disaster. The first of these was the failure of Laudonnière, at the fort, to set out pickets when he knew that the enemy had been sighted in the vicinity, which neglect permitted the fort to be taken by surprise. The other was Ribaut's error in dividing his armed forces in two, for the purpose of attacking a Spanish fleet practically in its own waters. Had all the colonists been held together and set to work to make strong defences both from sea and from land, the River of May might have been made impregnable, and "New France" might have been established in Florida and the Carolinas instead of in Canada.

The affair almost caused a new breach between Spain and France, but Menendez was so clearly in his right, and de Coligny was so absolutely in the wrong that redress could not be secured. A private adventurer named Dominic de Gourgues, so the story runs, in 1567 set out on a mission of revenge and recaptured Fort Caroline. Those Spaniards who escaped the sword were hanged, with this inscription above them: "Not as Spaniards, but as traitors, robbers and mur-

derers." The tale possesses poetic justice, but lacks historical confirmation.

Menendez usually appears in history much misrepresented. He slew the French Protestants on the accusation that they were "enemies, invaders, corsairs and heretics." The assertion was perfectly true. They had invaded territory to which Spain had an unquestioned right and thus were enemies as well as invaders. Two groups of Huguenots, at least, had started out as corsairs. They declared themselves to be "heretics." Menendez was the representative of the Spanish king in Florida and had received orders to root out the "pestilential nest." It was a terrible and bloody deed, but, viewed from the aspect of those times, it is difficult to see how a crusading Conquistador could have acted otherwise.

Never again did the Huguenots attempt to found a powerful colony of their own in America. The "Puritans of the South" failed because of their desperate folly in planting themselves at the very threshold of Spain. It was a sad loss to America, for Huguenot blood showed nobly in the centuries to come. The blood-drenched sands of the River of May saw the last attempt of French colonization on the southern mainland until the power of Spain had been humbled, centuries later.

CHAPTER XII

THE ENGLISH PRIVATEERS

ENGLAND came late upon the scene of American exploration and colonization. Spain and France both had preceded her. When she did send colonists across the sea it was with a different spirit and a different goal, and the success which resulted was not so much because of what the Englishmen did as because of what they strove to do. But it must not be forgotten that England's first ventures into American waters were not for colonization. They were privateering ventures and bordered closely upon sea-robbery and piracy.

Withal, England had a territorial claim. True, she had lost a golden opportunity when Henry VII refused to listen to Christopher Columbus, though she almost recovered it when at last—a few weeks too late—Bartholomew Columbus secured an English promise to equip an expedition. But, in the voyages of John Cabot in 1497 and 1498, England secured a title to North America second only to the Icelandic claims inhering in Leif the Lucky and Thorfinn Karlsefni, which claims were never pressed.

The voyages of John Cabot were for several

centuries a historical puzzle. This was due to the fact that the first discoverer of America under the flag of England was not a writer, and that the accounts of his voyages were penned by his son, who, with unfilial shamelessness, filched his father's fame. Sebastian Cabot, the son, claimed all the credit for voyages "on which," so careful a modern historian as Bourne says frankly, "there is no direct evidence to show that he even participated." It is one of the meanest thefts in history.

The facts which recent research have elicited are few but definite. John Cabot was a Genoese, a fellow-townsmen of Columbus, and born at about the same time. He became a citizen of Venice and there conceived the idea of a westward voyage to the Spice Islands, either before or at the same time as Columbus. Cabot came to London in 1484 to interest the Bristol merchants in his plan. He found them most enthusiastic. One expedition had set forth in 1480 to find "the island of Brasylle" (Hy Brasil) but Cabot's plans were more ambitious. Between 1480 and 1490 (antedating Columbus, therefore) three English expeditions set forth. These, however, did not have the singular good fortune to strike the north-east trade-winds and none of these can be proved to have reached land. The success of Columbus, in 1492, gave a new impetus to British adventure.

In March, 1496, John Cabot received a patent from Henry VII, authorizing him to make discov-

eries "in the eastern, western and northern seas," the omission of the southern seas being obviously an acceptance of the rightful claim of Spain and Portugal to the southward.

Accordingly, in May, 1497, John Cabot set sail from Bristol with one small ship and eighteen men. After fifty-two days at sea, on June 24, he reached what he reported to be "the mainland of the Great Khan," and which has been variously adjudged to be either Labrador, Newfoundland or Cape Breton Island. He coasted for some distance ("three hundred leagues," according to one account) and returned to Bristol after having landed once or twice, and having formally taken possession of the country in the name of the English king.

Cabot's second voyage, that of 1498, is still more indefinite. In February 3 of that year he secured a patent authorizing him to take six ships and as many men as would volunteer. He set sail in the spring to visit his former discoveries and to seek a strait to the Spice Islands. He explored the coast-line southwards, and, since maps of 1502 show this region charted, and no other expedition had been along the coast, cartographers generally have acknowledged that the shore from Long Island to Carolina was discovered by Cabot.

A tract by Robert Thorne, telling of an English voyage made at this time—possibly Cabot's second voyage—suggests that the navigator planned to search further and states that "if the

mariners would have been ruled and followed their pilot's mind, the lands of the West Indies, from whence all the gold cometh, would have been ours." Therein Thorne was wrong, for Columbus and others had been to the West Indies first. It is probable but not provable that Cabot touched the mainland of America either in 1497 or the early summer of 1498, and it is certain that Columbus did not touch any part of the mainland until the late summer of 1498.

The discovery of the American mainland, therefore, in honor of priority shows Leif the Lucky, first; Cabot, second; and Columbus, third. Yet Cabot's rediscovery was based on the success of Columbus' first voyage. Aside from the Papal Bull (which granted Spain all territory as far north as the Pole), England's claim to the original discovery of North America was indisputable if the Icelandic Norsemen did not put in a protest. During the century following, this issue attained enormous diplomatic importance.

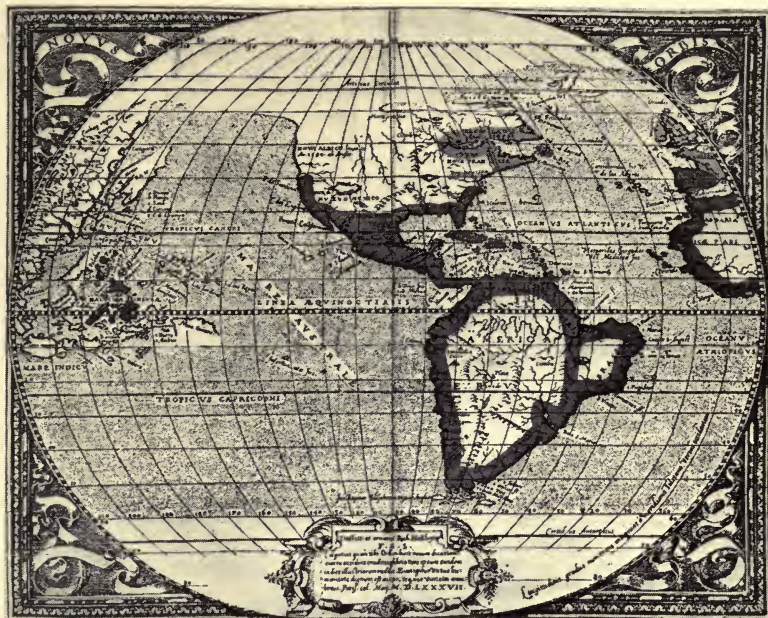
Reference has been made to the voyage of the *Corte-Reals* in 1501 and 1502, and it is interesting to recall that, on their return from the first voyage, the survivors of the expedition brought with them Eskimo captives and "a broken sword and ear-rings evidently manufactured in Italy." These were, in all probability, relics of the Cabot expedition.

During the next twenty years, British fishing vessels joined the French fishing vessels in New-

foundland waters. Jacques Cartier reported seeing many ships in the waters off Newfoundland and the early records of English fishing towns show many sales of "Newfoundlande fishe." The voyage of Del Prado to Newfoundland, in 1527, added nothing to the lore of exploration or settlement.

In April, 1536, "One Master Hore of London, a man given to the study of Cosmography" set out with two ships and 120 men to explore Newfoundland. They were two months at sea and reached Cape Breton. Thence they sailed north as far as Greenland, reaching a barren coast. They were utterly famished, and no game was to be found. The men began to disappear mysteriously, but it was some time before the Captain found that they were slaying and eating their fellows while supposed to be hunting for the still unripe berries in the scrubby woods. With one ship, they staggered along the Labrador shore to Newfoundland. A French fishing vessel arriving, the Englishmen attacked the crew, seized the ship and sailed away, reaching England in October. Soon after, the French fishers made a formal complaint to Henry VIII, who, having heard Hore's story and filled with pity for the unhappy members of the expedition who had suffered so sorely, "out of his own purse made full and royal recompense unto the French." This was the first landing in Greenland since the disappearance of the Norse colony.

It is, however, in connection with the slave trade



THE NEW WORLD OF 1587.

As a result of nearly one hundred years of exploration the geographers of the time of Queen Elizabeth began to understand quite clearly the relation of the American Hemisphere to the Old World. The shaded portion of the coast of North and South America were the spheres of Spanish exploration, and it was generally along these coasts that the English seamen, Hawkins and Drake, and many others sought their opponents.



A SPANISH TREASURE SHIP.

The great Spanish galleons that conveyed the treasure of gold and silver and precious stones were large, slow sailing, but heavily armed, ships. They were no match, however, for the smaller and speedier vessels of the English or French adventurers, as the record of their many encounters show.

and with privateering that England's relation to America rightly begins.

Trading in negro slaves is as old as antiquity. Since the dawn of civilization there have always been slaves. All the great civilizations: Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Byzantine and Saracen were built upon slave labor. France and England in feudal times had an enslaved peasantry. More than half the history of the United States, since 1776, deals with a period when many of the States supported negro slavery.

Labor-saving machinery and humanitarianism have changed matters, and it is a question whether the former was not as potent a liberating force as the latter. Certainly, no one with the historical sense will blame the Middle Ages for possessing slaves any more than they will blame them for not possessing spinning machinery and agricultural tractors. The work had to be done, and since all was hand labor, the necessity for hands was imperative.

When William Hawkins was a slave-trader from Guinea and Brazil, and was at the same time an English Member of Parliament, the combination struck no one as strange. George Washington had slaves, and his letters concerning them make curious reading, but that fact diminished neither his position nor his glory.

Sir John Hawkins, son of the Bristol shipowner and Member of Parliament, and the first slave-runner to American waters, learned the lore of the

sea in his youth. He became the greatest seaman of his day, and played a notable part in American history in that he was a prime factor in checking the spread of Spanish colonization in North America and laying the foundation for the English colonies to follow.

When John Hawkins first set forth upon the sea, trading in slaves from the Guinea Coast was as well-recognized and as legitimate a business as trading in fish from Newfoundland or in pepper from the Spice Islands. It was, of course, practically a Portuguese monopoly, since Portugal owned the Guinea Coast. Slaves were in such great demand in Spain that there was a Spanish law forbidding the importation of negroes into "New Spain," although the great missionary, the saintly Las Casas, had urged that negro slavery be established in the West Indies to aid the overdriven and fast disappearing Indians. Hawkins, not being bound by any Spanish law, and knowing that the planters in "New Spain" would pay a handsome price for Guinea plantation hands, undertook slave-running there.

In 1562, he made his first slave voyage and visited Guinea with two ships and two cargo ships or hulks. Believing himself within his trading rights, as a foreigner, he sent the hulks and their cargoes for sale to Spain and crossed the ocean with his own two ships. At Hispaniola he sold the slaves at a good profit and returned with much treasure. But the Spaniards confiscated the hulks and their

cargoes and detained the English crews. This made Hawkins an enemy to Spain, and a dangerous one.

His second voyage, in 1564-1565, was more thorny. The authorities in Hispaniola had received peremptory orders from Spain not to trade with foreigners. The port authorities interpreted this to mean that they could tax Hawkins when he arrived. They demanded thirty ducats. The burly Englishman, who regarded this as exorbitant, adopted the summary expedient of landing the negroes willy-nilly and sending a hundred of his men, fully armed, into the market-place. Whereupon, he naïvely remarks, "all things were speedily arranged to my content." This was bullying, pure and simple, and Hawkins was to suffer for it later.

Thence prevented by head-winds from getting to Cuba, where he planned to take on provisions and fresh water, Hawkins bore up the Florida coast, exploring it thoroughly and making shrewd observations upon it, and so came to the River of May, where was the French Protestant colony, whose desperate plight he recounted, and where he offered to take the suffering colonists home.

Then, owing to contrary winds which did not justify him in setting out across the ocean, Hawkins coasted northward clear to Newfoundland, being thus the first explorer to coast along the whole of the North American shore, since Cabot had not been south of Carolina. At Newfoundland

Hawkins reprovisioned with fish and made a safe return to England. For these two slave-trading voyages, and for his information concerning the vulnerability of the Spanish possessions, he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth.

By the time that Hawkins was ready to go on his third voyage, matters had become very tense between England and Spain. The issue was, in part, a religious one. Henry VIII had been compelled, in his youth, to marry Catherine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, his brother's widow, a marriage which was forbidden by church law and for which a papal dispensation had been required. When, after many years, Catherine gave no male heir to the throne, Henry demanded a divorce on the ground that the marriage never had been legal.

Years of wrangling ensued, resulting, finally, in the Pope's refusal to grant a divorce. Henry's advisers suggested that since the English Catholic Church had never formally yielded allegiance to Rome, English ecclesiastical authorities were competent to pass on the case, and these granted the king the divorce he sought. England declared herself as outside the supremacy of Rome, and Rome disavowed England.

Yet the English Church, neither then nor since, ceased to be a Catholic Church. Like the Greek Orthodox Catholic, the Russian Orthodox Catholic, the Armenian Catholic, the Coptic Church and others, she remained in the body of the Catholic

communion, while denying allegiance to Rome. She was not, and is not, a Protestant Church, either of the Lutheran or Calvinistic type. This fact is of supreme importance in the understanding of American history, for on it the histories of the Pilgrims, of the Puritans, of the Virginia churchmen, of the Maryland Roman Catholics, of the Pennsylvania Quakers, and many related matters depend.

Briefly, the independence and yet the Catholicity of the English Church was set forth in the crucial year 1534 by two official pronouncements, one by Convocation, which is the religious law of England, the other by the civil law. Convocation (1534) stated: "The Roman Pontiff has no greater jurisdiction in this realm of England, conferred upon him by God in Holy Scripture, than another foreign bishop." The civil law (25 Henry VIII, c. 21) states: "Nothing in this Act . . . shall be hereafter interpreted that your grace, your nobles and subjects, intend by the same to decline or vary from the congregation of Christ's Church in any things concerning the very articles of the Catholic faith of Christendom, etc."

Edward VI, who succeeded Henry VIII, had been brought up under the influence of the Protestant Reformation, and when he came to the throne, the development of English formularies proceeded apace. Yet, even in his reign, a repetition of England's catholicity was made. During the reign of Mary, the Roman Catholic supremacy

was formally accepted by the throne, but denied by Church and people. When, in 1558, Elizabeth succeeded to the throne, there was a revulsion to a more strongly Protestant tendency than in the reign of Edward VI. Yet, in 1559, the Pope agreed to accept the English Church Book of Common Prayer if it were received from his hands and by his authority. As this was equivalent to resigning Anglican independence, Elizabeth refused and was excommunicated.

Thus the Catholic character of the Church of England was compromised in the eyes of Catholics by the Protestantism of some of her formularies—such as the Thirty-Nine Articles—and by her schism from Rome; while the Protestant character of the Church of England was overlaid, in the eyes of Protestants, by her insistence on Apostolic Succession and Holy orders, and by the sacramental aspect of the Holy Communion.

These ecclesiastical and doctrinal antagonisms were the causes of the formation of the different and differing English colonies in America. They became a dominant factor of dispersal during the hundred and fifty years of America's history during the colonial era, they determined the types and variances of the Thirteen Original States, and they are reflected in the Constitution of the United States and in her whole history to the present day.

Although Elizabeth was excommunicated in 1559, it was not until 1564 that the breach was re-

garded as final. In 1565, the long hostility between Spain and England resulted in what might be considered concealed warfare, especially since it was known that Philip II of Spain, husband of Queen Mary of England, laid claim to the English throne and was secretly preparing to make good his claim.

From this date, then, sea-issues changed their character. When Hawkins had made his first two voyages, he had not actually been engaged in anything more than a risky slave-running to the possessions of an unfriendly country. Afterwards, Spanish waters became hostile waters and then, enemy waters. There is no reason to doubt that Elizabeth knighted Hawkins, not because of his success as a slave-trader, but because he had dared the Spanish in their own West Indian city and come away safely. As a piece of naval strategy, every privateering act which required Spain to keep an ever-increasing fleet in West Indian waters weakened the Spanish fleet in home waters.

It was 1567 before Hawkins was ready to set out again. This time he took nine ships and went with the personal knowledge of Elizabeth. Since he had no written commission, and war had not been declared, he was not exactly a privateer; nor, since he was engaged in pursuing a lawful trade—though in defiance of foreign regulations—with the royal consent of his own country, he cannot exactly be called a pirate. But, of a truth, he was not far from both.

This time, Hawkins did not attempt to buy slaves in Guinea. He set out to capture them for himself. Near Cape Verde, he sent ashore a party of his men "hoping to obtain some negroes, where we got but few, and those with great hurt and damage to our men, which chiefly proceeded of their envenomed arrows. Although in the beginning they seemed to be but small hurts, yet the men died in a strange sort with their mouths shut for ten days before they died and their wounds healed (lockjaw)."

Hawkins then searched the rivers along the coast till he came to Sierra Leone. There, at the request of one negro chief, he attacked the headquarters of a neighboring tribe, a negro town of 8,000 population "strongly impaled and fenced after their manner." In the first attack the English failed and had 6 killed and 40 wounded. Whereupon Hawkins brought reinforcements, leading them himself, and captured 250 slaves, which, with the 150 or more he had captured on various small raids, gave him a sufficient cargo.

On March 28, 1568, he reached Dominica, southernmost of the West Indies, and sold some slaves there. "From thence," he writes, "we coasted from place to place, making our traffic with the Spaniards somewhat hardly because the king had straightly commanded his governors in those parts by no means to suffer any trade to be made with us." Notwithstanding which, Hawkins sailed along the coast of Colombia, trading as he went.

A violent tempest all but wrecked the flagship, so that she could barely keep afloat and two other vessels of the fleet were in an unseaworthy condition. In this stress, Hawkins ran into the port of Vera Cruz, Mexico, to buy provisions and repair his ships. It is, practically, the only natural harbor on the coast.

That very evening of their arrival, there appeared at the entrance to the harbor thirteen great heavily armed galleons, bringing the new Viceroy. Whereupon Hawkins, although he was in a Spanish port, and only there by courtesy of the port authorities, calmly informed the Spanish Viceroy and Admiral that he would not let the Spanish fleet enter unless they agreed that the English might buy victuals, might repair their ships in peace, and might hold in their sole and absolute possession the island of San Juan de Ulloa, guarding the port on which the English ships were careened. This was bullying again, but Hawkins felt himself justified by the critical situation in which he found himself.

The Viceroy, according to Hawkins' official account, agreed, ten hostages on either side being exchanged and "a writing from the Viceroy signed with his hand and sealed with his seal." The negotiations took three days, and then the handful of Englishmen allowed the huge Spanish fleet to pass, "saluting each other as the manner of the sea doth require."

Three days later, large numbers of armed men

being seen coming on board the Spanish ships, Hawkins suspected a breach of faith and sent a message to the Viceroy, who—the English assert—pledged his word that no harm was intended. Two hours later a trumpet was blown and the Spaniards attacked. The fight is worth the telling in Hawkins' own words:

“The Spaniards, being before provided, landed in multitudes from their ships and slew all our men without mercy; only a few escaped aboard the *Jesus* (Hawkins' flagship). The great ship (a galleon moored nearby) which had by the estimation 300 men placed aboard her secretly, immediately fell aboard the *Minion* (Hawkins' second ship), but, by God's appointment, in the time of the suspicion we had, which was only one-half hour, the *Minion* was made ready to avoid, and so was gotten out. . . .

“The *Minion* being passed out, they came aboard the *Jesus*, which also with much ado and the loss of many of our men, defended and kept out. Then there were also two other ships that assaulted the *Jesus* at the same instant, so that she had hard work getting loose. Now when the *Jesus* and the *Minion* were about two ships' length from the Spanish fleet, the fight began so hot on all sides that within one hour their Admiral was supposed to be sunk, their vice-Admiral burned and one other of their principal ships supposed to be sunk, so that the ships were little able to annoy us.

“All the Ordnance upon the island was now in Spanish hands, which did us so great annoyance that it cut all the masts and yards of the *Jesus* in such sort that there was no hope to carry her away, also it sunk our small ships, whereupon we determined to place the *Jesus* on that side of the *Minion* that she might abide all the battery from the land, and so be a defence to the *Minion* till night, and then to take such a relief of victuals and other necessaries from the *Jesus* as the time would suffer us, and to leave her.

“As we were thus determining and had placed the *Minion* guarded from the shot of the land, suddenly the Spaniards fired two great ships (of combustibles) which were coming directly upon us, and having no means to avoid the fire, it bred among our men a marvellous fear . . . and so without either consent of the Captain or Master they cut (loosed) their sails so that very hardly I was received into the *Minion*.

“The most part of the men that were left alive in the *Jesus* made shift and followed the *Minion* in a small boat. The rest, which the little boat was not able to receive, were forced to abide the mercy of the Spaniards, which I doubt was very little. (There Hawkins prophesied truly, for most of them were put to death by torture.) So with the *Minion* only and the *Judith* (commanded by Francis Drake, a cousin of Hawkins), a small bark of 50 tons, we escaped, which bark forsook us the same night in our misery.”

The *Minion* set out, despite her battered condition and lack of stores, and for fourteen days the half-starved men, many of whom were wounded, wandered in the Gulf of Mexico, the ship all but sinking under them. Land at last was sighted and they put ashore to see if game could be caught and fresh water found, and to make some repairs. Of the 214 men surviving, 114 wished to be set ashore to take their chance on land, 100 were willing to risk the journey home on the battered *Minion*. Incredible as it may seem, one party of 43 men set out to cross the whole width of the United States and Canada, and three survived to reach Cape Breton, where a French vessel took them home. Seventy-one others marched westward into Mexico. Of this party, three were burned to death and the rest suffered torture and imprisonment in the galleys.

The hundred who started on their homeward journey fared but little better. With but little food, with half the fresh-water barrels pierced with shot, with the masts and rigging too weak to stand press of sail, and leaking badly, the *Minion* struck head winds and violent weather. Hawkins did not reach Europe for 68 days, when, in desperation, he put into a small Spanish port, where "our men with excess of fresh meat grew into miserable diseases, and died a great part of them." Finding that they were on the point of being betrayed to Spanish ships of war near by they

patched up the *Minion* and set sail January 20, 1569, arriving in England five days later.

Hawkins, in his Journal, referred to the escape of the *Judith* on the night after the terrible battle at San Juan de Ulloa in terms which suggest that he felt the small bark should have stood by the *Minion*. Yet he did not hesitate to express his admiration of the way in which Drake, in his little ship, and without help from any other crew, had repelled Spanish boarders of five times the number of his men and fought his way out of the harbor in the teeth of the Spanish guns. Moreover when, a year later, Drake suggested that he would go back and secure revenge, Hawkins, at his own cost, equipped an expedition.

Hawkins had been an armed smuggler with a verbal admission that if he acted as a privateer he could count on English support. Drake seems to have received "letters of marque" in 1570, which Elizabeth had no right to give, since England was not at war with Spain. Drake, therefore, was a privateer, according to English permission; he was a pirate, according to international law. It is to be remembered that privateering was a universally recognized form of warfare as late as 1856. Among some nations—the United States included—it is still permissible.

In 1570, and again in 1571, Drake sallied out to harry Spanish ships. From both voyages he returned unscathed, with considerable treasure. This did not tend to diminish the bad blood be-

tween England and Spain. Another crisis, however, developed early in 1572, which gave to Drake's next privateering venture an international character. This grew out of England's secret sheltering of the Dutch Sea-Beggars.

A word on the relations between Spain and Holland is necessary in order to explain the attitude of England therein, and to show that complicated course of events which led, a little later, to the effort of Holland to displace England as the ruling maritime power. Had she succeeded, it was Holland's ambition to uproot the English colonies in America and to substitute the flag of Holland for the flag of England, from Florida to Labrador.

Charles, the son of Philip, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Flanders, whose mother was Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, was born in Ghent in the Netherlands (the old name for Belgium and Holland). All his life he was more a Fleming than a Spaniard. Charles succeeded Ferdinand as Charles I of Spain, and, later, became Emperor Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire, an aggregation of European countries including Austria, Germany, Italy and Burgundy, which derived its name from the fact that this empire was a fief of the Pope and its emperors crowned at Rome. Charles V thus became the most powerful monarch of Europe, and, by his inheritance, he added the Netherlands to his possessions. Towards the end of his reign, however, the mighty successes of his youth began to slip from his

hands. He abdicated all his crowns in 1555, and returned to a monastery, leaving the succession of Spain and the Netherlands (and other minor territories) to Philip II of Spain.

Much of the latter part of the reign of Charles V had been given to battling against Protestant princes, for it had been during his reign that the Reformation occurred and rose to its first power. Philip II inherited this conflict. But, unlike his father, he was not a Fleming. Nor was he a man of broad vision such as his father. He spoke no tongue but Spanish and he firmly believed that Protestantism was a danger to the world. To extinguish it in the Netherlands, he established the Holy Inquisition there, though he found it necessary to do so at the point of the sword. The Spanish army was commanded by the Duke de Alva, a military genius and a man of unparalleled severity. The Netherlands revolted, the patriots taking the name of "Beggars," which had been forced on them in derision. They rebelled against the yoke of Spain and set up a government of their own under the Prince of Orange.

In the early spring of 1572, a fleet of twenty-four vessels, under command of the freebooter, William de la Marek, harried the Spanish settlements on the Netherlands coast. They asked England for leave to provision their vessels and to use an English port as shelter. Elizabeth formally refused, but privately made it known that none of her subjects would be punished for giving aid to the Sea-

Beggars. The Duke de Alva protested, Philip II endorsed his protest, and Elizabeth replied haughtily. England, in thus siding with the Protestants of the Netherlands, had added fuel to the flames. Philip II of Spain now had a religious cause of quarrel against England, in addition to the dynastic cause resulting from his marriage to Queen Mary.

When, therefore, in 1572, Drake planned the desperate venture of sailing the Caribbean Sea and attacking Spanish towns for revenge and for treasure, he did so with the knowledge that what he was doing would meet Elizabeth's favor. He set out with three small vessels, sailed through the Caribbean, captured and plundered the town of Nombre de Dios. Then, with a strong land force, he marched across the Isthmus and destroyed Spanish shipping. When he first caught sight of the Pacific he formed an ardent determination to "be the first to sail an English ship in those waters." He returned to his vessels, laden with loot, and set sail for England, arriving in Plymouth, August 9, 1573.

Drake's division of the prize-money was generous, and his scrupulous honesty and care of his men ensured him ease in getting crews afterwards. Moreover, with the plunder which belonged to him, he fitted up three frigates at his own expense, put them at the service of the Earl of Essex and offered his services as a volunteer to aid in quelling a rebellion in Ireland, for Ireland, then, as later,



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SIR FRANCIS DRAKE SETS OUT IN THE GOLDEN HIND.

Drake set sail December the 13th, 1577, and returned to Plymouth in 1580. He was thus not only the first Englishman to circumnavigate the world but he was also the first commander to return from such a world-encircling voyage. From a painting by Ezra Winter in the Cunard Building, New York City.

was striving to secure relief from English overlordship.

In addition to being a seaman and navigator of marked skill, Drake was the peer of the fighting sea-dog breed and an adventurer withal. He realized that, once he had shown the way, many others would follow him and harass the plate-fleets of Spain on their way from the Spanish Main. He would do more than his fellows. He conceived the daring project of sailing through Magellan's Straits and harrying the cities of Peru and western Mexico, which were left in an undefended state, since there was no fear of attack from the Pacific.

Drake was introduced to the Queen, and Elizabeth, who had heard of his deeds, received him graciously. Nothing stirred her more than naval daring. She readily agreed to furnish the bold adventurer with five small vessels and there was no difficulty in getting crews to volunteer. Drake, both then and later, was a great believer in the small ship, and the *Pelican*, afterwards renamed the *Golden Hind*, and her four consorts, carried among them all only 162 men and boys.

With the status of an unofficial privateer, Drake set sail December 13, 1577, stopped on the coast of Morocco and again at the Cape Verde Islands, and thence sailed to the coast of Brazil, which he touched first on April 6, 1578. Thence he coasted along the shore of South America, until he reached the River La Plata. There he parted company

with two of his ships, but having recovered them, and finding them slow sailers and growing unseaworthy, he took the provisions and crews on board his other three vessels and set the smaller craft adrift.

On June 19, 1578, he entered Port St. Julian, where Magellan had wintered, and there he had almost the same experience of mutiny, one of his officers, Thomas Doughty, conspiring against him. Doughty was hanged at the yard-arm. On August 17, seeing that the Antarctic spring was approaching, Drake set sail again, and, three days later, entered the Straits of Magellan. The passage of the straits took him but sixteen days, less than half the time spent by Magellan, for he had the advantage of his great predecessor's knowledge.

The Pacific Ocean, however, was not as kind to him as it had been to Magellan. A few days out from the straits, he encountered a violent east gale, which menaced him against the cruel lee shore of Southern Chile. There Drake's belief in small ships was put to the test, but all three of the gallant little English vessels tacked to weather and staunchly held up against a storm which would have ground them to pieces upon the jagged rocks of the South Chilean coast.

Drake had arranged with the other vessels of his fleet, in case they became separated, to meet him at the mouth of the strait. But Magellan's Straits have several mouths, though Drake did not know

it, and his Vice-Admiral, Captain Wynter, failed to find the place appointed. After waiting some weeks, neither knowing whether the other had been wrecked or no, Wynter sailed with his two ships for England, and Drake struck northwards up the coast, bent on plunder.

This voyage, therefore, was the first exploration of the southern part of the Pacific Coast of South America, Drake's exploration in 1578 joining on to that of Pizarro fifty years earlier, and the subsequent Spanish cruises to Chile. On November 25 he reached Mocha Island, off the coast of Chile, not far from the present city of Concepcion.

The record of the next few months is one long history of plunder. With his single little ship he sailed boldly into the port of Valparaiso, and secured "a certain quantity of the most fine gold of Baldivia." At Tarapaca, going ashore for water, a landing party found a Spaniard lying asleep and beside him thirteen bars of silver. "We took the silver and left the man," says Drake. Still sailing north they learned that the *Cacafuego*, the treasure-ship of those waters, a good-sized galleon, had started fourteen days before from Lima for Panama with an immense quantity of treasure aboard. Fourteen days was a long start, but if the *Golden Hind* could only catch her!

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The little English vessels, built for staunchness and speed, could outsail a Spanish galleon two to one—as the story of the Great Armada showed,

ten years after—and in March, 1579, when the *Cacafuego* was within a couple of days' sail of her home port, the *Golden Hind* ranged up alongside. The attack was swift and sudden, and, it may be assumed, without mercy, for Drake was not a gentle fighter. Men of his, who had been captured at San Juan de Ulloa, had been tortured to death and Drake never forgot nor forgave the Spaniards.

The amount of treasure taken from the *Cacafuego* was known only to three people, her captain, Drake and Queen Elizabeth. There were, however, at least eighty pounds in weight of gold, twenty-six tons of silver ingots, plate and precious stones to a large amount. It took a week to transfer the cargo, with the Englishmen on the alert for any sign of a Spanish revolt. "Sufficiently satisfied and revenged, and supposing that Her Majesty, at his return, would rest satisfied with this service," Drake sailed on. It was unsafe to halt at any port in New Spain, but, none the less, at the small port of Guataleo, in Guatemala, the *Golden Hind* put in for provisions, water and repairs.

Drake's next venture was to seek for a strait to the eastward. Others had sought in vain from the eastern shore, he would try from the western. He sailed as far north as the coast of Washington (48° N.), reaching there under conditions of "such extreme and nipping cold . . . that the very ropes of the ship were stiff and the rain which fell was an unnatural, congealed and frozen substance, so that we seemed rather to be in the Frozen Zone

than any way so near the unto the sun. . . . Our meat, as soon as it was removed from the fire, would presently in a manner be frozen up." They turned southward, therefore, and found the land "to be but low and reasonable plain, every hill—whereof we saw many, but none very high—though it were June and the sun in his nearest approach to them, being covered with snow."

Such weather seems extraordinary in such latitudes, but Drake is careful to mention that it was an unprecedented season, "for the natural inhabitants of the place . . . used to come shivering to us in their warm furs, crowding closely body to body to receive heat of one another." The "thick mists and stinking fogs" of which Drake speaks are natural enough to those coasts.

Under such conditions it was not surprising that Drake should conjecture "that either there is no passage at all through these Northern coasts—which is most likely—or, if there be, that it is un-navigable. . . . Nor does the land so much as at any one point trend towards the East, but rather running on continually northwest as if it went directly to meet with Asia," a remarkably accurate guess of the formation of Alaska.

The *Golden Hind* found a safe harbor at Drake's Bay, thirty miles north of the present San Francisco, but, despite the cold, the English careened and cleaned the vessel and put her in thorough repair. The sailors put up tents on the beach, and made gifts to the Indians, signing them to put

away their bows and arrows. By careful dealing the natural friendliness of the Indians was sustained, though Drake saw to it that a strong stone wall was built as a defence around the tents.

During the weeks they stayed there, the chiefs of neighboring tribes came to visit them, and treated the English sailors to a ceremonial dance, in which "with fury and outrage they did scratch and cut and tore their flesh. We groaned in spirit," writes Drake, "to see the power of Satan so far prevail in seducing these harmless souls . . . directing them,—by our eyes and hands lift up to Heaven—to the living God whom they ought to serve." When this failed, they sang psalms, so that the Indians "whensoever they resorted to us, their first request was they entreated that we would sing."

All expeditions in those days carried healing medicines, ointments and the like, and with these, Drake and his men were able to relieve not a little suffering. The Indians' offerings of thankfulness were so great that they starved themselves to make them, "so that our General was fain to perform the office of a father to them, relieving them with such victual as we had provided for ourselves," a pleasing picture of the hearty good-fellowship and occasional tenderness of the rough old Elizabethan sea-dogs.

"This country," the Journal continues, "our General named Albion, and that for two causes, the one in respect of the white banks and cliffs, which

lie toward the sea, the other that it might have some affinity, even in name also, with our own country, which was sometimes so called.

“Before we went from thence, our General caused to be set up a monument of our being there, as also of Her Majesty’s right and title to that kingdom, namely a plate of brass, fast nailed to a great and firm post, wherein is engraved Her Grace’s name, the day and year of our arrival there. . . . The Spaniards never had any dealing, or so much as set a foot in this country, the utmost of their discoveries reaching only to many degrees southwards of this place.”

Thus, by right of discovery, of exploration and of possession, did Drake secure for England a prior claim in the territory lying between San Francisco and the Canadian border.

Then, on July 23, 1579, Drake left the coast of California, and, in his single ship, set out homeward by the route that Magellan and Del Cano had followed in the circumnavigation of the world.

The English adventurer’s explorations in the South Seas were wide and important. He stayed at the Philippines, where Magellan had been slain, and set on thence to the Spice Islands, arriving there November 4, 1579, where he bought a cargo of pepper with the Spanish gold that he had seized.

On December 10, the *Golden Hind* struck lightly on a rock at Celebes, but Drake, losing not a minute, sacrificed the greater part of his cargo of

pepper, got the vessel off without serious damage, and promptly went ashore to make repairs. He was too good a sailorman to leave anything to chance. On March 11, 1580, he reached Java, and, on June 15, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, with 57 men on board. On July 16, he reached the coast of Guinea, where he got provisions and water, and reached Plymouth either in September or November, 1580.

Drake arrived to find two countries seething with his deeds. The Spaniards, rightfully pointing out that their countries were not at war, dubbed Drake a pirate, insisted that all the spoil which had been taken from the *Cacafuego* was but stolen property, and demanded that it be returned forthwith.

Elizabeth appeared willing to compromise the matter, and ordered the treasure taken to the Tower of London for further consideration as to its disposal. This done, she rewarded Drake and his men lavishly out of the same treasure (which never was returned to Spain), and, actually herself going on board the *Golden Hind*, knighted Drake on the quarter-deck of his ship.

Thus was Drake not only the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe, but he was also the first commander to return from such a world-encircling voyage. Viewed as one of the explorers of America, he was the first to sail northward from Magellan's Straits to the southern border of Spanish exploration in Chile, and also the first to sail

from Cape Mendocino, California, almost to the Straits of Vancouver. More important still, he established prior possession in the State of Washington and Northern California, in the name of England.

Eight years were yet to elapse before the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and in these eight years several voyages and colonizing expeditions were made—especially under Gilbert and Raleigh—none of which, however, proved successful. These, both in their authors and in their character, appertain definitely to the colonization period, and will be treated therein.

There was thus, in the year 1580, only one colony existing on the soil of North America. That was the Spanish colony of St. Augustine, Florida. It has maintained an unbroken history since that time.

The history of the ninety years since the First Voyage of Columbus had brought about many changes. French and English claims conflicted in Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island. French rights, through Cartier, were established in Canada. Cabot, for England, had explored as far south as Carolina. Drake had coasted the region from Cabot's discoveries to Key West, Florida. The Spaniards had explored the whole coast of the Gulf of Mexico. On the Pacific Coast, Cabrillo had explored from the Mexican border to Cape Mendocino, California, and Drake, thence almost to the Canadian border.

Such were the conflicting rights of discovery and possession when Spain set all her force against the strength of England—and lost. A new Power was to become Mistress of the Seas, and, by that maritime Mistress-ship, was to become the dominating influence in the History of North America.

THE END

